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# SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY



OCTOBER

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1925

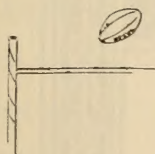




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# Smith College Monthly



## THE MASTER OF THREE FARTHINGS

(A Fantasy)

ROBERT WITHINGTON

PLACE: *The Capital of Emporia.*

TIME: *Between the Present and the Millennium.*

SCENE: *A Stock-Exchange. Before us stands a Board, with Lists of Securities at the side; Imps and Fairies are constantly putting up and taking down figures as the market price changes in such commodities as Words, Kind and Harsh; Deeds, Good and Bad; Thoughts, Pleasant and Disagreeable; Tolerance; Hatred; Justice; Cheer, Incompetence; Generosity; Class-Feeling; Charity. Older Imps and Fairies stand looking at the Board in groups, or run wildly about, yelling orders to buy and sell; occasionally two or three are seen to whisper together, and shortly afterwards the effect of their conference is shown by the course of the quotations on the Board.*

*One mild-mannered, bespectacled, kindly, bewildered GENTLEMAN is hailed by a friend.*

THE FRIEND: Hullo, Demos, old man! What brings you here?

DEMOS: I don't come very often—but I had to sell . . . I bought a block of Generosity some time ago—when it was up. But the dividend was passed, and I couldn't afford to keep it. I got three farthings for my holdings—

THE FRIEND: It's a bad time to sell.

DEMOS: Yes, but it's going lower. I wish I had taken Hatred in 1913. That stock went up during the war—'way above par.

A BROKER (*interrupting*): Yes, but it's down now. New York won't give much for the German issue, and you can't get as good a price in London as you could. It's fairly

strong in Paris still, and the Sinn Fein issue of Hatred against Great Britain, preferred, gets good interest, and has a certain market in Boston and New York.

THE FRIEND: Class-Feeling is coming back. It was low in Brussels during the war, but London and New York report great strength in it now. It runs high, especially in the American market. If you had any of that, you'd be rich.

DEMOS (*faintly*): I had some once—but I exchanged it for Tolerance. *That* went down during the war—with a bang.

THE BROKER: The reformers killed that issue with Prohibition. It may come back—but not for some time, I'm afraid.

DEMOS: Well, I'll hang on to it for a while longer. How are Words?

THE BROKER: Fairly good, considering. Harsh Words are stronger than Kind, though the latter pay more interest. Par value is so low that the price is not bad. Want some?

THE FRIEND: Why don't you try Justice? It's selling off, just now, but everybody needs that commodity, and sooner or later will recognize that fact.

THE BROKER: It's a drug on the market, as things are. What with everybody looking out for himself, no one thinks of Justice. There's talk of the mills closing down. But if this stock ever should come back, it would be one of the strongest you could get. It's a gamble, though. Mutual Understanding—one of the subsidiary companies—went to pieces during the war, and that pretty much wrecked the parent concern.

DEMOS: I want something that pays returns at once.

THE FRIEND: Pleasant Thoughts are cheap, and give an immediate return.

DEMOS: But why the demand for Disagreeable Thoughts? They're quoted much higher, and I shouldn't think the returns would be as satisfactory.

THE FRIEND: They're not, in the long run. But nobody thinks of the long run, these days. Cheer has practically sunk out of sight, although in the end it is one of the best paying commodities on the market.

THE BROKER: Look at the premium people are pay-

ing for Incompetence! There's a stock which was selling pretty well before the war, and then went way up. The company had a good Board of Directors, and an expert publicity man who got the public confidence. But I wouldn't take any of the stock, if I were you; it looks like a good thing, yet—

DEMOS: Bad Deeds are going up. They've gained ten points while we've been talking.

THE BROKER: Yes, there's always a certain demand—

THE FRIEND: But it's strange . . . You're not sure of your profits in that issue. They look safe, but every once in a while there's a bad break, and you get stung. A little speculative, I should say—and you have to watch the market pretty closely, if you have any of that stock.

DEMOS: Look at the Board! There seems to be something doing with Japanese Hatred . . . It's gone up twenty—twenty-five—

THE BROKER: I don't believe that will amount to anything. The stock sounds well on paper, but there is no capital behind it.

THE FRIEND: I think it will go like Bolshevik Hatred against Property. A big block was put on the market, and it found some takers—chiefly in Russia; but the whole thing has been scrapped—dead loss.

DEMOS: Perhaps I'd better stick to Justice—

THE BROKER: A good thing, in the long run, if you can hold on to it.

THE FRIEND: It won't begin to pay at once.

DEMOS: But the extra dividends of Class-Feeling, Fraud, and Incompetence can't keep up . . .

*While they are talking, a NEWSBOY rushes in, shouting:*

Extra!! The Bolsheviks Recognize the Rights of Property Openly . . . Japan Agrees to Leave China Alone . . . The United States Grants Independence to Porto Rico . . . Volstead Act Amended . . . Ex-Kaiser Accepts Blame for Starting the Great War . . . Labor Agrees to Work Longer hours for Less Pay, and Cheerfully Admits the Iniquity of Seeking to Get Something for Nothing . . . All the Nations Adopt Drastic Anti-War Plan . . . The Millennium About to Dawn—

THE BROKER (*hurriedly*): Excuse me . . . This is the



time to buy Harsh Words, Bad Deeds, Disagreeable Thoughts, Hatred, Class-Feeling . . .

*He hastens away, leaving DEMOS and his friend open-mouthed. Great din about the Board, as the Imps and Fairies change the quotations feverishly. Then DEMOS comes to, and hurries after the BROKER.*

DEMOS: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Take my three farthings . . .

## COLLEGE-BRED

---



UNLIGHT filtered through the class-room windows and smiled at the blank open page of Gilbert's notebook. Not a word as yet appeared to mar its whiteness, and yet the fat little professor had already been droning away for at least twenty minutes.

The professor made his lectures boring out of sheer defiance. He realized that most of the students before him were only taking philosophy because it was a "snap" course, and so he paid them back as best he could, by being dull and pedantic. When he had first begun to teach he had hated all his pupils fiercely for their lack of understanding, and had felt a certain ironic pleasure in letting them go out of his class quite as unenlightened as they had entered it. Now he was old, and dullness had become a habit with him.

He had many absurd little mannerisms. For instance, there was his trick of finishing off each point with the same question:

"Have I made this clear to everyone?"

A foolish question, even considering that it was purely rhetorical. But it served a certain purpose . . . was, in fact, the professor's first and only compromise with his pupils. It gave the drowsy ones a chance to shake off their apathy and go to taking notes again.

Gilbert was one of the drowsy ones. He always awoke with a start and fell to writing with renewed determination . . . after a furtive glance over his shoulder at Franklyn Jones' notes. Listening to a lecture called forth actual physical effort on Gilbert's part. He always leaned one ear toward the professor and frowned deeply, scarce daring to breathe. He felt as though there were a continual stream of words drifting past him, and that now and again he must catch one of them for his notebook. When he did make his selection he would write it down in feverish haste, and then, inevitably, while he was pondering on the spelling of it, his mind would wander, till . . .

"Have I made this clear to everyone?"

. . . and he would be back again, body tense and breath suspended.

The lecture today was more bewildering than ever. No nice little catch words leaped up at Gilbert from the usual stream. There was nothing said that he could very well put down, nothing, in short, that he could understand or even spell. "Cosmological reflection," "primordial planetary system," "pathological experimentation," . . . the expressions floundered about in his consciousness like huge whales in a duck pond. What a lot of rot!

Finally, with an audible sigh, Gilbert gave up the active attempt at concentration. He was tired, anyway, and reflected with pride that his bones still ached from Saturday's game. Guess he had a right to be tired, all right! Mary had been there so he was glad he had played well, though she really couldn't be expected to appreciate the difference between a good left end and a punk one. The coach said that he tackled with more real finesse than any man on the team.

Aimlessly Gilbert toyed with a pen, and then wrote his name in large square letters on the white page before him:

GILBERT HALE, JR.

Another inspiration and directly underneath appeared

MARY DEE SULLIVAN

Mary. She was a good kid, and he felt a glow of pride when he thought of her. She was nobody's fool, either, and he admired her for being clever as well as goodlooking. He himself was such a dumb brute! Oh well, he managed to worry along all right, though he wasn't a Junior Phi Beta like Franklyn Jones. Which would a man rather do, play left end on the team, or be a Phi Bete? Some people did both, but he . . .

"Have I made everything clear?"

There was the usual painful start, and furtive backward look at Jones' neat notes. The professor was about to begin a new point, having waited perfunctorily while his question died away into the stillness.

"Materialism, its nature and consequences."

The stream began to flow again, and Gilbert set his teeth. He would listen. This time, strangely enough, there were words spoken that came to him rather easily:



"According to the Materialists, life and mind have had a beginning . . . they will also have an end."

Gilbert forgot to write. Here was something that had a meaning; it was elemental. He could understand the importance of knowing facts about the beginning, and he began to feel curious as to what the professor did know.

"Man", continued the professor, "did not enter in a perfect form into a complete world awaiting his coming as the son of the gods, but as a child of the dust he strove upwards, painfully struggling for his existence with brothers of equal rank."

Right there Gilbert lost track. He could only ponder on the most obvious ideas, and was forced to let the others drift past. Man was not perfect . . . not the son of God. This meant, then, that the world—God hadn't—man hadn't necessarily been—why it might even mean that there didn't have to be any God. Gilbert arrived at that last conclusion by a mighty leap over small doubts that were just beginning to surge into his mind. Having arrived, he promptly forgot that there had been any leap at all, or any small doubts to be ignored in reaching the one big one. Nothing else was really clear in his mind . . . he only saw vaguely that there was something perhaps worth looking for, in all this eternal flow of words.

There might not be a God . . . the world could have been made without God . . . or could it? People for centuries had been believing in stories of the Beginning.

"Have I made this clear to everyone?"

The fat defiant little professor was for once cheated of his vengeance. In answer to the usual question a large hand rose slowly. The professor bristled, and stood immediately on the defensive.

"Well, Hale," he snapped unpleasantly.

Gilbert shifted his eyes and muttered. He was planning his words before speaking them. There were many questions in his mind, and he must be careful to choose the right one, ask it in the right way. Finally, goaded to haste by the professor's impatience and the amusement of the class, he blurted out desperately:

"There . . then there isn't . . that is, there wouldn't have to be . . necessarily, you know . . God? What I

mean is, all this could make itself . . . well, just out of itself, you know?"

Laughter from the class, and on the professor's part, utter stupefaction, which he tried to cover by a little spiteful sarcasm.

"Why, Mr. Hale, I believe you are saying a dangerous thing. They have called men atheists for less." Oh, the irony of it. Out of a class of thirty, the prize blockhead!

Gilbert did not even hear the remark, so intense was his struggle now to cling to the conceptions of which he had momentarily become aware. He could feel them slipping, slipping back into the stream, and he wanted fervently to hold them until he had made someone understand. The professor watched him with a flicker of distaste that yet had a bit of hope in it. Hale had always been a most mediocre chap, and looked it. Big, heavy face, and vapid blue eyes that shifted uneasily the minute there was anything to be thought or spoken. Sandy brown hair, growing stiffly to the front of his head, and falling away from an attempt at a part on the side. How did Hale, of all people, get the sudden notion that philosophy was a course in thought? Too bad, because Hale, of all people, was least capable of thinking adequately. If the boy ever really carried his doubt any further, he would be hard to help. Why, oh why, did it have to be Hale? After that last regret, the professor made a quick kind decision. It was necessary that Hale should not think at all, rather than think inadequately. He was not yet at the point where there would be any difficulty in stopping him; and he should be stopped. The world would be spared one college-bred, second-class thinker, at least.

"Come, come, Hale," said the professor deliberately. "Time is growing short, and I've several more points I'd like to present before the hour is up. If there is anything more you'd like to ask . . . ."

He was silent, because he knew he had said enough. Gilbert looked up, his eyes no longer shifting, and his frown diminishing in power. The ideas were slipping faster back into the stream, and the stream was flowing on again. It was no longer an empty stream now, but full of mystery and confusion. The thought still persisted that there were things about this damn course a man would like to know.

He meant to talk it over with some of the fellows.

After class was over, Gilbert was surprised to find Franklyn Jones at his side. Always before, Jones had seemed to be conscious of Gilbert's existence only to the extent of sneering at him as an ass. Now the customary look of scorn was gone; there was in its place even hopeful interest.

"Hale," he said rather shyly, "I'd like to have a talk with you."

"Yeh," muttered Gilbert, embarrassed. This was good. Perhaps Jones could clear him up on lots of things, the man had so darn much brains. A talk with Jones was just what he wanted.

"Come over tonight," said Jones eagerly. Did his eagerness really spring from a desire to help Hale out? Jones had a secret admiration for men of the Hale type, for which he despised himself.

"I'd sure like to come. Mighty nice of you . . . see you tonight."

Gilbert turned and hurried off . . . not to get away, but just to be moving. He felt warm, strange, rather bewildered still. Jones was a good egg, under all his Phi Bete exterior. Gilbert made for the swimming pool where he was to meet Larry.

Everyone there had heard about his recent debut into the world of thought, and took great delight in calling him "Deacon." Well, he guessed it was rather funny. Of course, all that stuff about God and the beginning was important in its way . . . to some people . . . but, say, one went on living, no matter what one knew.

Larry and he practiced swans off the high dive, and after everyone had left raced the length of the pool to see who paid for lunch.

"The deacon wins as usual," moaned Larry, and they hurried over the wet marble to the locker rooms.

Lunch was a hilarious affair at which Gilbert ate huge quantities over Larry's agonized protest. Memories of the morning were faint now, and much less vivid than the recollection of Saturday's game.

That afternoon he called for Mary, and they rode out in his uncle's disreputable old Ford. The day, they agreed enthusiastically, was good. One of the early spring variety, when muddy fields, bare trees, and bleak landscapes all man-



age to convey a delightful illusion of greenness, and the sharp air seems actually balmy. Gilbert felt strong, fit: he wanted to do something that would tire him out physically. His mind felt clear, much clearer than it had that very morning. He guessed he'd gotten over that morning's foolishness. He was naturally too thick to worry about such things he was, in fact, a dumb brute. Mary, now, was nobody's fool.

"Do you believe in God?" he shouted to her above the roar of the engine. He asked it not so much to set his own mind right, as out of pure curiosity.

Mary was amused. Did she believe in things. . . . in certain powers, and divine . . . oh, she couldn't get hold of what she wanted to say, but Gilbert didn't know anyway.

"Sometimes, in a way . . . that is, to a certain extent," she answered him. "But it doesn't really matter."

"What did you say?" he shouted back.

"I said it doesn't matter. Wouldn't it be fun to have supper in one of these cute little towns, and not get back till later?"

It was an enchanting idea. They stopped at a brand new town called West Maplewood, and ate at a queer restaurant where the sign said, "Tables for Ladies." They had never been so hungry or loved each other so much.

They drove back in cool moonlight. When they were almost home, Gilbert had a sudden qualm.

"Jones . . . I was going over to his house. Hell, he won't care."

"Franklyn Jones?" said Mary curiously. "He's awfully bright. How did you ever . . ."

"Oh, I don't really know him," said Gilbert hastily, "He doesn't know I'm living. One of the wiser guys, you know."

A little while later he felt a genuine desire to explain to her his own limitations.

"I'm awfully dumb, Mary," he said humbly. There was none of the bravado in his voice with which he usually alluded to his shortcomings.

Mary, sunk deep in her seat, reached up dreamily and patted his arm. She wanted to tell him that he was quite adorable the way he was, but she felt too comfortably lazy to speak.

## MOUSEY

MARIAN KEILEY

To you belong those things without apparent beauty:  
Back yards  
Covered with half-melted snow, revealing  
October leaves  
Spots of mud;  
A Christmas tree left to dry, with tinsel still caught in its  
    branches;  
Ash cans leaning against each other  
Lending  
Their fluffy contents to the wind.  
Worn out winter coats  
Splashed  
With whitewash, from the time you thought it was spring  
    at last,  
And started on the front gate  
You are grey and brown  
Like back yards  
Whose colors hide in rain.

---

PUZZLE

MARIAN KEILEY

You are too civilized.  
To know you  
I must put together minute pieces of mosaic.  
They are old,  
Covered with hoary grey of cathedrals and hills.  
Scratch one with a nail:  
Flashes of blue, earth-brown, yellow color of corn;  
As white sun sorts molecules of dust  
My fingers, all thumbs,  
Fumble with cold edges.

## THE RED MILL

MARGARET A. BUELL

PLACE: Coney Island.

TIME: Any summer

*A college boy with his best girl, a philosopher by himself and two girl-friends with each other, have embarked on a trip to Venice, or what at Coney is known as the Red Mill. The first pair, having seized the last seat in the boat, are there for obvious purposes, the philosopher is there because localities make no particular difference to him, and because he regards Coney as symbolic of all Life; he even took time to realize upon climbing into the middle seat of the boat, that here again he was to represent the MEDIA VIA between Love and Platonic friendship; the girl-friends are there because their feet hurt them and too many roller-coasters have made them sick to their stummicks. There has been no conversation as the boat bumped through the darkness except now and then a tired remark from the front seat anent the passing tableaux of gnomes and lions, which periodically burst into sight around corners. The air is so very old and stale that it has taken on a strange, indescribable tang, a little like the smell in zoos and cemetery vaults. Most of the tableaux are disarranged and tattered in places; all of them are grotesque. Not even a child could retain illusions about what they represent, but then—they are not meant to be looked at by anyone else, and it doesn't matter whether children retain their illusions or not. After about the sixth scene, there is a sudden jerk and the boat stops, presumably caught by a stone or loose board lodged in the current since the last boat went through. No remark is made by the occupants who behave as they would at a movie if the camera had ceased functioning. Only the philosopher reflects that this is like the American Public, to wait trustingly during climactic moments, until something is done about it. At last, the girl-friends begin to wonder aloud.*

1ST G-F.—Well, say! How long d' they think we wanna waste in here, anyway? I ain't no fish.

2ND G-F.—Yeh. Mighta knowed this'd happen when



we didn't have no dates. Wish we'd let them two guys come now, though they wasn't very good complected.

VOICE FROM THE REAR—(*in a feminine whisper*) How disgusting. Did you her, Bill?

BILL—Sh-sh-sh. Don't be catty. Don't blame the poor girls—such an opportunity goin' to waste.

HIS COMPANION—*Well!* You might offer your services, Bill, if you think *you've* got the skin you love to touch—

1ST G-F.—Say, I like that, Gladys. Some people are pretty hopeless anyway, but if you're go'n' be stuck in a boat with 'em, yuh mighta swell give up. Tha's just like these high-brow road-hogs, always grab the back seat where ever they are and stick up their noses at us for wantin' to do the same. If they're so holy why don't they sit in front.

PHILOSOPHER—(*suddenly*) Your logic doesn't hold there. It wasn't a question of the location of the seats, unless you have been regarding the whole affair symbolically. In that case, you must see that it is eminently fitting we should all sit where we are. I'm sure the young lady behind meant no offense, and would be quite willing to exchange places with you if it would make you any more comfortable.

BILL—Not on your life. All is just as it should be. No one crabbed a crab, and if they did, they must o' spoken out o' turn.

PHILOSOPHER—Well, it's rarely that a group of people are so content with their individual stations in life. I've always said there was no place so representative or so universal in its appeal as Coney Island. Even in this little boat, we have Platonic affection and Love with my own poor self as the middle path of philosophy to mediate between you in case of conflict.

2ND G-F.—Say, what's this guy handin' us? I didn't come in here to get preached at, neither. This is Saturday, Mister—unless you're a Seventh-Day-Of-Venice.

PHILOSOPHER—I beg pardon?

BILL—(*evidently slapping his leg in merriment*) Oh, Lord—she means an *Adventist!* We had a cook that was one and he couldn't ever get dinner on Saturday, an' it made Mother darned sore 'cause he wouldn't get it on Sunday either—but I've forgotten why—

HIS COMPANION—You're being very silly, Bill. (*With boredom*), This is all a great waste of time.

BILL—(*hastily*) I'm sorry. Won't waste any more. (*There is a short silence, interrupted by a giggle from one of the girl-friends*).

PHILOSOPHER—(*with growing pleasure*) I have never been in a situation more illuminating of human nature.

1ST G-F.—Ain't much illumination in *this* dark. Wish someone'd illuminate the bottom of this boat so's I could find muh rouge.

PHILOSOPHER—It is characteristic that woman should think of ornament even when there is no one to see her.

1ST G-F.—Well, they'll see me when I get out, won't they?

PHILOSOPHER—I suppose so. All of our private life is spent in preparing ourselves for those who will see us when we get out. But as my good friend W. L. George observes, Never forget that the Antipodeians do not fall off.

2ND G-F.—(*in exasperated search for her rouge*) Who the hell are they—drunks?

PHILOSOPHER—Perhaps. But aren't we all?

BILL—(*recovering, and anxious to seem in the conversation*) Sure, all honorable men. But what I want to know is, which is the way out?

PHILOSOPHER—Exactly. The way out of Love is Platonism, the way out of friendship is love. The way out of both is Philosophy—and that proves that every episode has its special purpose. Perhaps by the end of this wait for revelation you will all be sitting with me.

1ST G-F.—My Gawd! A bony ole thing like you?

PHILOSOPHER—(*hastily*) Just for the sake of my theories.

2ND G-F.—(*with passion*) Say, I don't believe in theories, believe you me. I believe in practice on'y. Almost married a guy onct, but he had *theories* about the way I talked, an' I got pretty darned sick of it. Told him to go jump in the river, that I could talk like a canary on roller-skates if I wanted to—an' he didn't haf to be there to hear.

BILL—(*with great interest*) Say, I told a girl that once. and she gave me the gate, too. About the theories, I mean. What's *your* name?

2ND G-F.—(*cautiously*) None o' your business.

BILL'S COMPANION—Why, *Bill*! It couldn't be the same girl, could it?

BILL—(*excitedly*) I dunno—where're my matches? This was a pretty good girl. (*to the philosopher*) Have you any matches, sir? (*The philosopher does not immediately reply. After some thought he inquires tentatively*),

PHILOSOPHER—For what do you wish the matches?

BILL—Why, to see this girl o' course. She won't tell me her name.

PHILOSOPHER—But this is a situation which bears thinking about. Of course, chivalry and duty are on the side of your companion. It makes no personal difference to me which of the young ladies you prefer, given that the young lady in front is the one you knew formerly—but your pleasure in seeing her may not be great enough to offset the displeasure of your companion. We must consider these things relatively. And, I must say, the young lady in front does not seem to share your enthusiasm.

BILL—(*still wildly searching his pockets*) No—she wouldn't. That's why we broke up, because she didn't share my enthusiasm. But *I've* never shared anyone's else since, so I'd kinda like to see her again. Gosh, she sure was a hot baby!

PHILOSOPHER—But what is the virtue of being a "hot baby"? And if you don't even recognize her voice, I'm afraid you couldn't have cared for her greatly.

BILL—(*held down by the philosopher and rather dubious about what to do next*) It wasn't her voice I cared for, anyway—nor what she said; she talked just like any other girl. (*Addressing the front seat over the philosopher's head*), Gee, I wish you'd tell me who you are! Won't you, please? I haven't any matches or I'd look.

2ND G-F.—You may not be the guy, anyhow. Why'd I tell you my name? Say, *I* know yuh, listenin' t' what I say of m' own personal affairs then tryin' t' pull a pick-up. Ain't your own girl good enough? I don' fall for that stuff any more.

PHILOSOPHER—(*more and more confused*) Wouldn't you recognize *his* voice, either—the voice of the man you might have married? Don't you consider how much this young man is risking for your sake? Why, he is symbolic of the hot-headed gallantry which leaves its conventional



ease to pursue a vain ideal—he is the Don Quixote of the ages—a reincarnation of Romance—and a most Uncommon Thing these days, I assure you. Please consider seriously what it evidently will mean to him if he discovers in you his lost ideal. A young man's lost ideal is often synonymous with his first love—but I was forgetting the other young lady. Poor child—let me offer you what comfort I can; remember this, that changing Love is as easy as changing seats in a boat, and even if this young man, in the pursuit of his ideal, regards you as the personification of Duty and Convention, do not let it depress you. To other young men you will no doubt be the goal ahead—or, in this case, the front seat.

*(Bill's companion is still perversely silent, perhaps from a sense of delicacy, but Bill seems to have lost all patience during the philosopher's discussion. Suddenly, he lunges forward and scrabbling past the philosophic seat, he reaches toward one of the girl-friends. This violent movement, unhindered by the surprised philosopher, gives the boat an impetus which dislodges it from the obstructing stone. After swinging sideways undecidedly for a second, it starts briskly off on its artificial current. The time which has elapsed since its grounding is in reality very short, although it has appeared to be otherwise—this is for the sake of the practical-minded.)*

THE NOW SOLE OCCUPANT OF THE BACK SEAT—*(with agony)* Bill! Don't let the people outside see you being such a fool! Come back here—

PHILOSOPHER—Ah, ah—how beautiful! *(turning to the speaker)* My dear, you will always get on in the world. Your instinctive fear is of what people will think; perhaps there is no safer philosophy for a woman—or for anyone. You see, you will have the advantage of Bill when we get out into the light—he will have pursued his ideal but he will look ridiculous while doing it; you will have lost him but no one will dare make fun of you because you have observed the conventions. But here we are—

*(The boat suddenly emerges from the tunnel and starts up the cleats of the arch for its final slide. Then there is a cry of amazement from the suspended Bill, who has been waiting anxiously for light.)*

BILL—But she isn't the girl!

PHILOSOPHER—(*nodding as if his private fears had been justified*) Of course not. She never is.

2ND G-F.—(*with scorn*) Say, what d'yuh think I am? If I'd wanted t' pick up a guy, I'd done it in the first place. I ain't no fish.

*She turns her back squarely on Bill, and she and her girl-friend prepare to step out of the boat into the arms of two pimpled, waiting youths. These, with knowing smiles demand in concert, "All alone, kid?" and the four walk off, no longer alone but as one. The philosopher has helped out Bill's companion, who with a smug air of having other business, proceeds toward the general exit, after a word to the philosopher and only one glance for her former escort. Bill looks obviously deserted. He turns to the philosopher helplessly. "But where'd she go—is she sore?" he inquires. The former ponders a moment as if he were enjoying in retrospect his recent adventure with Life. Then he smiles vaguely, "Yes, she is probably 'sore'. But soreness is only relative—. However, one never knows about women."*

*And then he too departs.*

---

## RIVER FOG


MARIAN KEILEY

Fog presses on the river.  
Water  
Slinks around piles  
Slides over Hell Gate  
Sucks for breath in the silence.  
Tug boat  
Tries to puff, snort, flash brass rails.  
Scows  
Painted on the river  
Sigh Noislessly.

## “REGARDEZ, MADAME”

DOROTHY MCKINNON

---

 HE small, high engine shrieked and then started rumbling, loosely from the station. The sun heightened and freshened the pinkish color of the stucco station, the flowers around it and the faces of those on the platform. There were cries excited and sharp, and then the faces seemed once more to settle into their accustomed immobility and quietness. I settled back prepared to observe my companions of the coach. So far they were hidden by a great mass of bundles. And two were still leaning far out of the window for the last glimpse of their station, despite the numerous placards of “ne pas se pencher dehors” etc. There were five of them, three soldiers, rather pathetic and young looking in their ill-fitting, untidy blue uniforms, an older woman with hard knotted hands and hair tightly drawn back from a cold, parchment-like face, and beside her a small boy composed and sober in his very short pants and small cap. For a few moments there was the customary bustle of settling in comfort and then the ensuing covert observations of each other. The woman looked steadily out of the window with unseeing eyes and unchanging expression, looking, looking—and seeing nothing. The soldiers talked among themselves with frequent glances in my direction as their curiosity was aroused by the sight of someone they felt to be a foreigner. Thus we continued for awhile, the woman stolid, the little boy still, and the soldiers talking.

I looked out of the window and became engrossed in the slowly passing land of Brittany. The gradual sloping hills surrounded tiny, brightly hued houses with trees here and there making a bit of shade. The country seemed quietly happy, serene in its beauty and luxuriance and variety. As I wondered and mused I heard a stir beside me and turned to her—

“Pardon, Madame, voulez-vous—” and I was offered



a share of the bread and wine which had suddenly appeared. The youngest of the soldiers was cutting with a pocket knife a large crust of bread and a bottle of red wine was being offered me by another. I was not hungry nor especially tempted by wine nor by the bread which the young soldier was now tearing apart as his knife seemed unable to pierce it. I refused as gently as possible. This brought forth a murmur of disappointment and reproach for they thought me unfriendly. Then the small boy formally and precisely said;

"Madame: it would give me great pleasure if you would accept some of these grapes which I have." have.

Who could refuse such a plea? I took one. The attitude of all immediately changed and we settled back, eating together, gorging,—friends.

The younger soldier's sleeve, in passing bread, fell back and exposed a jagged scar which the little boy inadvertently touched. He looked at it. The others noticed and then they started. One rolled his sleeve up, the second opened his uniform at the throat and I was besieged by "Regardez, Madame"—"Ici, Madame"—"Voila, Madame." I was surprised, astounded for like small children they were showing their scars, revelling in the exhibition and attempting to outdo one another in the size of their wounds.

The second soldier explained that he had had one side blown away. He took off his jacket. His friends felt his side. Yes—it was true—it had been blown away—there was nothing there. They felt each in his turn and then mine came. He turned to me—"Et vous, Madame," as if about to confer a high honor. I could imagine feeling and—feeling nothing. For was not everything blown away and had not his friends said, "Mais, oui," when they felt?

My hand refused to move. I couldn't accept the favor. I was paralyzed. I looked at the interested, eager faces waiting for me to feel. Puzzled that I didn't hurry and now beginning to be vexed that I didn't hurry—

"J'ai peur—"

I heard a voice say. There was a pause then approval and delighted laughter. My companions were joyful for they felt they had impressed me. They thought this scar was big enough to scare 'l'Americaine.'

The shrill whistle was heard.

"Nous sommes arrivee—"

My companions forgot me, gathered up their packages, their wine, their bread, and stolid expressions. The door was opened with, "Bonjour, Madame l'Americaine," they left me. I looked out, saw them trudging, tramping away from the station. The doors were locked, the train tooted, and we started. I suddenly felt quite sad to be left by those strange people, so childlike, so friendly. I wished that I might know more of them and wondered at what I had heard.



## EDITORIAL

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**F**IRST of all, Monthly is very sorry to announce the resignation of its editor-in-chief, Katherine Landon of the class of 1926, and with it, the resignation of Ruth Thompson, 1927. When we inherited the Monthly last year we were filled with great schemes for its rejuvenation, which is a failing peculiar to legatees, and after we had fought the fight of conservatism versus radicalism for three issues, perhaps we wondered a little if it had been worth fighting. It seems to us now that Miss Landon had the gift of reconciling “-isms” as nearly as they may be reconciled; she made our exterior fashionable without compromising our inner self—which is always a very difficult feat whether the problem is one of morals and manners or only magazines. But now we have lost Miss Landon with her tact and artistic instinct; we have only ourselves to blame if we do not find favor in the eyes of our readers and reviewers. Since there is no weapon like a pretty frock, we have decided that our covers shall remain cheerful even if we must order them from Poiret or Dulac, although the Business Board hopes that we shall not be reduced to quite such extravagance. Only the problem of material remains to haunt us; as regards policy, we shall try to mediate between the literary and the readable, because without encouraging one we should have no contributors and without the other, no subscribers.

Granted that during this collegiate age, our critical faculties are far more developed than our creative, we must yet belay our imaginations—and try to write. Creative work is the most intoxicating thing in the world, and girls are afraid of it. That is why there are no great women writers; they develop too late. We have noticed, (when the onerous job of Exchange Editor was thrust upon us) that college



men have ideas—not the kind which happen by luck, but the kind which are born before the words. Beside that, they have an ambition for writing, they take it seriously, even when it is not worth taking seriously, and like O. Henry's dog, they search their souls for the art of truthful expression. Perhaps it is because they are more objective in their interests than girls; they are curious, they are open minded, they are philosophic or humorous or adventurous, and they have the nerve to try. As a result, they mature mentally, they strike the balance between sophistication and simplicity while we are still describing "How I bought a hat at Altman's" or the "Tender Psychological Study Of A Little Child."

Perhaps, in this our first editorial, we have lost our suavity and for this we are ashamed—but we have been truthful. There is no reason why we should not have a coming out party for our minds, it is not yet too late, in spite of the effort, to try growing up mentally as well as socially; and mental growth cannot be a success without some responsibility and determination. We trust that the class of 1929 will be exhilarated unto the point of contributing to the Monthly, and that the other three classes will have an attack of conscience and originality. Be it known therefore, that we will welcome stories, essays, plays, satires, parodies, and poems—provided that they do NOT deal with death, insanity, or twins.

## THE STRANGER

ELEANOR GOLDEN

---

**T**HE room was large, and cool even in the heat of summer. Marjorie sat near a window where the sunlight poured in, making an aura of gold about her head. She had thought of this pleasing effect when she chose that chair. While the man opposite her was talking about her father's books and telling her how much he wished to see certain precious volumes, she watched him and decided that he was very distinguished looking. It was lucky, she thought, that he had come here because it was always exciting to be the first to know a new man in town. When he said he wanted to see her father's books, she smiled to herself for this was the same man, she was sure, who had walked by the house three times last night when she was sitting on the porch with Jimmie Saunders.

Besides, she reasoned, anyone would know that her father was down town at this time of day and it would have been much easier for a stranger to find his office than the house. Of course he had come only to see her. She thought she would show him by a slow, wise, subtle smile that she knew why he had come. True, he had been very formal and dignified when he introduced himself and explained his visit. Now she raised her eyes but he was looking around the room, almost nervously, it seemed. Mentally she began to describe him to Virginia Appleby. "My dear, he is really citified and almost foreign looking, and has a sort of disillusioned look, you know, and sad. He must have done a lot of wonderful things and had just heaps of experience. So different from these boys around here."

It occurred to her that it was perhaps something sweet and wholesome in this atmosphere that appealed to him, something different from anything he had known. So she decided not to smile subtly but, wide-eyed, returned his glance frankly and then turned so that her profile showed against the light. Knowing that she looked young and demure she was glad for the first time that she was wearing

this little linen dress. There was silence for a little while. She would wait for him to speak.

"I suppose," he said, "you have lots of sport in the summer here."

"Oh, yes." She looked around eagerly and described the new tennis court vivaciously. She told him how she loved to play and then rather shyly said she would love to show him the court and play a few games if he cared to. He said that would be very pleasant. She imagined herself coming home with him after an afternoon's tennis. She would wear a bright band about her head and they would walk down the street at dusk swinging their racquets.

Now he must be thinking her something of a tomboy. She turned her toes in a little and felt young and ingenuous. He was staring at her. These silences were eloquent with unspoken things.

"You have no brothers?" he asked, "Just your father and you here?"

She nodded a bit wistfully but looked up with a brave little smile.

"I must go now. Thank you for being so kind," he said.

"I'll tell daddy to telephone the hotel. He will love to show you the books, I know. He's really such a lamb."

As he stood by the door in the hall to say good-bye he took her hand and looked back into the room as if to stamp it in his memory. She too would always remember it as it was this afternoon, with the apple tree in blossom outside the window. His face was almost expressionless but she could see a little tender look in his eyes. There was something courtly about him. He would never blunder into being impulsive. She could be reserved, too, knowing that he would like some little pride in her. Framed in the doorway, she looked after him as he walked down the path but he did not turn.

At the hotel a little while later, he wrote a hurried note to someone in the city named Joe Butler.

"Better come Tuesday as planned. House you thought of absolutely best prospect. Looked inside today. Everything located. Only man and young kid there. All O. K. Don't speak to me in hotel.

Mack."



SONNET: FROM "A CATALOGUE OF  
DEPRESSING PEOPLE"

HOPE PALMER

Black satin, and grey squirrel, and vivid lips—  
    She walks in lonely splendor up and down  
The Avenue where several gay old Rips  
    Remark the shortness of her Paris gown.

She visits Rest Rooms in three different stores;  
    Applies fresh make-up to her weary face;  
Then, walking where the noon-time traffic roars,  
    Envies young couples all their laughing grace.

She finds a Tea Room; eats a chicken pie;  
    Drinks Orange Pekoe; smokes a cigarette—  
Just killing time that does not want to die—  
    Looks at her watch: not quite one-thirty yet.

At two she starts upon her leisured way  
To meet The Girls and see a matinee.

## MEETING WAYS

RUTH L. THOMPSON

---

**I**N her way and in other ways, Pigsy was a remarkable girl. (Her name was Margaret—another!—but “Call me Pigsy, boys,” she was wont to say, winking as soon as her mother turned aside after one of her formal references to her daughter as Miss Lawder.) She had never been impressed by anything. She was just a bundle of bounces. She was always looking out for the future and she was never taken aback.

“Come,” said I one day when forced to be friendly by the amicability of our grandfathers and the resulting proximity of our summer cottages, “and I will show you what is beautiful.” I looked promisingly at my friend Stanley Cowell who today met Pigsy for the first time. He paled, and seemed to plead.

“Let’s go!” cried Pigsy. “I’m all ready!”

“Are you already ready really?” asked Stanley fumblingly, with a tiny look at her khaki knickers and her middy blouse shifting down her back.

“You bet!”

“You are certainly remarkable,” said the gallant boy.

“Oh I just love to go places unexpectedly!”

“You prefer reminiscence to anticipation then? What does this indicate?”

“Oh my goodness, what do you think I am?” I listened eagerly, but Stanley eluded as he was wont to do on even less lucid grounds.

“It is only woman’s place to be outspoken. Men, Pigsy, must never make advances.”

“Hey, hold my hands while I get in the canoe.” He did so manfully, and in the process slid into the lake ankle-deep. “Gee, haven’t you ever helped a girl into a canoe before? You’re not a bit good at it.”

“It is as good to be able to hold hands well as to be able to hold hands helpfully,” he reflected, stepping into the stern. “Is small conceit harmless, Pigsy, and is the external all that counts?”

"I can't count; I hate mathematics. All the girls at school do. I love to be in canoes in rough weather, when it rocks just like this." The ruthless girl juggled herself about from side to side. The canoe hung here and there in the gurgling waves. We clung.

"Pigsy! Pigsy! Even if you do feel like being a cold shower, Gordon is going to a party." I added protests more openly. From this point onward to the destination of our paddle, however, her volubility appeared without end. Who but the poet who dishevels truth can regard with even the vaguest melancholy the presence of mutability in life? Oh the relapseless continuity of her circle of conversation!

At length we attained Gooseberry Island, and there was a sound as of gritting teeth as our craft slid up over the rocks. Pigsy hopped out, seeming to employ me as a pogo stick.

"Is it going to be a picnic? Have you brought any food?"

"Neither question can be answered directly," said I with hanging head, she leaned so long upon my shoulder.

"He is easily embarrassed," Stanley told her, poking her arm and suggesting that she look at the pretty island. "Gordon, at what time are we to expect—?"

"What's going to happen?" reiterated Pigsy almost querulously. As before said, she was always intent upon the future—always intensely so upon the immediate future.

"We must hide in the bushes," I murmured with trembling intonations. "We must all hide."

"Why? What's up?" demanded the poor girl.

"Pretty soon," I stammered with frenzy, "a—another person is coming."

"What of it?" At this I could only gape. Stanley was scanning the lake.

"We must hide," he muttered and scrambled up over a rock. "When the person comes we will all bounce out at once and say boo or something better. Gordon may pounce first, giving the signal. The important thing just now nevertheless is to hide. Otherwise any moment will decide everything." Pigsy, too bewildered to think better of this, hustled up her allotted path. We sat down behind three logs.

"I don't see any point!" she complained.

"It *is* rather queer," I admitted pensively.



"We aim to surprise," explained Stanley. "We do not aim to kill."

"I'll die if we don't eat soon. Oh look at all the funny spiders crawling around these logs!"

"I hope the logs look better to them than we do. One never can tell. What do you think from the point of view of a spider, Gordon?"

"I think," I said, "that even I am about to die. It must be anxiety for the food."

"Is he bringing all of it?" solicited Pigsy. Stanley and I looked at each other, and abruptly terminated the exchange.

"I guess I'll make a survey and see how the water lies," and Stanley crawled out of the underbrush and went out to the point of the island. He returned looking perturbed. "I think I see someone coming," he said, and uttered a little moan.

My nerves split and flew in threads. I leapt to a high rock and peered.

"What nonsense! No one is coming! Let's go! We can still get away! Quick—quick, Pigsy! Let's go anywhere else for supper. This person won't bring enough food. I'm reeking with hunger! Hurry, Pigsy!" We swept her down into the canoe and laid her out in the bottom with her face turned away from Gooseberry Island, so that she couldn't see the approaching boat whose only occupant was a girl wearing a bright green scarf around her hair. I jesticulated violently to her (behind Pigsy's back, for I was paddling in the stern) and thus attempted to convey to her across the considerable distance that at the ninth moment I had realized an inevitable law of the universe, that extremes must never meet.

## TODAY

LUCIA JORDAN

Today my soul is over-wan with singing;  
And I would have the genii come bringing  
A silver inlaid ebon table, set  
With soft spun linen under sun-gold bowls,  
Filled full of shade-cool tasting oranges;  
And in the very center of the board  
Mist-purpling clustered grapes piled high around  
An alabaster vase.

Today my soul is over-wan with singing;  
And I would wish for blue eyed sailors bringing  
A quiet ship tall-masted, bow to stern  
Built firm and true with forest-fragrant pine;  
A ship that gently tugs her mooring ropes,  
Till I may free her from the irksome land  
And steer her far by clear drawn markings on  
An azure-oceaned chart.

---

TO—

ELIZABETH E. BACON

I cannot now remember you at all  
Or how you smiled or what you said and did  
In those strange days when like a high grey wall  
Your kindly eyes the flaming beauty hid  
Of your wild soul. It is as though I'd gone  
Into a garden famed for tall dark trees  
For polished ivy and a shadowed lawn  
For wine-dark roses, and had found, not these  
But tulips, daffodils and blossoms white  
Of apple-trees, and iris tall and blue,  
And crimson poppies burning in the light  
Of larkspur skies: and all of this was you.  
I cannot think of you as grave or wise  
Since I have seen the garden past your eyes.

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## BOOK REVIEWS



### FIRECRACKERS

CARL VAN VECHTEN

---

**C**ARL Van Vechten is one of those writers whose books have all been such Vanity Fairytale successes that one feels a novel of his should be read very soon after it is published if it is going to be read at all. In spite of the fact that *Firecrackers* (quotation marks eliminated in subtle deference to Mr. Van Vechten himself) costs two dollars and a half and is bound like a cook book it is worth reading. But read it immediately or you will have to conceal its title within a brown paper cover when you carry it on the train. Its green and yellow protector will be almost as embarrassing an object to be seen with in a few months as the black and gold wrapper of "The Green Hat" is now.

*Firecrackers* is dedicated to James Branch "Rabble-Cabell" (as I have heard that gentleman called by one who has difficulty in remembering how his name is pronounced). That will doubtless commend it to many of our more sophisticated literati. The characters, with a few exceptions, figured in *The Blind Bow Boy* and *The Tattooed Countess*. That will bring a warm glow of complacent recognition to the hearts of those who have read them and will act as an unofficial advertisement in the case of those who have not.

The book is as amusing and as sophisticated as any of his has been. It is rather more coherent than the others and is much more wholesome. The hero, Gunnar O'Grady, brother unto Zimbule of *The Blind Bow Boy*, is an acrobat who thinks he has found peace and happiness by cultivating everything inside himself, after the examples of Hip-

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pias and Leonardo da Vinci. He is admirable and successful in the practicing of this theory until his passion for Campaspe, a lady of rare loveliness, convinces him of its futility. There is a melancholy conclusion which has to do with a road house and a meringue-minded moron named Wintergreen Waterbury. But enough. All will be revealed in a perusal of *Firecrackers*, by Carl Van Vechten, published by the impressive Alfred A. Knopf, offered to the book-buying public, reviewed by H. P., 1926.



## ORDEAL

DALE COLLINS

Alfred A. Knopf

**O**EN aboard a schooner are sailing from Singapore to San Francisco. Five of them are jaded seekers after romance and adventure, five are the sadly inadequate crew. There is a calm, a storm, a ship wreck, and a rescue—which sounds more like the scenario of a second-rate movie than the plot of a book full of imagination, suspense, and fine description. The account of the storm is written with a vividness that reminds one of a similar situation in “The Nigger of the *Narcissus*”. But “*Ordeal*” is one of the few recently written books of the sea that is self-evidently not the work of an amateur well-read in the stories of Joseph Conrad.

Indeed there seems to be no second-hand idea in the mind of Dale Collins. His originality shows itself to best advantage in his analysis and presentation of character. The central figure of the book, the ship's steward, a man with one ear and a grudge against life, who suddenly finds himself in a situation where he is able to gratify an almost Marlowesque lust for power, is fascinatingly clear. He is also thoroughly disturbing if one has convictions of the superiority of education and culture over low cunning in moments of crisis.

H. P., '26.



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HE PERENNIAL BACHELOR" is the sort of book which doctors and the unimaginative poor think should never be written. It is about troubles, not about Trouble: it is petty, it rasps against one's sense of wellbeing like a finger-nail on slate. But in spite of that, it won the Harper Prize, and so those who can stand the everyday kind of realism undertake it for its readability—of which it has enough and to spare. Its detail is particularly fine, and as usual where there is fineness of detail, the story becomes a series of tableaux and its characters, types according to their period. The three sisters of a spoiled boy, inspired by their fatly yielding mother, sacrifice their hopes of matrimony that they may minister to his comfort. In return, he becomes the spotlight of their drab existences—a hero and a beau. He lives his quite futile life to its finish surrounded by upholstery and applause: he is Victorian, he pays calls in a top hat even unto the present raucous day, and he never knows that he is not seeing himself as others see him. Poor Victor: he is pathetic and ridiculous: he is weak in the way which most modern literature does not tolerate, because his weakness is not one of sex or thirst or any other sort of splurging. And although it is his sisters who suffer, at the end of the book one feels the necessity of an epitaph for this perennial bachelor: perhaps Aldous Huxley's inimitable verse would have fitted if he had had the humor to say it of himself—

“Misery”, he said, “to have no chin,  
Nothing but brains and sex and taste;  
Only ommissively to sin,  
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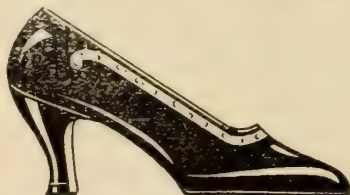
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H. M. S., '26.





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# RAHAR'S INN MUST BE SAVED!

*Hope Palmer's*

*Second Sonnet from a Catalogue of  
Depressing People. — pg. 17.*

*1. Buell's "Lament: Upon Being Dilled" (introduction to)*

**November**

- -

**1925**

*Edna St. V. Miller*

*pg. 21.*





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Of course we remember you. . . . Mr. Addison Sims  
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# Smith College Monthly



“ENOUGH OF SCIENCE AND OF ART,  
CLOSE UP THOSE BARREN LEAVES”

---

## I

### THE YOUNG HERCULES

E. E. G.

The young Hercules looked out over the heads of what are laughingly called his students and appeared to be aware of the presence of someone in the room, but willing to overlook it this time. The class quivered in expectant apprehension, or, if you will, apprehensive expectation. In Delphic tones he enunciated:

“When I terminate with you, you will be, of course, hard-boiled Sociologists, and will gasp at nothing. But, now, I hate to apply a violent commotion of the nervous system to Amurrican school gurrlls, but even in your present orientation you are face to face with hard facts, more or less shocking to our finicking pious sisters. So much for the mawral issue.

“Approaching the question of the Sylvilagus Floridanus Mallurus, that is, the Oryetologus Cuniculus, or Bunny, genus, Easter (for further definition see H. E. Barnes ‘Prospects of Social Science, If Any’ or Ludwig Lewishon ‘Up Stream, Down Stream And in my Lady’s Chamber.’) It is appurent that the work of mercenary metromaniacs who flourish about Easter time, on the subject of the Easter Bunny is so biased as to fail to carry the conviction which its mass of concrete material justifies. The deep-rooted Amurrican conviction that the Easter Bunny leaves the Easter eggs is a fundamental and basic error. (A

ripple of horror goes over the class.) Though founded on the presupposed and universally acknowledged existence of the eggs—enough to say this fool theory is discouraged by such men as H. E. Barnes, F. H. Hankins, H. E. Barnes, and F. H. Hankins. The Easter Bunny hoax is liddlerly bunk par excellence. (Girl in second row, pulchritudinous, round-headed type, faints.)

“One day James Harvey Robinson said to me, he said, ‘Harry Elmer, (he calls me Harry Elmer), Harry Elmer, let’s clear up this Easter Bunny problem, here and now. So we made an intensive investigation of an *Oryctologus Cuniculus*, or using the nomenclature of the masses, the Easter Bunny, adult, somewhat enlarged, and hereditarily equipped with an I. Q. of 3.1416+. Alternately, we took readings every three minutes to ascertain precisely the innate cultural content and the essence of the dream-life of the Easter Bunny, and working separately and simultaneously we arrived at the inevitable conclusion that in its present orientation, with slight exceptions, the neurological, biological, psychological equipment of the Easter Bunny renders it totally unfit to produce even one Easter Egg!

“For next week’s subject ‘The Pernicious Influence of the Arch-Preserver in Mediaeval Culture’. I refer you to my pamphlet on ‘The Systematized Complexifying and Opaquifying of the Intrinsically Simplex, With Sequential Obfuscations’, read June 31st before the Pedagogical Seminary on the occasion of the Sexcentenary of the execution of the first Sociologist.”

---

## OOGIE-OOGIE-WA-WA

### II

#### E. E. G.

All the world’s a stage. Enter the Charming Lady, in person. The swoop to raise the window; the turn of the wrist; the swoop back to the desk, center stage. Magnetism. The air is electric—or at least rather electric. The brisk chat on the joys of philology and the lush delights of Grimm’s Law. “And what is that?” Class, in chorus:



"BPF, mumble, mumble, BPF". Charming Lady: "Very ingenious!" Then there are vowel changes. "A vowel in itself is a perfect jewel of a thing, and how fascinating of it to change, actually change. And when was that?" Class, in chorus: "1066." Charming Lady: "Very ingenious." The few well-chosen words on suffixes. Charming Lady: "The suffix 'ish' was used to form adjectives of quality as 'Englisc', that is (Surprise! Surprise!) 'English.' And when was that?" Class, in chorus: "1066." Charming Lady: "Very Ingenious!" "But about bedtime Uncle Wiggly found that the suffix 'ish' came to be applied to adjectives in a way a wee bit contemptuous, as in 'childish'. Now can any one of you give me another example?" A voice, timidly: "Radish." A long pause and a gathering sultriness. In case of panic: Run, do not Walk to the nearest exit. Silence, broken only by the writhing of the victim on whom converge piercing rays of inverted charm, hysterically speaking. The victim cowers. The face of the Charming Lady comes nearer and nearer, like a movie close-up. In the low tones of a great emotional actress the Charming Lady begins, "Miss Blank, I ask comparatively little of you in my course. I give you my time. There are vast vistas of fascinating knowledge and you—you—" She cannot go on. Her anger almost becomes uncontrolled. Tension! The hand before the eyes. The hand brushed across the forehead. The consummate gesture, and again she faces her class, charming. "And when was that?" Class, wearily, "1066." Charming Lady, archly: "Very ingenious."

---

### III

#### PSEUDO-BATIK . . . .

#### H. P.

The pseudo-batik one, what is 't she thinks  
 Her gaze remote, her thoughts—well, say, 'afar'?  
 The black-haired, black-eyed pedagogic sphinx—  
 "Cold hands I held behind the samovar."

## IV

## SUGAR AND SPICE

H. P.

Oh, hearty British damsel with a stride—  
Long-legged professor pacing at your side,  
The bachelor percentage is so small  
How clever of you, dear, to get them all!

---

## V

“AND ONLY THE MASTER SHALL PRAISE  
US”

M. A. B.

Came a day when the world was bleak. And why? This is why. We had learned that we were to lose one near and dear to us, one whom we had learned to nourish and cherish—even if he was not on the Debating Team. As we wandered down town we were desolate and sick of an old passion; was there no way to keep his memory green—no way? We stood before the twenty-five-cent volumes offered by Bridgman and Lyman to an illiterate public, and a neat blue book winked up at us. A baby-blue book, a dainty book, the sort of book one would associate with Marion Davies, if one associated books with her at all. Its name was “Appraisements and Asperities”, its author, Felix E. Schelling, Ph.D., LL. D. No, not the book for Marion Davies. Who then? We open it—and behold the answer:

NEWTON ARVIN

We bought “Appraisements and Asperities”, hugging it beneath our coat. Once at home we opened our most secret place and took from it the clipping of a poem called “Possession”. Through the summer, this verse had been our greatest treasure; now we had two treasures. We knew that Master Arvin had absorbed his nine-tenths of the law, but what—what would be his comment upon the baby-blue book of Professor Schelling? In an agony of suspense we

flipped the leaves, searching for marks upon the margin as the hunter looks for blazes on the tree. Ah! we are rewarded. For this is what we find:

The Book: "I repeat that he who loves the essay—especially the familiar essay, as it is called—and letters, is the aristocrat, the Brahmin among readers, because he, above all others, has the taste of the connoisseur for delicate flavor, for fragrance, for aroma, that spirit which gives to our best essays a quality above the posturing of dramatists and novelists and the flutterings of poets, be they free or caged in verse." And Master Arvin, alas, has written in judgment of this brilliantly punctuated passage—one word. Only one! Oh, the bathos of it! And that one word is—"Piffle!"

We hurry on. Surely, surely, this can not be all he has left to us, his brain children? Is there no other message from that immortal world, *The Living Age*?

Yes, there are two more. Two more between us and eternal silence; two more with which to salve our hurt. Beside the phrase, "A singularly uneventful career," (which may have been the epitaph of any valiant struggler—in this case, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie) the unfeeling Master Arvin has inscribed only—"Cliche".

We feel the coldness of this mighty spirit which could judge a man by the artistry of his epitaph with never a thought for the poor, defeated dust which lies below it. Our eyes are open to the horror of an indifference so callous as to express itself, not in the warm accents of the departed's mother tongue—but in a foreign language!

No. This cannot be all. We will not be contented with one "Piffle" and one "Cliche"; we *will* push on to determine for ourselves whether there was not more of humanity in the man than this. We push.

At long last, we behold the familiar, precisely lettered words, so symbolic of Him We Knew, and still on margin. We pause. This is the last; this is all. Without this final judgment our message from the spirit world would go forever incomplete. Dare we read—this last of all? With almost superhuman effort we focus our clouded eyes, first upon the text, that we may live again his mood, and the

print springs into life at—"Dryden, greatest of English satirists"—What—what will He say to that—with trembling finger we trace the line to its finish and look beyond to that white space he has emblazoned forever with a piece of lead. We read.

Ah! It is worthy of him—worthy of his passion, his eloquence, his fiery satyr-soul. To think of the throes which must have tortured him to twist from him a cry like this! To think of him, possibly alone in his agony, pallid with the internal strife which might never have striven within a lesser soul! To think of it! Are you thinking, friends? Then you are ready for this last of all, the verdict which you must carry with you always opposite the name of Dryden—this tribute from one Cellini to another—simply, the words—"*Good God!*"

## VI

IN MEMORIAM  
STANLEY ALDEN, M. A.

"JUST FOR A HANDFUL OF  
GOLD-BRAID HE LEFT US."

MARCIA WADHAMS



# THE VERY AUGUST GOURD PRIZE

AWARDED FOR

TRIPLETS\*

H. M. S. and H. P.

## I

BRIEF . . .

My father is dead. My mother is dying. My cousins and my sisters and my aunts are in a bad way. Even the gold fish look unhealthy. I play the piano in a vain effort to cheer them.

## II

BRIEFER . . .

My mother is dead (and I have lost the amethyst brooch that held the ruchings in place about her thin old throat). The gold fish are in a bad way.

## III

BRIEFEST . . .

The gold fish are dead. My grief is too deep for tears. I do not weep.

\*(Apologies to S. L., June issue, 1925).

## RALLY ONCE AGAIN\*

H. M. S. AND M. A. B.

---

Is this the face that launched a thousand  
Postage stamps? How few there are who know,  
Or knowing, care—how many bruises  
On each little knee. He was so young  
And she so fair. O give me a thousand  
Stamps and yet a Hundred more.  
For recompense, Ben-Adam's name led  
All the rest. Little Weehawken of War,  
Great Washington. We went forth  
To battle but we always fell.  
"So did Sodom and Gomorrah,  
Vienna, London, Rome  
New York, New Haven & Hartford."

\*(Apologies to O. L., June, 1925, and to Robert  
Benchley all the time).

Such noise! The spectators were shouting madly, for never had they seen such a sight before; the old calliope was wheezing in high tones, and the child, screaming to his mother in the arms of the street-singer, the ring-master was blowing a shrill whistle; and on one side, the

The crowd tore around him, and that he looked so, every one held his breath, and his

For he had high, and drew the necks of the man, and the. The like it could

had one

filled the filled. save began to settle and held, for and in through the ten

A little boy, frightened still by the sound of his own voice, sobbed in a low, heart-broken way.

SECOND SONNET FROM "A CATALOGUE OF X  
DEPRESSING PEOPLE"

H. P.

---

She staggers up the crooked cellar stairs  
With logs to lay within her swept hearth's span.  
She makes a Cosy Nook of fireside chairs,  
Setting the stage to entertain A Man.

The lighter soaks in kerosene and lies  
In readiness to set the funeral pyre  
Ablaze what time the conversation dies.  
She'll say, "O, don't you *love* a log-wood fire?"

The lights are dim, aesthetically placed,  
One casts its glow upon An Oil—the "Lark".  
The Maxfield Parrish prints are all erased  
By a becoming, well-considered dark.

She sits to read some poems, bound in blue,  
And when he comes, all sweet surprise, cries, "You!"

---

"CROSS MARKS THE SPOT!"

GIRL to MR. CROSS: But—but—Mr. Chaucer—

MR. CROSS: "O call me Ulysses," said the great man  
simply.

\* \* \* \* \*

YOUNG WOMAN of slight cultural background to MR.  
CROSS: "Here's your bat-robe, sir, MR. CROSS."

MR. CROSS: Good Night!

\* \* \* \* \*

MR. CROSS: Even the greatest men make mistakes. I  
once made a mistake myself. But even the weariest river  
winds somewhere safe to sea.



## FIRST-GRADE-CROSSING\*

M. A. B.

---

In her way and in other ways, Mademoiselle de Maupin was a remarkable girl (Her name was —— another! but "Call Me Mopsy-Boys" she was wont to say.) She had never been impressed by anything. She was just a bundle of bounces. She was always looking out for the future and she was never taken aback.

"Come," said Havelock Ellis one day to Mopsy-Boys, "And I will show you what is love." He looked promisingly at his friend "Trade" Smith who today met her for the first time. He stroked his beard and seemed to weep.

"Let's go!" cried Mopsy-Boys. "I'm all ready!"

"Are you already ready, really ready?" asked Trade fumblingly with a tiny look at her khaki knickers and her middy blouse shifting down her back.

"You bet!"

"You are certainly remarkable," said the gallant boy.

"Oh, I just love to do things unexpectedly!"

"You prefer onions to caviar, then? What does this indicate?"

"You must not think I am a nice girl."

Havelock listened eagerly but Trade eluded as he was wont to do on even less lucid grounds. "Men, Mopsy, kill the thing they love."

Mademoiselle de Maupin, Havelock and Trade juggle into canoe. They cling. Who but the poet who dishevels truth can regard with even the vaguest melancholy the presence of mutability in life? It is a well-known fact that Earl Leiderman should marry Eleanor Glyn on the grounds of the tiger skin.

Gooseberry Island. Their teeth grate.

"Is there going to be Chamber Music? Have you brought a piano stool?"

"Neither question can be answered directly," said Havelock Ellis with hanging head, she leaned so long upon his shoulder.

(\* with apologies to R. L. T., October, 1925.)

"He is easily embarrassed," Trade told her, "Havelock—at what time are we to expect—?"

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" demanded the poor girl in French.

"We must hide—we must all hide," murmured Havelock with trembling intonation. "There is no such thing as free love because the woman always pays. Another person is coming."

They leapt upon a high rock and shattered down in fragments.

"I am a foreign student I *do* not under-stand," grumbled Mopsy-Boys querulously. They waited. Havelock and Trade exchanged glances. They abruptly terminated the exchange.

"What nonsense!"

"No one is coming. This person won't bring a piano stool. Quick, quick Mopsy. Do it *beautifully*."

They produce a new broom and sweep Mlle. de Maupin into the canoe, where she does abdominal breathing. She does not see an approaching boat whose only occupant is a girl with a saintly expression sitting upon a piano stool. Havelock semaphores to Elsie Dinsmore over the recumbent Mopsy-Boys, and thus attempts to convey to her at the eleventh hour that he has realized an inevitable law of the universe: *The square erected upon the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.*

## THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE\*

---

POETRY: Gold Badge. Newton Arvin, age 14, for his poem, "Possession" in the Book Reviews of the *Herald-Tribune* which ends with the characteristic lines: "Why should I shrink then from those eyes, I cannot now possess."

PROSE: Silver Badge. Robert Withington, age 19, for his "Fantasy", "The Master of Three Farthings," which he published in the last *Smith College Monthly* under his own name. (The brave lad.)

### HONOR ROLL

(A LIST OF THOSE WHOSE WORK WOULD HAVE BEEN  
PUBLISHED HAD SPACE PERMITTED)

Neilson and Patch's "Selections from Chaucer". (In the compilation of which we are sorry to announce that the authors received help at home.)

Matthews and Lieder's "Chief British Dramatists". Rather a naughty book for young folks, but we'll have to find out some day that there is no Santy Claus. Why not from Mr. Lieder?

Harry Barnes' sociological History, whose author Mr. Orton has called in a waggish spirit, "This Young Hercules". Right out loud, just like that, and in the Sunday paper too!

Bobby Withington's "Pageantry". A Pretty picture book for his little friends.

Esther Dunn's prose poem on Ben Jonson's Art.

(\* Apologies to Saint Nicholas League and The First Burlesque "Life.")

## LAMENT: UPON BEING JILTED.\*

M. A. B.

---

Listen, girls;  
My Boy-friend is gone.  
From his old thoughts  
I'll write you little themes;  
There'll be in my pockets  
Things he used to put there,  
Twigs and copies  
Of the *Amherst Student*.  
Jack shall have the papers  
To light cigarettes;  
Bill shall have the twigs  
To make new thickets with.  
Life must go on,  
And the jilter be forgotten—  
Father, take your medicine;  
Johnny, get your gun;  
Life must go on.  
I forget just why.

\*(Apologies to Edna St. Vincent Millay.)

---

## TO A MOUSE\*

ROBERT BURNS

---

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,  
O what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickerin' brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
Wi' murd'rin' pattle!

\*(Apologies to H. L., February Issue, 1925.)





## EDITORIAL



Now then, we just want to tell you about something that's been on our minds for a long time. We think that a plain heart-to-heart talk with our readers now and then just clears the air like everything, and makes all those nightmares fly away which Nobody Knows But Mother.

We've had this idea for a long time, and it's a pretty serious problem to face—but you're big girls now and it's time to quit playing bean bag and to begin to think about Life. We don't know how many tragedies we've seen happen from neglecting this very problem we're going to tell you about. We know a girl who missed her Chance for Happiness because of this thing, and it happened in New York, too, of all places. (Of course, on the Subways you're practically safe, because if a Strange Man comes up to you, we've heard that the best thing to do is to kick out at him kind of like the Charleston, then he'll come back and bow and say, "I *beg* your pardon," then you kinda look at him and say "You *crazy!*" and walk right on. We think this is a pretty good plan to follow, and it's practical, too, because we've had a letter about it from Miss R. F. D. of the class of 1926; she lives in New York City and we think she ought to know.)

But this Other Thing we're going to talk about is a lot more dangerous than Subway Sallies. There is nothing so pernicious in this country today, not even anaemia; there's nothing which can come up to it in lure or fair-seeming or wickedness. It will ruin our whole domestic life if we ever get that far, although I don't see how we can if somebody doesn't do something about it. We wish Will Rogers and that nice Mr. Benchley would just get together and help us out because we haven't been in any Follies so far and we don't know much about Life.

But perhaps they're too busy throwing lassoes at the

*Literary Digest* and the play that gives Mr. Benchley a fountain pen every year for a birthday present. If that's the case we'll have to be brave and face this thing all by ourselves.

But we want to talk to you seriously, girls, and I hope you're all good and serious by now. I guess we'd better tell you right away what The Thing is, because maybe you've never noticed it before. It's the problem of Ye Olde Goodee Shoppe, Ye Hotte Doggie Shoppe, and Ye Tumble Inn. There! Now we've said it, and we know you'll begin to think back on all you've suffered from things that begin with "ye." But first, let me tell you about the girl who lost her chance for a Normal Life and if you aren't all up in arms from just common ordinary loyalty to your sex, the Monthly will—well—it will feel like doing something pretty dreadful like going out of business altogether, and you know how that would upset Amherst.

But this girl. It seems she had a boy-friend who got kicked from college, like For Three Years A Sophomore And Never A Bride, and he went to work in the Big City—selling insurance. Well, she thought it was a pretty brave thing to do, and when he decided to be an Actuary in six years her old faith in college ideals was restored. They were going to have a flat over the elevated somewhere, so they could use the "L" like it says to in "The Subway Sun" and they were going to keep the furniture he'd had at college because he felt kind of badly about wasting it. O, they were going to have such fun! Just think! But then this thing came along and broke up their happiness. I haven't much more space to tell about it in, but we guess you can picture the rest to yourself. Just one darn Goodee Shoppe after another, that's all it was. Just one after another. Sometimes the boy would ask her if she didn't want an eighty-five cent (85c) dinner instead of a seventy-five cent (75c) one because this was the first of the month and he wanted her to be happy, but pretty soon she began to realize that pie a la mode instead of just plain pie wasn't such an exciting thing as she'd thought. And then she started lying awake at night thinking, "What shall we do when we've been to every Goodee Shoppe in New York

\*(See Mr. Patch).

City?" And then, of course, she'd come right back at herself with an answer like "Begin all over again." Well—it was just too much for human endurance, that's the long and short of it. One Goodee Shoppe after another after another. You can see how it would be yourself. She didn't blame the boy a bit, though; because you can't have everything in life, and he thought being an Apprentice-Actuary was worth more than that. So she just decided to come back to college and begin all over, writing nasty things about men for the *Monthly*.

So now, all you girls, I want you just to band together and start a league for the suppression of things that begin with "ye." Get buttons made, if you can't spell, and don't rest at night until EACH DAY'S CAMPAIGN IS FINISHED. If there's anyone who isn't quite sure how to begin—and I know that's a failing in this college—let her come right straight to the Editors and we'll smooth away all her troubles. "Look Upward, not Downward; look Outward, not Inward; look Forward, not Backward—Lend A Hand."

M. A. B.

## RAVIOLI, Weet Lotsa Tomat'\*

H. P.

---

Mabe you cry, joost a leetla bit for Angelina, yes? Angelina, shees preeta gerl, an' she so homseek for Eetaly lak you never. Shees mak travel secun' class on a fine, beeg sheep for go hom queek. But dees America sheep shees travel on, eet mak stop at Boaston an' tak on beeg cargo of, how you say . . . beens? So every nat deres noting buta beens for eat.

Wan nat shees ate wat shees tink ees da lasta been shees evra can eat. An' shees stan' by da dek-ral, fool of beens an' deespare. Orlando, hees da steward, ees cam up to here for speak.

"Kid, you laka Eetalian food, yea? Look—Asti Spumanti!"

"Yes, where?"

"Dare."

"Where. Dare?"

"Yes, dare."

"Oh, dare."

"Yes, een my cabin—you com een, I geev you a dreenk."

"You shoor eets Asti? I'm afraid for fin' only Canada Dry."

"Asti."

"Asti, I believe you, but plees let me see da label on da bottle."

Den hees tak here to hees cabin. After wan seep shees clos here eyes an' stop looking for labels. Shees laf softly. Den shees dreenk deeper. Dees ees Wine!

"I lak dees wine," Angelina, shee speak.

"Yes? So does my wife!" says Orlando.

Mabe you cry leetla bit for Angelina, yes? But not mooch.

Wan shees gat off da sheep een Napoli shees fin' pos-

\* (I apologize—joost a leetla bit, but not mooch—to  
J. T., May, 1925).



car from here boy-fren een Firenze:

H. P. May Number, 1925) here boy-fren een Firenze:

"I gotta da fine new restaurant for America tourists.  
An' by gol da ravioli ees beautiful lak you never. Com  
marry me qweek.

Tony."

So Angelina shees buy a bottle of 'Tomat' Saws an' go  
for Firenze.

## THE ANIMAL KRACKER\*

M. A. B.

---

"There was a lady loved a swine.  
'Honey,' said she,  
'Pig, hog, wilt thou be mine?'  
'Hunks!' said he."

Hunks indeed! But boys will be boys. The pigs we love! And how we grieve for them when they have passed out. Lying there all stiffly pitiful and silent, there grey hats over their faces, their cunning mouths half open—how they move us! And then there comes one who seems not to pass out as quickly as the others. He breathes softly and decently to himself; when he sighs there are almost tears in his funny eyes. We admire his capacity; we think him heroic: his manners are the beautiful lack of affectation. Dear hoggie! We make fun of him one day to see if his heroism can endure. He quotes big strong masculine thoughts at us, like "Love is a disease". He pricks his ears and flirts his epigrams—but he has lost the gift of looking at us. We are no longer "Fine, clean things to be done," because a Future is infinite . . . And then, another day, he runs away, dear hoggie, in that old familiar gait. We watch him striding off, cap over one eye, on the track of a new idea.

But we do not say, "Perhaps he will come back." We know better, for we are a year older than we were last year. We buy a box of animal crackers, sort out all the pigs, and eat them one by one—for our thoughts amount to this:

Hunks! said he.

\*(With congratulations to M. A. B., April Issue, 1925).

## OPEN CORRESPONDENCE

H. P.

---

(*Being a series of letters outside the collection in the case at the back of "the most attractive bookshop in New England."*)

New York City, April 1st, 1920

Dear Madam,

We think you, with your appreciation of the artistic, would just love some little jackets we are putting on the market in a small way. We could sell *quantities* of them right here in the city but we feel we want them to only be worn by people who will *become* them.

We feel that girls in a college town like Northampton, particularly girls who patronize a shop like yours, with that really rather NOBLE motto: "There is no schooner like a book", would perfectly fulfill this ideal of ours.

You need have no doubts as to how the little jackets would sell. If it were not for their intrinsic beauty, their pathetic little history would be enough to make them popular: They are made from the potato sacks used by the Turks to contain the amputated heads of their Armenian victims, and have been stencilled with the cutest designs in bright reds, greens, and blues by the peasants who were spared. We know you and the girls will just love them and the wonderful thing about it is that the supply is practically inexhaustable.

We are selling the jackets at the rate of six hundred dollars (\$600.00) a dozen—wholesale, of course.

Let us hear from you if you and the girls are interested and we just know you will be.

We wish you all kinds of success for we feel a sort of fellow feeling for you. We're all trying to do the same thing in just a slightly different way!

Very cordially yours,

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE ARTS AND GRAFTS CO.

Buckingham Palace,  
London, England,  
June 1st, 1923

My dear Madam,

I must thank you for the little volume which arrived yesterday. His Highness is in Afghanistan or I feel sure he would wish to thank you for it himself.

Very truly yours,

DUMBELLO, Sec'y to His Royal Highness,  
Prince of Wales.  
by the Grace of God,  
by C. D. THWACKUM, 2nd ass't. acting typist  
to the undersecretary of  
H. R. H.'s Sec'y.

Baltimore, Maryland,  
May 3rd, 1921.

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## BOOK REVIEWS



### THE SHOW

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Scribner's (\$1.00 net)

One of the latest of Galsworthy's plays, "The Show," is anticipated with joy by those who have recently finished "Caravan." It has been said that the pleasure of anticipation is greater than that of realization; as regards "The Show" this statement will probably go unchallenged. A well-constructed drama in three acts with good characterization is never so dull that it cannot be read for the sake of seeing the wheels go round, but after they have gone round under our watchful gaze and we are left quite as unimpassioned as we were in the beginning, we wonder if it has been a success. If one were to apply canons of dramatic criticism to this performance, it would probably pass the test, but as entertainment "The Show" is dull. There is an estranged married pair of normal English persons, one of whom commits suicide at the beginning and the other of whom reveals quite unnecessarily, her own love affair in an effort to escape the coroner's probings. There is a sentimental and melodramatic mother, there is the lover, probably attired in the "conventional black and white," there is the girl-friend who sobs over the deceased when she is not being a waitress in some obscure restaurant. There is the average amount of complicated motivation, then the trial, which ends in a feeble protest from the widow anent the ghouliness of a Public who comes to see any Show, no matter how painful for the actors. Mr. Galsworthy rises to the occasion with his Detective and Reporter and Constable; they are beautifully English and beautifully officious. If you read the play, read their lines only, with perhaps those of the maid, and your imaginations can supply the

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missing dialogue with scarcely any effort: just shut your eyes and think what you would have written, had you been Mr. Galsworthy.

M. A. B.



## THE CHICKEN-WAGON FAMILY

---

BARRY BENEFIELD      The Century Company (\$2.00 net)

For several days I avoided reading the "Chicken-Wagon Family" because of its name. Then I saw from the cover that it was a first novel, so I made allowances for Mr. Benefield's effort to think of something striking in the way of titles, and began to read. The story—it is more than anything else—is about a French family who buy and sell chickens throughout the south west. Mrs Fippany is a person of determination, and decides that her daughter must have an education or bust. Mr. Fippany prefers the sandy roads of Texas and his mouse-coloured, bouncing Spanish mules. In the midst of this discussion the family acquires a young man (just graduated from college) to be a tutor unto Addie, until the time is ripe for greater adventure. At last, Mrs. Fippany, by fair means or foul persuades her husband to start driving their now covered wagon in the direction of New York. It is amusing to think of the huge prairie schooner which decorated one of the Broadway theatres a year or so ago, and then to read of the Fippany's progress down the same great thoroughfare in a covered wagon which was as real as automobiles. Without any knowledge of New York, the family is wafted into the arms of a kind policeman who sets them up in housekeeping in an abandoned fire engine house. When it is sold at auction two weeks later, the young tutor is the highest bidder; he rescues Mr. Fippany's mules from the same fate, and by that time is an accepted member of the family "at the price of his patrimony." The rest of the story is a grand scheme



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for making money; one way is by buying bath tubs from a wrecking gang and reselling them to little homes in Jersey. (We give this information for what it is worth.) It is all very funny, and we approve of what is funny whether it be great art or not. Beside, "The Chicken-Wagon Family" makes one have suffused feelings of good will; it would be an adequate substitute for the "Bird's Christmas Carol" if saved until the proper season.

M. A. B.



### THE NAKED MAN

VERE HUTCHINSON, The Century Company (\$2.00 net)

As often happens in the movies, this is a misleading title. Indeed, Luke Braddock seemed to me both clothed and in his right mind, but perhaps I did not grasp all the finer points of his situation. He is a melancholy miner of Lincolnshire, with a deep-rooted desire for land and for children both of which are denied him until he is a morose person of middle age. At this critical point he inherits a farm and moves his uninteresting wife away from the mining town she has always known and which he has quite silently detested from his boyhood. He begins to develop temperament and initiative in the matter of farming, and his wife, knowing his desire for children, herself develops rather Biblical characteristics. The theme of Sarah and Hagar is repeated, Hagar being a dairy-maid on the place, but in what approaches a dramatic climax, Hagar is metamorphosed into Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and the ghost of Hardy walks again. The character of Maggie, the wife, is convincingly drawn, yet she makes one have irrelevant memories of Fides Achates—or even Old Dog Tray. There is too much of everything in the book; by which I mean that the feelings overflow, that the earth is too earthy, that the dairy-maid is too much a dairy-maid and that Luke's melan-

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cholia is too fierce an emotion for any character outside of Greek Tragedy. "The Naked Man" is supposed by professional critics to be a "powerful" book. I see what they mean. But it is the power of sheer weight, and not of technique, which oppresses us. There is no Eustacia Vye to wake us up, and we miss Hardy's style while having to tolerate his setting second-hand. For passion without beauty, for realism without humor, let us recommend "The Naked Man."

M. A. B.



## CARAVAN

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Scribner's (\$2.50 net)

"Caravan" is an anthology of Galsworthy's short stories. They are yoked in pairs, one of an earlier and one of a later period, but comparable from the point of view of similarity in material or tone. Mr. Galsworthy's purpose in driving tandem was that those interested in change of technique might see for themselves his evolution or devolution as regards style and organization.

Galsworthy's short stories, character studies and longer sketches are already so familiar to the public that there is little use in commenting upon them as individual performances. "Caravan" contains the story called "A Stoic" which is the basis of the author's play "Old English." "A Man of Devon" and "The Apple Tree" are especially commended for their beauty by William Rose Benet in his review published in "The Bookman." He also states that Galsworthy's ideal is a profound charity in the pursuit of which he sometimes lapses into sentimentality. This, particularly in regard to "Caravan" is a just criticism. On our guard as we are today against that greatest vice of the Victorian era, Sentimentality, we are apt to yield no quarter when we meet it in print. As a result our literature is full of quick stimulants like "Peter Whiffle" and "Fire Crackers" which speed up our mental processes to such an extent that we



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have neither time nor taste for sweet dalliance. Galsworthy prefers reality plus sentiment to the Arlenesque mixture of unreality plus melodrama. His dialogue may seem tame if we are used to over-stimulation, but neither his characterization nor his psychology should be underestimated. Also, he knows how to cut out a short story and sew it together, and he presents different kinds of people in their own settings with the skill of an able dramatist. "Caravan" is a collection one should add to O. Henry, and de Maupassant and Kipling, without expecting to like it quite so well.

M. A. B.



## "PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR"

(A Tale of Adventure)

HUGH WALPOLE

George H. Doran (\$2.00)

Mr. Walpole has gotten it out of his system at last. We have always cherished a conviction that, like Charles Percy Harkness who is the hero of this "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," Mr. Walpole has an incorrigible passion for the strange and mysterious. It came out strongly in the "Prelude to Adventure," to a somewhat less degree in "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City," and when it seems smothered beneath the Trenchards and Polchester, it broke loose only last year to give "The Old Ladies" its amazing eeriness. Here it is the dominating element in a mystery story written as "a rest and a refreshment" and more than fulfilling the author's modest hope "that once beginning it you will find it hard to lay down unfinished."

Charles Harkness, an American who finds himself at home in neither America nor Europe, goes to Treliss on the Cornish coast in an attempt to discover the essential of life which is always eluding him. There he becomes embroiled in the schemes of the man with the red hair, who is planning

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*Manuscript will be disposed of unless marked "Return."*

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admiring submission  
the experience  
of the lady who  
declared that the  
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dressed gives a  
feeling of inward  
tranquility which  
religion is power-  
less to bestow."*

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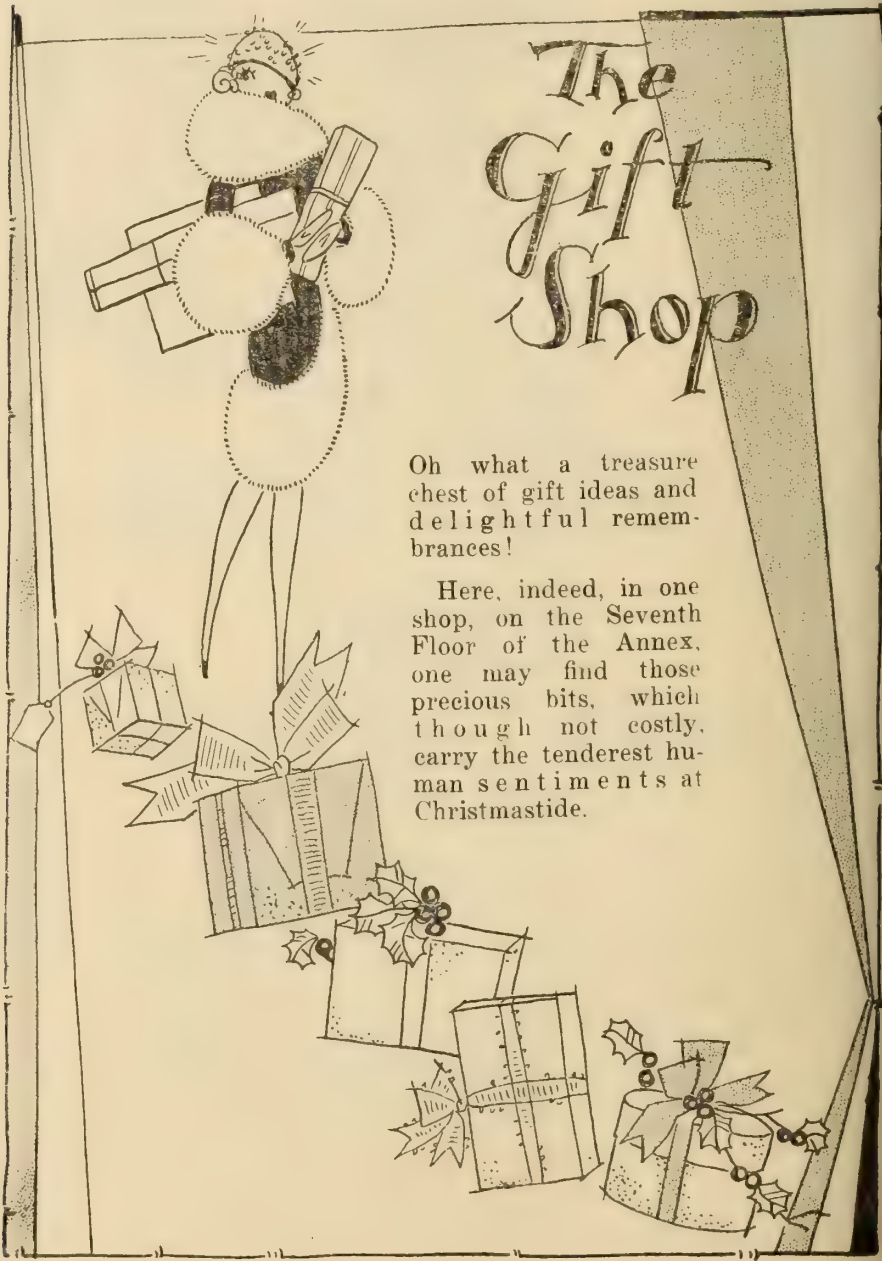


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# Smith College Monthly



## WINTER

MELBA D. SIMMONS

---



INTER is a boy, and lean,  
His eyes are of blue steel and his thin flanks  
Are never still. He strides and leaps,  
Making wild dashes over frozen hills.  
Sometimes he smiles with mocking lips,  
Or frowns in sudden blasts of rage;  
Or tries to hide the wonders in his heart  
With dull and sullen looks—  
For winter is a boy, and lean.

## DEFEAT

ELIZABETH GREGG

---

**A**MELIA had been an ugly baby and she was an ugly little girl with straggling, not quite curly black hair; long, thin legs; and eyes that were too big for her face. "She takes after her Aunt Agnes," Amelia's grandmother used to say. "Agnes was always so full of vitality, never stopped a minute."

"And Amelia wouldn't stop a minute unless I made her." Amelia's mother's voice was fat and comfortably purring. "If we didn't quiet that child down I don't know what she would do. We have to be after her all the time."

But quieting down a little child is a task for only the most delicate hands—slimy sensitive and not the round, capable hands of a practical common-sense mother.

There had been the time at the Meadowbrook-Summit basketball game when Amelia had headed her little third-grade comrades in a wild, frenzied yelling on the side-lines. Drunk with the excitement of the game, she had screamed for a Meadowbrook victory, jumped up and down and hugged her neighbor when a goal was made, sobbed and derided the players when the Summit score mounted. Nothing mattered to her but the game. Beads of perspiration stood out on the bridge of her nose. Her hair straggled wildly across her face and she pushed it away with the back of one impatient, dirty hand. When a referee had called a foul on Meadowbrook, she had lifted her shrill, little voice in emphatic denial. And then Amelia's mother had pushed her way through the crowd, taken Amelia's hand and led her off. Amelia had been in a daze, her face flushed. She had beat her fists against her mother's arm, demanding to go back; but her mother had been angrily determined.

"I never saw such a child—acts like a little demon. Why can't you behave yourself, Amelia? It's so embarrassing to have you always making yourself conspicuous. You never see Janet acting that way, do you?"

From back near the side-lines Amelia had heard the jeering laughs of the other third-grade children. Laughing at her! And they had been acting the same way themselves. But had they? What had she been doing—saying? Perhaps she had been funny. Perhaps everyone was laughing at her—even the teams. And it was only because she had liked the game. But she shouldn't have screamed so. And then she had felt suddenly and awkwardly ashamed.

Many times she had had to hear Janet who was her sister and two very long years older give her mother scathing reports of Amelia's conduct at dancing school or on the street.

"Why mother," she would complain, "Miss Lawton just told us what our favors would be at the dancing party and Amelia came up, and threw her arms around my neck, and squealed in my ear how grand it was, and then, of course, everybody laughed."

Her mother would sigh sympathetically. Carefully Janet would list the events of the day, while Amelia would stand first on one foot and then on the other, and blush up to the roots of her hair. With painstaking accuracy Janet had told of the time when Amelia had been so enthusiastic about Mary Ann's new pony-cart and had admired the yellow wicker and the leather cushions and the shiny harness until finally Mary Ann had turned around, widened her eyes mockingly and said, "Did the little girl ever see an aeroplane?" Mother had looked reproachful and said, "Haven't I told you, Amelia?" Very cruel, and very painful—such scenes.

When Amelia was twelve, she was no longer ugly. She was still angular and a little awkward, but her skin was fair and her hair very dark and heavy, and she was much quieter. In fact her mother's quieting down process had proved almost completely successful. Only occasionally did Janet have to offer complaints.

On Janet's fourteenth birthday the house was cleaned, the floor polished, and hundreds of little chocolate and white cakes made in the kitchen. There was to be a dance, with party dresses, and programs, and punch in a cut-glass bowl set under the artificial palm-tree.



Amelia stood before the long cheval mirror, enchanted. A ruffled, yellow taffeta, new patent leather slippers, and her hair in long curls. Oh lovely—to be at a dance, to wear new slippers that did not rub blisters on one's tender heels, and to look pretty—pretty. She stretched out her arms and took a few little, hesitating steps. She held out her yellow skirt and curtesied. It was good to look like this! She drew near the mirror. The face reflected was white, with shining eyes, and a curving red mouth. Suddenly she clenched her hands and leaned to press her mouth against the cool mirror. "Oh, you are so lovely," she said. Then she turned quickly. Someone might have seen her—but she was alone in the room. She walked slowly downstairs. All the furniture had been moved miraculously away—everything was bare. Her mother, regal in violet chiffon, and her father, looking very small and insignificant, came in from the library.

"You look sweet, my dear," her mother said. "Go and tell Janet to come on downstairs. I want everyone to be ready."

Janet and Mother and Father were all in the front hall, waiting. Amelia looked out of a front window. A car drew up and several little girls, silver slippers gleaming, bustled out.

"Janet," Amelia whispered hoarsely, "someone's coming. I'm so thrilled."

Janet jumped nervously. "All right, I can see them. Now, Mother please make Amelia behave tonight."

The dance went as most dances of that sort do. For a while the little boys grouped themselves nervously in one corner, and the little girls expectantly in another. Everyone danced with Janet, the hostess, and Amelia, the hostess' sister, and there were only a few little girls that Mother had to drag reluctant partners to.

Amelia danced carefully on the toes of her little black slippers and peeped now and then over her partner's shoulder to let her eyes rest on David Hill. David had been off to school and he wore white flannel trousers and a dark blue coat. Janet had told her mother that he was still a baby even if he had put on long pants and been away from home, but Amelia found him nice to look at with his shiny yellow hair

and sun-burnt skin. His hair looks almost as if it were slick, she thought. After about the third dance David presented himself to Amelia and with a stiff little bow asked for the next. The music started and they danced away in silence. Amelia felt oddly tongue-tied. David's face seemed so close and his skin was very smooth and pink. How stupid of her not to say anything. What was there to talk about? She planned several little speeches and rejected them as inadequate for the occasion. He would think she couldn't talk, that she was too young to be at a party. He would be glad when the dance was over. She felt a lump come in her throat. Baby—to cry because she couldn't say anything. The room receded in a blur around her. Desperately she looked up at him and spoke.

"How do you like our party?" she asked.

"Say I sure do like it," he said. "It's great."

"Janet most always has a party on her birthday but mine's during the winter." Amelia's voice was laughing with relief. Not so hard to talk after all—once you'd started.

"Mine is too," David said, "the 14th of February." He blushed a little when he spoke, Amelia noticed.

"You and St. Valentine," she answered. She felt almost gay now.

"You're an awful good dancer," David spoke seriously. "I like to dance with you."

"Do you really? Amelia was pleased. "I think you're a good one too."

"You didn't have to say that."

"What?"

"That that you just said."

"About your being a good dancer—but I meant it, why honestly you're—" but the music had stopped. David bowed again.

"Thank you very much." His manner showed the strict formality of the dancing class. "And would you have supper with me?"

Amelia smiled broadly. "Oh I'd love to," she said. She was very happy.

After supper there came a lull in the activities, such a lull as happens even in the best planned parties. The little

girls all sat down on the mahogany chairs and became stockily silent; and the little boys, munching the last crumbs of the chocolate and white cakes, sprawled in a well-fed, but gloomily silent mass over the couch and the best gate-leg table.

Amelia smoothed her yellow taffeta nervously. Why didn't somebody do something. The dancing was over and yet no one suggested going home. If they could only play the victrola, or have games, or shoot off the fire crackers left from the Fourth. It was frightful just to sit around at a party. She looked at Janet. She was sitting quietly enough as though nothing was wrong. Amelia hesitated. Perhaps Janet would not want her to suggest anything. She might laugh at her or pretend she hadn't heard. Or everyone might turn and look at her and then laugh and think she had been talking too loud. Oh, if she could only stand up and tell them. Her hands felt cold and wet and her mouth dry. Surely they weren't having a good time. The party, that had been so gay, was dull. Nobody was moving. She jumped up from her chair and went out on the porch for a glass of water. Out here, at least, she couldn't see them just sitting around as though they weren't even at a party. She drank thirstily, and then stood writing her name on the frosty sides of the water cooler. The screen door slammed sharply and David came out and stood by her.

"Thought I'd like a drink too," he said. "It's hot in there with the old victrola running and everything."

"Thought I'd like a drink too," he said. "It's hot in the victrola. Somebody had suggested it. Not everyone was as silly and scared as she."

"I guess it was hot in the other room. Probably there aren't any windows up."

David turned and looked at her. "No," he said, "I don't think there are. It was awfully hot—but it's cool out here." He put his hand out and touched hers. "That's a pretty ring," he said.

"I like it," Amelia's voice sounded far off to her, as though someone else was speaking. She did not take her hand away. His head was very near hers—. So near that if she turned a little bit she might touch his smooth skin. How would it feel, she wondered.



Suddenly David put his mouth against her cheek and kissed her, a timid little boy kiss. "Gosh! Amelia you're so sweet."

Amelia's face felt flushed her eyes shone. I am being kissed, she told herself, the first time. And then she was exultant. Turning, she locked her hands around David's neck, shut her eyes, and pressed her mouth close to his. Oh to feel like this, to be so wildly happy, to know this almost fierce strange joy!

"Amelia!" At first her mother's voice sounded far off and then nearer, nearer until it blared in her ears as though she were being rudely awakened.

Amelia dropped her hands. Back through the dancing room with the victrola still whining dizzily, she followed her mother, and up the broad stairs to her own bedroom.

"To think that a child of mine would ever do anything like that. A little, twelve year old girl, kissing. You have disgraced us and ruined Janet's party. Nice people simply don't do things like that. You will have to learn to control yourself, and as for David, he will never be asked here again"—And so on, while Amelia stood dumbly, her hands behind her back, at first feeling somehow indignant and then slowly and deeply humiliated.

Ten years passed by and Amelia was twenty-two and Janet twenty-four.

"Two such nice girls," all their aunts agreed. "They'd be a credit to their mother anywhere. So good-looking, and so sensible."

Amelia helped her mother keep house. She was very calm and practical about it. She and Janet both had beaux and they went to the Saturday night club dance almost every week. And then there were the movies and an occasional traveling stock-show.

Sometimes Amelia went swimming and when she glided through the water out towards the middle of the sparkling blue lake, she felt surge up in her a little feeling of unrest—of doubt. And often she read Edna St. Vincent Millay and Rupert Brooke and Sara Teasdale. She would sit gazing out into the quiet gardens with the forsythia yellow in the sunlight, the willow trees dripping their leaves into the water like graceful ladies trailing their fingers. Was there some-

thing she was missing, something beautiful she felt conscious of just every now and then. And once she had come across a little stanza:

"I said—It is no great sorrow  
That quenched my youth in me.  
But only little sorrows  
Beating ceaselessly,"

and then she had hidden her face in her pillow and cried.

One morning she read in the paper that there were a number of positions open for girls who wanted to do Welfare Work in China. She read the announcement, finished the paper and, turning back, read it again.

China, the land of coolies and rice and chopsticks and colored mandarin coats and little feet and opium dens. When she had first studied geography the teacher had read from a book called "Little People of Many Lands" long, glowing accounts of the Great Wall that held eight men abreast (or was it eight horses) and about the crowded cities and the narrow streets and the little yellow people. And Yo Hun, the laundry man, used to tell her of the street fights, and the Chinese princesses with their golden robes and long finger nails, while she sat, swinging her legs over one of the laundry boxes, drinking in the stories, and furnishing with her vivid young imagination, not accurately, perhaps, but at least colorfully, all the details that he omitted. It had always been her paradise where all the reds were scarlet and all the lavenders royal purple, and where life was one long adventure. Even now, years since she had idled away her time with such imaginings, there was still a glamor about the name. And girls were going there; just plain, ordinary, girls, no older or younger than she, were going to China. There was something about that name. Suppose she could say "This time next year I shall be in China," or "Yes, we sail for China on the 27th of this month," or "Mother, I have planned to go to China." Her chain of thought broke abruptly. Mother! but what would Mother say about it? Imagine even asking her. Perhaps she would laugh at first, or say, "Ridiculous, don't bother me now;" and shrug her shoulders, or perhaps she would say: "Amelia, you're old enough to have outgrown such wild goose chases." At any rate, it would never do. Amelia folded the paper neatly and laid it on the table.



Such dust, she thought, the new girl should be told about it.

Janet passed through the hall and stopped for a moment before the mirror. "Amelia," she called, "Mother and I are going to visit Aunt Jenny for a while this morning. See that Elsie doesn't put the potatoes on too soon."

Amelia stared moodily out the window. The front door slammed and she was alone. Slowly she turned and went towards the desk. She had promised to write her grandmother Monday, and here it was the end of the week. She drew a piece of writing paper and dipped her pen in the ink, —but she did not write. Staring down at the white square of paper, it seemed to dissolve and disappear. What was it like to go to China, to do something, to be something. Surely there was more to life than putting potatoes on at the right time, and being dependable and polite and nice. Just to be able to have one little taste of something that was different, that was hard, that was real; just to be very sure for a while that she was really living! She leaned her head against the back of the chair. Oh God! if she could only go, if she could only get away. The house was very still except for a faint clinking of pans in the kitchen. The sun crept slowly along the edge of the dusty living room table. Suddenly Amelia jumped up, ran out of the room and upstairs to the bedroom. After a little while she came down looking pale but very calm. Her black hair was brushed neatly back under the brim of her chic little hat. Her chamois gloves were spotless and a clean handkerchief showed in the pocket of her suit.

Dr. Ferguson was in charge of the Welfare Work and it was a composed but slightly self-conscious Amelia that was ushered into his office.

"Of course, I haven't decided definitely," she heard herself saying, "but I'd like to know about the work." Well, she had committed herself, the step had been taken at last.

Dr. Ferguson cleared his throat and looked at her kindly. "Miss Amelia," he said, "I've known you and your sister a long time and I think I can tell you this frankly, you are not just the sort of girl we want to take. You know the work requires a lot of enthusiasm. You have to lose yourself in it, be intensely interested—or you wouldn't do at all. And I don't think you could."

Amelia felt a little bewildered. Something was wrong, he didn't seem to understand. She—why she wanted to go. "But Dr. Ferguson, I could. I'm awfully enthusiastic, really I am. I know I'd like it."

He leaned forward in his chair. "We have to be very careful with our selections," he said seriously. "It's a long trip over and we can't make any mistakes. If it were stenographic work, or something that required good, steady labor, I wouldn't hesitate. But,—well, you see how it is. We need more pep." He stood up, smiling pleasantly but firmly.

A breeze floated through the window and Amelia felt it cool against her face. Funny she did not feel disappointed. This little man in front of her had denied her what she had thought she wanted more than anything. Yet, looking at him, she felt no resentment, no wave of disappointment, only a sort of strange, depressing loneliness. She traced a crack on the desk with the finger of her yellow chamois glove.


"Thank you, Dr Ferguson," she said, "and good-bye."

Outside the sun shone blazingly, on the hot, white sidewalks, on the withered vegetables in little carts along the streets, and on Amelia's back as she walked towards home. Well, she had tried anyway, tried and failed. Perhaps Dr. Ferguson was right and it had just been her silly imagination that had sent her. People thought she was stolid and dependable did they? Well, maybe she was. She felt oddly settled, calm. Stopping in a store to buy lettuce for supper, she felt carefully for the firmest head.

# THE CONQUEROR

MELBA D. SIMMONS

---

 HE hated books. They were to her mamblings of withered fools too old to seek the sun and the wind, searching madly for the joy they could never find. A page of print tautened her nerves so that she wanted to shriek "Fools! Fools!" and rush away to cleanliness, to the fields, to the quiet talk of her mother. Why, there was the sky for any man's delight, and any man's good. Why need they vainly fill bare pages with "studies," with "beauty"? Why must she make her mind a vast chaos of all those words, when she might store it for her pleasure with gold of her own choice? It was not that she was stupid or merely lazy, though many held her so; as these things go, she was very clever, she could absorb knowledge with rather unusual rapidity. But she hated every new fact she learned, considering all books petty and unworthy beside youth and life.

Grammar school and half of her preparatory work was done before she understood her dislike of it. All about her were girls who likewise rebelled at this "studying"; therefore she concluded it was only natural and right to dislike it. At the same time there seemed to be a code that a certain amount of it must be woefully done, or one "flunked"—not a cheerful thing. And though in her third year at preparatory school she realized at last the source of her aversion, she had by that time established a reputation for intelligence, and it was easy to finish the rest on common sense.

It had always been so much a matter of course that she was going to college, that she hardly comprehended what taking her entrance examinations meant. She did, it is true, have a moment of panic at the first, glimpsing at last its purpose. But there were months and months, oh, endless time before anything would happen, and being young, she dismissed her mood rapidly. Then had come the excitement of graduation, and that summer glowing in memory as a mat-



ter of golden sands, and crimson gowns, and hot music, and hot suns—and skies, especially skies, openly or secretly full of pulsating life. Yes, she was going away soon; but tomorrow was that whistling ride to the shore, and the dance the next night at the boat house, and a silent ride over the star-flecked water. Yes, she was going away soon, but . . .

The first few weeks she was excited, almost happy. There was her room to decorate, with many daring touches of color, with many attempts, and failures, and re-attempts to strike just the right note of similarity and individuality she must have. There were countless girls, some who cried, "My deah! Isn't it too *divine*?" and some who merely smiled warmly and shook hands with no half-hearted clutch. There were games, teas, parties where in spite of the lack of men one danced hilariously. There were walks; and the New England world in autumn was almost too rich in color and tang. After all, college need not be so unendurable. She might yet be content here. Work was given out, but apparently someone was always going somewhere, and laughing at the mention of assignments. One was probably not expected to pay too serious attention to books—what was that phrase "general broadening"—that was the point, evidently.

Then the routine began. At first she hardly realized that all that had gone before was merely the sugar coating and the pill—hemlock to her—was still to be swallowed. Quite suddenly, however, there ceased to be any teas to attend, and when one asked about walks, one was told, "Can't. Absolutely haven't opened a book since I've come." Then they did mean to open books? Surely it—All around her doors seemed to be closing, and a turn of the handle revealed forms at desks—over books. She turned away half in terror, refusing to be caught in a steel trap of necessity. For a time she took to drifting about on the lake in her battered, thrice-loved canoe; she would lie and look straight up and up until she was lost in a sea of eternity, and eternity was all that mattered. It did not take long to find companions in these voyages, and then they would dip the blades into the water that was like golden light with a stroke as smooth and as faint as the rustle of old silk. These girls seemed too inclined to talk, but at least they avoided books.

Her instructors began to call on her for recitations; she failed, answering blindly or not at all, with a defiant lift of her head. It was to begin all over, then, was it? Four years? She was to spend her shining days over distorted pages, to defile still farther her mind that should have been only clear and happy? Four years . . . And with no purpose, no aim; merely because her parents had a prejudice in favor of "education". Education! This gluttony, this indigestion of the mind, education. Did they all think, then, that joy was only for very small children! One must look at beauty as a momentary flavor in the tastelessness of life, and neither expect it nor sigh for it if it were not there. No; no. There was no reason to this feverish crowding of facts, it was all futile, all mad. She, at least, would not submit to it because the rest of the submissive flock did. Let them send her home; she could perhaps plan her own days there. Let them talk; she would not put her soul to rust and rot. She could not. . . Thus for a week.

Then suddenly a huge rage at herself siezed her. Grant that it was all useless, aimless; grant that all these people around her were blind fools. Nevertheless, she would conquer this rebellion of hers, crush this passion for beauty that seemed uncontrollable until it must die. But not for the sake of anyone who belonged to her, or cared for her; only for her own pride, that she might force herself to do something she hated and feared. As a child, she had played with some boys a sort of torture game, in which they put thorns to their skin to see who could keep from crying out the longest.

She began to grind at her work. It was as if she grasped a terrible handle, and slowly, torturously swung it round; and then over again; and again. At night she used to cry out to herself that she could not, would not repeat this day; and all the old arguments would come swarming up in her mind, and she would picture herself dipping blades into molten gold with a stroke smooth and faint as the rustle of old silk. For somehow the lake and her fleet boat meant all that lost delight of freedom. Could she not let go her hold just once. . . and then quick anger swept over her and she ground her teeth in fierce determination to beat down this longing. It was easier, somehow, to plunge headlong



into work than to try to strike a balance with her old pleasures; she cut herself off from all the old associations and stopped playing entirely. She would sit with hands clinched tight, her face pale, her grey eyes fierce, bent over some book; while outside the wind played in the gray strings of the willow. Sometimes she was filled with a great pride, sometimes with barren discouragement and disgust: and even, occasionally, gave up all the struggling and went out to drink in great draughts of sensuous pleasure, to drink and drink as if she were dying of thirst as perhaps she was. But always the next morning she would trample over her pride, rejecting her puny will, scorning it; and begin the unendurable routine with renewed fierceness. Days whose ending seemed but a dim vista, weeks of eternity; torment now, and in the future not even a mirage of relief. She clung to her resolution.

She was not, as I have said, at all stupid. At the end of the year she led her class and was awarded a prize and considerable honor: which was merely natural if her native intelligence and her unheard-of labours are considered. She had expected to be pleased, excited, even proud, after the fashion of that mythological "grind." She was none of these; only weary, weary of life, weary of honor, what share she had won, seeing its worth was nothing. She went to her room and cried slowly, and hopelessly, in pure despair at the meaninglessness, the torture of living. This was her reward.

Presently she sat down at her desk to prepare the last day's work. It was still distasteful to her, and would ever be, this poring over a book; and yet it was without hesitation she began, with not even a momentary struggle. It had to be done, and she intended to do it; therefore it would be done. When she had finished, she sat idle a moment, thinking of this. And suddenly as that great rage, gladness surged over her; for she realized that she had conquered herself, and her will was her own. Her own—her own; never again could she be mastered by desire, however alluring or disguised. never could she be swept away into bitterness and defeat. She was her own ruler; and that crown was her reward.

## RESCUE THE PERISHING

MELBA D. SIMMONS

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P to a short time ago my career was veiled in mist; it is now decided. I am to be an inventor. I am no mere idealist, however; already I have seen the great need of humanity, and have fulfilled it. My first invention, which is on the order of a music stand, but with a much shorter rod—that is as much as I dare tell—enables one to read at table without using the sugar bowl for a prop. Since, however, humanity is notoriously childish and ungrateful, I must teach it that reading at meals is for its greatest good. In the first place, let me silence the most unreasonable of the race, health fiends—doctors, I believe they call themselves. Over and over we have heard that reading at meals is injurious because it sends the blood to the brains—instead of to the meal. This, I am willing to admit, might easily result even in death, if we combined the reading and the eating of lamb or bacon; but as these are not usually even read, we may leave them out of the question. Think, on the other hand, of some of our most popular authors. How much blood would the brain need when we read their books? Probably even less than in the painful effort to think of subjects for conversation; for, in reading, the struggle, and the resulting pain, would be absolutely eliminated. Table conversation is of the order that makes cynics and misanthropes of the sunniest natures; while our favorite authors are certainly amusing if in nothing but their efforts at cleverness. (I am not boastful, but I think I may claim resemblance to that characteristic?) If, as most sufferers agree, table conversation is as unpleasant as tepid water, the reading can be considered as at least on the level of a lawful drink—sparkling, meaningless, and harmless, and often with a positively pleasant taste. Think of the listlessness, the tortured expression of diners now; contrast this with the rows of happy, feasting mortals, with rosy cheeks, laughing lips, and merry eyes fastened on books conveniently placed on gay stands—and

I am sure that the ten percent royalty on my innovation will eliminate the necessity for any anxiety on my part as to creature comforts.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Two Years Later

A thought has just occurred to me for increasing "health and happiness" to an even greater extent. True, it will take away from me my erstwhile career—and my royalty. But when was idealist ever halted by martyrdom of himself? If, by limiting my income to ten thousand a year, or even nine thousand, I can make the world a real Utopia, will I let my own happiness block that of all humanity? Never; and besides, nine thousand a year isn't half bad. Listen then.

Why should we restrict ourselves to the conversation of one man when we could chat with several by merely changing books? Between each diner there should be an empty chair upon which the chosen books would be placed. Needless to say, all books in that future will be supplied with flat little stilts, thus making unnecessary any support when opened. At the first course the reader may desire something zestful and quickening, something with the sting of a cocktail; something, for instance, like a sketch of Carl van Vechten. There will be those who prefer the acrid grapefruit, that repays so maliciously the unwary attacker; and will choose an editorial of H. L. Mencken. Others, on the other hand, may start the meal with the thin soupiness of Anne Douglas Sedgewick. The main course usually calls for a different book. Roast lamb and mint sauce, for instance, can find an exact emotional counterpart in a book of Willa Cather; asparagus on toast—why, it is Michael Arlen to the last bite! For myself, Sinclair Lewis has always meant stuffed peppers, heavily seasoned. But each man to his taste; I have known those who appreciate the joys of the unwholesome midnight "rabbit" select a book of Hugh Walpole. . . . And now for the desert. This is usually the pleasantest part of the meal, and the majority will demand something gay, or at least restful. If the meal had been a disappointment from the beginning, how a reversion to the bitterness of Mencken would satisfy the need for violent profanity!—what epithets could we not vicariously hurl! Let

us say, *au contraire*, that the meal has been ordinarily successful, and we wish a conclusion also agreeable. Katherine Mansfield would be the very essence of the child-like spiciness of gingerbread; the cloying richness of fruit cake would call instinctively for Edith Wharton; Galsworthy would make a fair counterpart for the satisfying solidness of Waldorf salad . . . . .

O happy revolution! To talk and think what we liked, with whom we liked, when we liked! As for me, I should not envy the banquets of the gods.



## PLAINT

MELBA D. SIMMONS

**P**ETE has black hair with a faint streak of gray,  
Pete has blue eyes with a swift dash of mirth,  
Moustaches gay—  
But—man of real worth  
Is what they say  
Of Pete.

Pete has two girls and a boy—that makes three;  
Boy just like Pete, with black hair and blue eyes,  
Grin full of glee.  
He often cries,  
(Still rather wee),  
For Pete.

Well, so I thought, but he cannot be good  
With devil's own hair and his primeminister's smile;  
This is a hood  
Worn for a while  
To shelter that brood  
Of Pete.

So I talked and I talked and I talked to Pete  
But only of corn, for that's all he'd say,  
Talk quite complete  
Over the way  
Of the corps and the sleet—  
Thus Pete.

But what is the good of the devil's own looks,  
Or comether in smile or in eye or in hair,  
If corn that he cooks,  
Or is best at the fair,  
Is the Life and the Books  
Of Peter McQuare?



## EDITORIAL



**N**O one ever reads the Editorial. The compensation is that I may say practically what I like in it. Let me begin with

MARRIAGE—BY ONE WHO HAS NEVER BEEN THERE.

Marriage is like a cave full of stalagmites and stalactites, men being one and women the other, because men grow up but women grown down. There is a care-taker in the cave, whose name is Society, and he goes about with clippers to prevent the stalactites and stalagmites from ever achieving the union which has been geologically intended for them. If any icicle in the cave refuses to be pleased with her station, her partner is apt to grow crookedly toward another icicle, and Society, observing this maladjustment, cuts off all the offending icicles at once and hurries them into the Divorce Court. There they sometimes melt, and often dissolve completely; but many of them turn out not to be icicles at all—in which case Society is highly edified . . . . But this fable is too depressing; I cannot face its outcome.

There is another subject which interests me, and that is the evolution of the Devil-wagon. It came to me in a vision that I was to write about devil-wagons, and the vision was as follows: I saw a man sitting in the first automobile; on his eyes were goggles, about him was a linen duster, and in his hand was the bulb of a Klaxon. He accorded in every detail with the cartoons of *A Man Driving The First Automobile*, so probably other people have had the same vision. But what was unique about my vision was the fact that around the motorist were grouped Indians in blankets and it was *they* who were shouting "Devil-wagon!" It struck me that this was a true vision because the etymology of the word is obviously Indian. The devil-wagon survives today, particularly in New Haven, and it has been my good fortune to know three of the species whose names were Becky.

Mabel and Agnes. (Like the sisters, Elsie, Lacie and Tilly who lived in the bottom of the treacle well.) Mabel was gray with red stripes, and for her vain-glory, she was punished by coming apart on the way back from the Yale-Harvard game. Agnes met the same fate on the road from Northampton to New Haven. Only Becky survives, and she, they tell me, remains in the professor's parking place, branded with a tag from the Dean—because they cannot move her! Becky, Mabel and Agnes! Sic transit gloria devil-wagon.

My final word of soliloquy is very good advice to myself which I, for one, shall follow: Never commit suicide by taking Agar-Agar. If it must be, there are other ways. It is neither kind nor necessary to persist in this method of extinguishing oneself. One may visualize the probable effect upon contemporaries (of suicide by Agar-Agar) by filling a glass full of water and planting in it a sprig of the foul stuff. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of the relatives at the funeral. Imagine the excuses they would have to invent to clear the fair name of the deceased. . . .


As my mates are in the habit of saying, Pardon on old man's fancy.

M. A. B.

## GIRLISH CONFIDENCES

HOPE PALMER

---

HE tide of shopping moves with heavy currents up and down Fifth Avenue, and strong eddies from it drift into those numerous havens on the side streets which Herr Schrafft (whose name is not the least among the benefactors of our time) has provided for the craft that float upon it.

Two dainty frigates were borne along one day to such a harbor on 38th Street.

"Two?" inquired the satin-clad duchess from West Hoboken who guarded the velvet rope before the elevator door. "Just a minute. There's two ladies at that table there just started their dessert. Four?" she turned toward a group of elderly women, three of them timid souls with the shy yet avid look of the sight-seer from the Middle West, the other, obviously their pilot, probably an officer of the Montclair Women's Club. "Four?" She waved four fingers, and a waitress by the front window responded "Four?" "Four—in the front," said the duchess.

The two ladies had finished their dessert and were struggling with coats, packages, and change in a violent manner which was causing sartorial derangement to a lone, fabid youth at the next table who had come to eat Brown Bread And Tea And Chocolate Luxuro safe from the disparaging eyes of the rest of his sex.

"Two?" (Duchess)

"Two." (Madelaine and Harriet)

"Two?" (The duchess to the waitress)

"Two?" (The waitress)

"Two." (The Duchess to Madelaine and Harriet.)

Madelaine and Harriet with much exertion and apology reached their table from whose glass top a frenzied waitress was swabbing remnants of whipped cream with a dank cloth.

"Two chicken salads and iced coffees" Madelaine directed. "I always order that now in defiance of the etiquette



ads. I took it the other night when I was out with Roger and he *nearly died* of amusement. He said he didn't think any girl would have the nerve. What was I saying before we came in here?"

"You were talking about Roger."

"Oh, so I was." Madelaine continued what had been a lengthy dissertation on her present love:

"Well, I'm pretty proud of myself. I've been as faithful as the deuce for over a year. Why, I haven't even *kissed* another man for *ages*. I almost think I should, because if you lose your standard of comparison——."

Harriet interrupted and Madelaine knew her day was done. "But it doesn't seem to matter *how* faithful you are. Whenever I tell Fred about other men trying to kiss me and how I don't let them he gets furiously jealous and says, the way they all do, 'if you didn't give them some encouragement they wouldn't try'. Now you know that's absurd—I always tell them, just as soon as possible after I meet them, that I don't *like* that kind of thing. Then they say 'what! a girl with eyes and a mouth like yours?' and try to see what they can get away with."

Madelaine put in a word. "It must be terribly hard to behave with Fred off in Oregon. I don't know what I'd do if Roger were so far away. Be thankful, my dear, you don't have many of them to pester you. You'd find it a lot harder to keep faithful. Believe me, I know. By the way, you haven't heard from Fred very lately, have you?"

"My dear, I don't *expect* to for *ages*! He's raging at me, *simply* raging. I didn't answer his last letter for *weeks*, and when I did it was all about what fun I'd had at White Sulphur, and that cute Joe Smith I told you about."

"Oh, yes. I met a girl that knew him the other day. He's engaged to her cousin."

"Well—it can't be the same man."

"My dear, it *is*. They've been engaged since fall."

"Well, all I can say is For An Engaged Man! Why—he all but proposed to me. But I was telling you about Fred being mad on account of my letter. You see, the last time I saw him he was all wrought up and excited and everything and he quoted 'Ah love, let us be true to one another.'"

"'Dover Beach' by Matthew Arnold," said Madelaine.

"I thought it was Shakespeare's 'or the other man's' as Milne says. It was so sweet of him to quote it, and he looked so precious with the firelight on his hair—he has the blondest hair I've ever seen. I feel repentant when I think of that letter I wrote. I almost think I'll send him another; there's no sense in being *too* cruel. But I don't know. I guess a little neglect will be good for him. When I answer his next letter, though, I'll let him know how faithful I've been. He writes the *cutest* letters, Madge! All short, abrupt sentences, you know, trying to sound as if he'd scribbled them off instead of making three drafts. Why, he even scratches out words sometimes and puts in blots to help the spontaneous effect—".

"Look," Madelaine interrupted, "We'd better get the check and trot along. There's two old women behind the rope who've been looking perfect *daggers* at us for *hours*!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In Portland Oregon that evening a briefer but related conversation took place. To Fred Esterbrook, seated at a desk in his not very spacious hall bedroom, there entered Charlie Jackson, son of the First National Bank of Portland.

"Hey, Fred, want to go to a brawl at the Country Club tonight? I've signed up May and Helen—"

"Sure."

"Get into your Tuc then, quick. We ought to beat it soon if we're going."

"I've got to write a letter first. I've owed it for more than a month. These damn girls that think because they go out with you once in a while home they can force you into a hot and heavy correspondence when you break loose from their vicinity—"

"God, don't I know!"

Left alone, Fred drew paper toward him with distaste and reluctantly set his fountain pen to work.

"Dear Harry,

"Would have written sooner but have been busy as hell; in spite of which fact I'm finding the town very dull. Have been working hard, and playing some poker now and then for amusement. I won a wad last night—Luck—it won't last (ambiguity unintended but appropriate).

"Glad you had a good time at White Sulphur.

"I'll have to sign off as I'm to go out on some kind of a party this evening and must be departing soon.

"As ever,

"Fred."

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TEA

KATHLEEN HEILE

---

**T**OU must come down. I must see you." I did not want to go, but over the telephone, his voice was desperate. So—

"Very well then," said I, relenting. "When and where?"

"Huyler's—at four." And then a click.

If it had been any place but Huyler's! Of a spring afternoon, Huyler's is such a rush and tumble. And there are many elderly ladies who have a Scarlet-Letter expression when they see a girl with a cigarette. And young children who stare. And curious friends at the table across the room. Over the crisp neat lettuce sandwich and the tall dignified glass of ice-tea, his outburst was so out of place. "I am so sure, so very sure . . . . How can you be so blind? We'd sail in August. You'd love it: Lombardy-poplar-lined highways . . . . vivid Southern France . . . . and Florence! We'd spend years together in Florence. My dear—how can you be so blind!" A small boy at the next table was ogling me, watching, fascinated, the smoke come out of my mouth. His fat mother spoke to him sharply.

If it had only been at the *Piccadilly*! At the table by the window, perhaps, where we had sat so often before and looked down at the tiny cars and tinier people on the Boulevard, and looked out over the blue lake where the freighters crept along the horizon. It was at the *Piccadilly* that he had presented me with the fantastic Purple Cow, with its magenta ruff and ridiculous plaid back; and, with Orange Pekoe tea, we had baptized her *Moo-riel*. Or at the *Cave*, the most delightful of all basements on the Near North Side—why had he not battered down my foolishness at the *Cave*? I would have sipped my *liqueur*, and remembered the night there when I had worn a green hat "of a sort of felt," he had laughed, "that women who have very few hats wear *pour le sport, pour le diner and pour le theatre*." Or if it had been at *St. Hubert's Grill*! Our



dear friend, the waiter, of the thin grey hair and bright red coat with brass buttons, would have shamed me into saying "yes." He was so interested, so protecting, and he expected such great things of us both. As he pressed a third great cup of coffee on me, and held a lighted match for me in his shaky hand, I could only have smiled and said: "The first of August, then, we sail?"

But Huyler's! I gulped the tasteless tea and swallowed with it all the things I might have said. "And if you change your mind—?"


"I won't," said I, miserably. A cold and hostile waiter brought the check. If he had only worn a red coat with brass buttons!

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## FROM A MEDIEVAL PAGE TO HIS MISTRESS

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

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ES, often have I longed to kiss your hand,  
To touch my lips to your soft curling hair,  
Or kneeling press my forehead to your gown.  
The longing has been deep, the impulse swift;  
Yet never have I stirred for fear lest you,  
So kind to all, so calm within yourself,  
Should learn dislike of my rough servile ways,  
Or be dismayed and startled at my love.  
Nay, I would keep the sweetness that you give  
To me as to the others. Never fear,  
I shall not touch your gown, nor kiss your hair.

## PEQUENO

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

---

*"Why, if the soul can fling the dust aside,  
And naked on the air of heaven ride,  
Wer't not a shame—wer't not a shame for him  
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?"*

OMAR.

**H**E came to the monastery in the Spring, walked up the road one day and through the gate as the sun was rising and the bell for matins rang. With fair curls falling to his shoulders, barefooted, and in a short, light garment, he must surely have been seen, but thought no doubt to be a village child. Again at noon he was in the refectory serving with the novitiates. Then the prior summoned him, asked whence he came, and what he would be doing. In a voice of sweetness the lad replied that he had come from the valley yonder, and would seek lodging with the monks.

Like gossamer-sunlight he lived among them. Tiny he was, and fragile; his cheeks were like the petals of the white rose, his eyes deep like the summer sky with a laughing light in them. He seldom spoke, but the sweetness of his song was heard often to mingle with the sun-set, and the chorus of birds at dawn.

But in the monastery all brothers must work, and the carefree joy of Pequeno was not to last. Once he was seen drawing with a bit of clay an angel's head on the chapel wall. The drawing was not bad, one of the artist-brothers said. So Pequeno was set to illustrating the margins of sacred books. This he did gladly, working all day, and laughing aloud with joy at the prettiness of color and line that he could make. Because he was so little, so young the prior did not make him stay in a cell, as the other monks, but let him sit in the sun-flecked shade of the grape-arbor. And Pequeno was happy, working all day long.

Then autumn came. The leaves fell from the arbor, and the grapes were picked. There were no birds to sing at day-break, and the loveliness of the sunset was often

shrouded in gray. Pequeno was silent. He went into his cell and tried to work at his drawing; but his little hands were swollen and red with cold. They were stiff, and hard to move; and he who could bear to look only on beautiful things, shuddered at the sight of them. One day the snow began to fall. Then, Pequeno, hiding his hands sat upon them from the bleak, cold dawn, to the coming again of night. Brushes and paint before him were untouched, the margins of the scroll were blank. The prior, very angry, scolded the lad for his idleness. Pequeno wept, but the next day did the same. At noon the prior, seeing that again no work was done, flogged Pequeno.

In the evening the lad was not to be found within the monastery. A monk searching out-of-doors by the arbor heard stifled sobs and a small voice speaking.

"There would still be one," it said. "He would make me work with that. I should see it, feel it. Still one—" Huddled under the snow-laden arbor sat Pequeno, the cook's knife grasped in his two hands.

They took him into the monastery; they bound up his bleeding wrists, and put him to bed before the fire. Now through the long winter, he sits before the fire, idle. His hands are swathed, for he is less restless when he cannot see them. He never speaks but to say:

"There would still be one—still one." And the laughter is gone from his eyes.

## NOVELETTO

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

*"Yet each man kills the thing he loves,  
By each let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!"*

OSCAR WILDE.

**B**ROTHERS they were; sons of a German soldier and an Italian girl—she did not look to be of the peasantry: sons of the time when the Hohenstaufens were fighting with the popes: issue of mating between German virility, masterful, and Italian beauty, elusive—dire mating that could never be wedlock.

When Barbarossa, defeated, turned back to Germany the father marched away. He left his family in the hut of clay and pine boughs that he had built for them in the far corner of the monastery grounds. It lay under the shadow of a wooded hill, and not till weeks after the father had gone were the intruders discovered. A monk, seeking stray cattle, found them then, and saw their misery. The next day the abbot came bringing his blessing and a jug of milk. Luccia was then fifteen, Karl had begun to walk, and Pietro was not yet born—when asked if she had no family, no friends to help her, Luccia, silent, bowed her head.

Soon a path was worn through the woods from the monastery to the hut. Often the monks brought food, in the winter, wood: and when the abbot came again he was leading a cow. After that a partition was built in the hut, so that Muchetta might have a cover on cold and stormy nights. Thus discovered, the little family lived, when it might otherwise have perished.

Karl fast grew to be a man, red-haired, tall and stalwart. A rough lad, he was shy of the monks, and ruled only by the gentleness of his mother. Her only he seemed to love of all people and things on earth; and for her, never strong, he did the work about the hut, tilling the garden, and milking the cow.



Towards his brother, Karl showed only contemptuous brutality. For Pietro was frail, so small that his big head made him seem almost a dwarf. The large, black eyes, with whites blue like the veins in his forehead, the pale sadness of the young face, the slender weakness of the little hands, gave him the appearance of a sickly child of the aristocracy. The one trace of his northern ancestry was the red-gold glint in his dark curls. He went to school to the monks. When at home in winter he sat by the fire reading, or dreaming with the cat in his lap. In summer he did the same, save that he sat on the door-step in the sun. He seemed always to seek warmth: in the sun, the fire, the cat. The love between him and his mother, was the love that one might give another self: such as is possible only where there is perfect sympathy. And Karl never saw how his abuse of Pietro caused their mother suffering.

One day when Pietro came home from the monastery Karl was sitting on the doorstep of the hut. As Pietro was about to step over the threshold, Karl seized him by the neck.

"Look, student!" he sneered; and held up the open body of a frog. Pietro blanched under his pale skin, and, released, went silently into the hut. But soon a thud sounded, as he fainted to the floor. Karl, with a glance over his shoulder, muttered:

"Coward! If he could see his own lungs, I believe he wouldn't have the courage to breathe." Luccia holding the boy's dark head to her breast, winced as she heard. And over Pietro's white face, waking, a dull red surged.

Karl was fourteen when his mother died. She was young; not ill, a peasant woman should not have died. But Luccia seemed startled, then bruised by the strange hard ways of her eldest son. Like a delicate plant, she was choked by the rank growth towering above her. Dying, she pleaded still:

"Karl, be kind to Pietro."

\* \* \* \* \*

Karl was about to start for Germany to study anatomy. Pietro was going to the monastery to be a monk. The hut was emptied of the few belongings that had proved vendable. Karl stood in the doorway, with the coins the monks had given for the return of Muchetta jingling in his pocket.

Pietro, holding the cat, sat on the single piece of furniture left—a plank that served in wet weather to keep one from sinking into the mud of the dirt floor—Weeping, he sat crouched upon it, and gazed into the fire that was going out. Karl turned; a sullen pleasure lurked in his pale eyes:

“Give me the cat.”

And he snatched it from Pietro’s arms, sweeping the boy behind him. With a few strong deft movements he tied it prone on its back to the plank. From his belt he drew a knife, and with it he proceeded to carve. Absorbed, he worked silently. Minutes passed.

The breast lay open, the heart was pumping still. Triumph shone on Karl’s face, when, in a hushed, excited voice he called:

“Pietro!”

But Pietro was huddled face down on the floor. Cursing violently Karl shook his brother back to consciousness, and from his flask poured a strong draught down the choking throat.

“Damn you, stand up! Now count! Count your heart-beats. *Count!!*”

(Twenty years pass.)

The word spreads that the mad monk is in town; that monk who counts every beat of his own heart. He who walks over the earth in rhythm with that counting, speaks to myriads by the same rhythm—wondering myriads. And by it, that rhythm, his head nods with incessant regularity, as the head of a physician who is taking one’s pulse.

An apprentice brings news of the monk to the doctor. Listening absently at first, the doctor, at the words, “Pietro, Italian,” looks up from his glass.

“They say that he walks nearly all night. He has seldom been seen in sleep, and then his hands are pressed to his heart, and his lips move. In his eyes is the look of a wild man, but he is gentle in voice and deed.” The doctor ponders, puts down his glass, and goes to the church.

There is a man standing at the foot of the altar: a little man it is, in a ragged gray monk’s frock. His cowl is thrown back, showing a huge head, covered with snow-white hair. He is speaking in low tones, but his words float clear

and vibrant on the still air of the crowded church. And as he speaks the sandalled feet beneath the long cassack, the hands clasped before him never stir. His large dark eyes fixed on the choir-loft, burn with the fierce intensity of a desperate creature. Those eyes do not wink minutes and minutes on end. And nothing about him moves, save the regular beating, the never-ending pulsation of the huge white head, and the lips of the haggard, weather-beaten face that breaths words of poignant sadness.

"Sometimes it is easier to curse than to pray, brethren. Sometimes it is easier to die than to live. But it is for us to await His word, and while we wait we ask what we can do for Him. The answer would seem, weak as we are: nothing. But provided that nothing rise from love, and be done in the name of love, then it is all."

The doctor, standing in the back of the church, heard these words; and after them he heard nothing, but saw only the eyes: his mother's eyes that had looked at him twenty years before when she said: "Karl, be kind to Pietro."

In those twenty years the doctor had looked upon much suffering. Many times he had seen the white flame of agony shoot through dying eyes, but never before had he seen it burn with undiminished ferocity in the eyes of a man chained to life. The doctor returned to his laboratory, but not to work. His apprentice wondered to see the grisled head bowed, the sharp eyes abstracted in examination of inner things.

That evening the doctor went again to the church. He waited till the last of the throng about the monk's confessional had gone. Then he went in. He knelt and said:

"Father, I am going to kill my brother. For love, I shall kill him." For a moment there was silence in the confessional. It was very dark; only the white head of the monk could be seen, as if dimly haloed, nodding, nodding. Then, with no question, he began reciting rhythmically the Latin formula, balm of penitents.

—"Deinde ego te absolvo."

Pietro had counted the last beat.

## GRAVEYARD POETRY

HOPE PALMER

---

**B**ACK in the year of eighteen forty-seven  
 (When Roger Brothers' silver plate was new)  
 Abaijah Boyleston's spirit went to heaven,  
 On Leading-Citizenly wings it flew.

They set a broad, flat slab upon his grave  
 And at its head a handsome granite cross.  
 Three inch high letters read "A man who gave  
 To men. The world must ever mourn his loss."

Abaijah sits with Ozymandias.  
 Looks with sad eyes on sadder evidence.  
 A callow youth remarks "What's all the fuss?"  
 With noticeable lack of reverence.

"Wonder who this guy *was* they thought we'd miss!"  
 And turns to his companion for a kiss.



## "QUOSQUE TANDEM . . . ?"

PAULINE WINCHESTER

---

**O**F course I'll go," the chairman of the meeting was saying at the telephone. "If it keeps on like this I'll call a taxi. Mr. Totten always tells me to call a taxi if I have to go out in the rain. After all, with health like mine, it is the most equi-nomical thing to do. I'll get to the meeting somehow. We can't stay home from the first missionary meeting of the fall just because of the weather."

She sighed as she hung up the receiver. "I don't understand it," she said to herself. "Some people are so stingy. Why, that woman has thousands in the bank, but she wouldn't spend a few cents on a taxi—not her!"

Nor was it necessary for Mrs. Totten to indulge in such a luxury, for suddenly the downpour ceased. She was able to go on foot. Just before leaving the house she tucked a pair of stockings into her pocket in case she should get her feet wet. Then she started out picking her way carefully between the puddles.

The place of meeting was only a few blocks away. Mrs. Totten could tell with a glance at the dripping umbrellas on the porch that others had already arrived. She found them, a dozen or more, seated stiffly about the edge of the parlor. Mrs. Thompson had brought her baby, which was the natural center for the interest of several stout bobbed haired matrons. Presently the minister and his wife came in, and greetings were exchanged. Their arrival seemed to be a signal for the beginning of the meeting, and the ladies settled themselves for the business in hand.

Mrs. Quick was presiding. She was a short plump woman, with a shrill voice.

"Ladies," she began, "of course you know that our dear Mrs. Jackson is no longer with us, after having been our president for over twenty years, and never missed a meeting. And I don't want you to think that I am trying to take her place, because I know there isn't one of us who could. But Mrs. Totten tells me I must take charge of the

meeting because I am the Secretary. I never thought of it myself until she called me up. So I hope you will all pay attention, and we'll all try to get some inspiration out of this meeting because it's our first one this fall. We will begin by having the devotional. Mrs. Murray has charge of it."

All eyes turned to Mrs. Murray, the minister's wife, who murmured that Mr. Murray was taking her place.

Whereupon Rev. Murray, with ministerial ease and grace, read a portion from the Scriptures, commented briefly upon it, offered a short prayer, and sat down.

Mrs. Quick was on her feet again. She had a great love for meetings with definitely arranged "numbers."

"Is that all you have for the devotional?" she asked abruptly. Not that she wanted more; rather, the assurance that they were ready for the "next". Rev. Murray nodded silently. "Well then, I guess the next thing is for us to have the minutes of the last meeting. Before I read these minutes I must just say a word. Now, ladies, I guess you will just have to accept these minutes the way they are. I am ashamed to say so, but the ink is hardly dry. I wrote them after Mrs. Totten called me up about the meeting. And you know you forget things over the summer. I know I do. This is the report of the June meeting."

A long narrative of inconsequential business, and a report of the refreshments served, followed. The ladies expressed neither enthusiasm nor dissatisfaction. Mrs. Quick did not ask for comments. By this silence she understood that they were accepted, and no formal action seemed necessary. Eager to continue the meeting, Mrs. Quick called the attention of the ladies to an important matter of business.

"Mrs. Stirk wishes to resign from her position as leader of the Junior Missionary Society. Mrs. Stirk."

Mrs. Stirk was a bright-eyed, slim little lady. "I have had this work for two years," she said, "and I don't feel that I can keep it and do justice to the children in it. My children at home demand so much time I can't give the time to the club that you have to give if you do it right. I have enjoyed it very much but I think you had better choose someone else to take it now."

"What shall we do about getting someone else?"

No one answered Mrs. Quick's question.

"Shall I appoint someone to take her place?"

Rev. Murray suggested that it might be a good idea to have a committee to select the leader.

"All right, Mrs. Totten and Mrs. Thompson, you be a committee to look around and find someone.—The discussion for today is in charge of Mrs. Totten."

"Our subject for discussion today is leprosy, and Kobe College in Japan," began Mrs. Totten. "Now you all know what leprosy is. It is a terrible disease. Rev. Murray gave me a lot of pamphlets about it but I'm not going to read them to you because they are too awful. I hate to read about it, myself. If you want to read them for yourself you may have them after the meeting. It seems that they have schools and hospitals for lepers in Japan. Just think of it. Miss Lamb, our missionary, is here today, and she will have more interesting things to tell you than I can read from the pamphlets. Miss Lamb, won't you say a few words about Japan? Was Kobe college where you were at?"

Looking timidly from one lady to the next, Miss Lamb, thin, unprepossessing, stood. "I don't know much about leprosy, but I know the lepers give a Christmas entertainment every year, though I never went. And I don't know anything very much about Kobe college, because I've never really been there. But maybe you would like to hear about Japanese temples. I think they're always interesting." The ladies listened with rapt attention to the lengthy account of what she knew of the general structure, aims, uses, and symbolism of these. As she took her seat there was an appreciative murmur. Suddenly she was on her feet again. With a little more confidence this time she said, shyly, "This really hasn't anything to do with your subject today, but I have just happened to think of something else that you might be interested to hear about."

Her description of Japanese beggars brought forth applause. Mrs. Quick silenced it by speaking.

"We are always talking about trying to make foreign missions and home mission work all part of the same thing. Just now while Miss Lamb was speaking I had a thought. It seems to me that it certainly is too bad that when Miss Lamb is spending her life in the work in Japan that her



own sister, Mrs. Stirk, doesn't feel that she can spend enough of her time to keep the leadership of the Junior Missionary Society. It would kind of unite the work right here in our society."

There was no visible reaction of this "thought." Mrs. Stirk was evidently not to be persuaded to do her duty as Mrs. Quick saw it, for she said not a word. To relieve her embarrassment Mrs. Quick spoke again.

"It has been wonderful to hear from Miss Lamb this afternoon. We always love to hear about those poor people in Japan. Leprosy is certainly a terrible thing, and I am very thankful no one in my family has it. I am sure we all are. And now I think Mrs. Davis is going to serve us refreshments. Anyway she may bring us something if we sit here a while. And if you have brought any collection, or Thank Offering, be sure to put it in the Treasurer's box. I am sure that when we hear about those lepers, and the people Miss Lamb has been telling about, we all feel that we have a great deal to be thankful for."

Thus the meeting was adjourned. Ladies began to group about the baby again. Others chatted with Miss Lamb. Mrs. Totten came up to her, beaming, feeling that her meeting had been a success.



"Thank you so much for speaking, Miss Lamb. It is the people who are doing things—like you—that make life seem so wonderful. This meeting has been an inspiration to us all."



## QUERY

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

---

OU rejoice to touch the moth's wing lightly,  
Powdering with silver a single finger-tip.  
But you would crush it holding it too tightly,  
And sparkle quits the dew-drop broken on your lip.

Do you not find it wise to lay away  
The flower ere it dies within your grasp  
Sweet to embrace the light at break of day?—  
But fondness withers in too close a clasp.



Precious things and fragile are pleasant in the hand  
But would you dare to hold them one day through?—  
Do you think love of a such stouter brand  
That it can bear your pressure—live with you?

---

## BARGAINS

MARIAN KEILEY

---

IRLS at a ribbon counter measuring ribbon;  
Streams of yellow, latest shade of green, flesh, mid-  
ight blue;—  
Seething, writhing, twisting  
Out of girls' hands  
Away from the crowds' hands—  
Crowds of short fat women  
Seething, writhing, twisting,  
Grabbing at ribbon  
Shoving at each other;  
Screaming short, fat screams "please wait on me"!   
Girls at a ribbon counter measuring ribbon.

## VIRGE DEPARTS

JENNY NATHAN

---



HE Wells family had just seen their oldest daughter off for Europe. It was an occasion rather of state importance than of deep emotion, although at the very last moment they had each felt a decently honest pang of regret that Virge was to be gone so far from them, and for such an age. She looked more appealing than usual in her eagerness, and for once they were purely proud of her appearance of refinement and distinction, instead of half fearing, half envying it. On such an occasion her arrogance was a credit to them, and so for a moment they thought they would, after all, miss her horribly.

On the way home in a taxi, however, they lapsed naturally into selfish attitudes. Each one was silent, calculating the difference this departure would make in his or her own place in the family circle. Of them all the grandmother was perhaps the only one interested in analyzing the situation from Virge's point of view, for she was of an age now when one's relation to the members of one's family is unchangeable, no matter who comes or goes. Even her attitude was not entirely impersonal, for she was merely substituting the desires of her own girlhood, which she remembered unusually well, for Virge's, and so, as she was a sentimental creature, she saw the trip to Europe as a crisis in her granddaughter's life, an opportunity to break away from adolescence, to fulfill a girlish promise of subtlety.

Her son and daughter-in-law felt the occasion more as their own personal triumph, and derived a great deal of satisfaction out of it. If it was, as the grandmother liked to believe, the opening act of life for Virge, for them it was the beginning of the end. Years ago they had planned that their children . . . and there were to be three . . . should have so many years at preparatory school, several seasons at a summer camp, and four years at a good eastern college: then, as a climax, a trip to Europe. They were not wealthy people, and hence the plan, if nobly conceived, involved sordid economies, and its gradual fulfillment became to them

an end in itself, rather than a means to their offspring's liberal education. This triumphant fulfillment of a noble project was the loftier aspect of their sentiment on parting with Virge. There was a note of relief marking the occasion that might have been less worthily construed if either of them had for one second admitted its existence.

The truth of the matter was, they were all relieved to see Virge go. The past summer, the first one really spent by her as an active member of the family circle, had been a bit difficult for them all. They had all been delighted at the prospect of reunion, after her graduation from college; she, too, had seemed glad enough to be at home for a week or two. But towards the middle of the summer, she showed disconcerting signs of irritability, a growing tendency to correct and criticize everything said or done in the Wells household in painful contrast to the sayings and doings of the rest of the world. This attitude was particularly evident at supper: Virge objected to the cook, a large, colored person of infinite capacity for labor, but possessing little delicacy in the execution of her duties. Virge's evident unhappiness jarred on her parents' nerves, and Mr. Wells, angered at the reflection on his wife's ability as a housekeeper, considered his daughter's extreme nicety to be a mere impertinence. "House devil and street angel," he called Virge, and advised his wife to turn over the management of the house to her daughter, and see what would come of it.

The situation towards the end of the summer had become decidedly strained. Virge ate little at supper, but spent the time correcting Jane's and Junior's table manners, either by look or word. Jane, decidedly sensitive to these matters, secretly valued Virge's hints on etiquette, but scorned to use them. Even she could see that Junior's method of eating salad was disgusting. Junior, a pleasant youth of fourteen, bore his sister no resentment for nagging at him to cut his lettuce with a salad fork. With boyish intuition, he realized that sisters are just that way. He did despise Virge, though, for the tensivity with which her presence charged the once pleasant atmosphere of the supper table, and expressed this feeling to Jane once to see whether she shared it.

"I'll be darned glad," he said soberly, "when Virge gets across that pond. She's too darned persnickety about things that don't make any difference."

Jane's emotions being in a state of adolescent complication, she silently agreed with her brother, but decided to snub him in the interest of clan loyalty. She was just sixteen, and admired, envied and loathed her sister with passion. She used to nurse this passion along during the summer by sneaking up to Virge's room and stealthily examining the bureau drawers. They were marvelously neat, as if Virge had known some one was in the habit of inspecting them; and the silk underwear, the little there was of it, was always on top. Jane thought that contemptible. The drawer she loved was the small one on the right hand, containing a small array of cosmetics; it was this drawer that made Jane feel so terribly inferior to Virge that she really had to hate her. Now on the way home she kept thinking about that drawer, wondering if Virge had not left perhaps a half empty pot of cold cream, or the stub of a lipstick one might use for want of one's own. Mother had said she could move all of her possessions into Virge's bureau, but she would never put anything in the cosmetics drawer. . . she wanted it to retain that sweet, sophisticated odor, so that she would always remember to envy Virge.

After the taxi had deposited them at home, they all went into the pantry and ate cake that had been left over from supper. Their hunger partially appeased, they began feeling tender again about the absent one. The little gathering was more pleasant, more congenial than it had been for a long time, but there was a lack: they missed Virge. Had she been there, they knew she would have eaten no cake; having always complained that the icing was too thin. No, she would have stood in the doorway and watched Junior grind the rapidly falling, sugary crumbs into the floor with his heavy heel.

She would have made them all uncomfortable, and she herself would have been unhappy; but at least the family circle would have been complete, as it could never be without her.



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## BOOK REVIEWS



### THUNDER ON THE LEFT

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Dougleday, Page and Co.

**T**HERE are those who have not read "Thunder On The Left" in its serial form as it has been appearing for the past four months in Harper's Magazine. Their appetites have craved the zestful addition of the cream and sugar of black and blue binding, attractively printed title page, and mystic emblem "first edition." "And what is the use of a review," said the critic, "when everyone has read or is going to read the story?"

But all this is a cowardly evasion of the issue, which I am sorely tempted to continue. I have a yellow pad with pages 9"x18" and I have wasted six sheets in a vain attempt to get at an explanation of the subtle and elusive fascination of "Thunder on the Left."

"When men heard thunder on the left the gods had something of special advertisement to import" and in spite of his protestation that "Life is a foreign language—all men mispronounce it," Mr. Morley has succeeded in imparting this particular advertisement of the gods, concerning what is wrong with life and what is beautiful about it, with a charm, clearness and force which results largely from the fact that there is not a thought in "Thunder On The Left" not backed by a conviction and wisdom which make it thoroughly first hand.

Mr. Morley has a remarkable ability to blend fantasy and realism for the attainment of Irony without Cynicism. It is by this means that he shows with power and poignancy "that the world is often too fierce for its poor creatures, overstrains and soils them in their most secret nerves; and that with all their horrors they would not have it otherwise." This in answer to the question "*Do grown up people have a good time?*"

H. P. '26.

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## LETTERS TO A LADY IN THE COUNTRY

STUART P. SHERMAN

Charles Scribner's Sons \$2.00

HE letters of a young man of Boone County, Kentucky, living in New York, to a New York woman living in Kentucky are a sort of prudent public diary, discussing a variety of subjects, social and artistic, and sustaining that note for some time until they, with her answers, become more personal, and so to a certain class of readers. I must repeat, to a certain class of readers, more interesting: An occasional letter is given from the lady's husband, who is perhaps the hero of the piece. These letters have to do with present conditions and affairs, and would be confusing if not meaningless to a reader a century from now. The young man in New York is Literary, and writes a letter as is a letter, ranging from a thumbnail sketch of Sinclair Lewis, who says "God has a bad record," to an explanation of the necessity for an intimate love of the land in America or to a smooth discussion of the technique of felicity, (do not read that part anyway) or a description of James Stephens which will recall the quick thrill of hearing him.

Inevitably, of course, (business of shaking the head and clicking the tongue) after "some little talk awhile of Thee and Me, the vexing question of love arises. I have heard it said that modern civilized love is like "trying to wrestle in a pair of stays." Here is an example, and the worst of it is that it seems very true. Those involved (that has a criminal sound) who examine their feelings so minutely, are real people, each distinct and separate. There are the subtleties of an indefinite relationship, in this sort of thing from Paul and Caroline—poor civilized people—as—"You are quite, quite right my dear—I don't know when you are lying. But if you really think we are in for a parting, lets, do lets, part now, while it hurts," and "Caroline, you and I are two butterflies that have been caught by a boy, inadequately chloroformed and impaled on a pin."



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Oh dear, oh dear, we have advanced so far from the time when he would have said—

“O haud your tongue, my gay ladie

Tak nae sic care o me;

For I nae saw a fair woman

I like so well as thee.”

E. E. G., '26



## DIPPER HILL

ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE

Century Company (\$2.50)

**D**IPPER HILL” is a book that could be unreservedly recommended to a nervous invalid. It contains nothing that would harass and distress the “mind diseased.” Written in the form of a journal, it gives an account of a summer spent on a pony farm in the Vermont mountains. The authoress and her daughter, presented as the most ideal companions, are absorbed in the interests of their farm. The ponies are given almost human characteristics, and their escapades and the everyday life on the farm form the entire subject matter. The garden, the haying and the cows, seem to run the ponies a close second in Mrs. Greene’s mind.

The picture that she presents grows somewhat monotonous by the time the 482 pages have been completed. That the book succeeds in holding the attention that it does, is due to the fact that Mrs. Greene, who is a painter as well as a writer, presents the Vermont landscape in a way that goes beyond description and becomes interpretation.

M. H. W., '26

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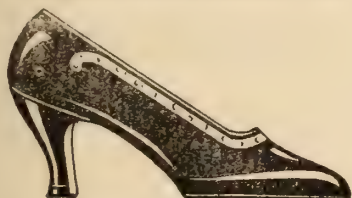
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# Smith College Monthly



## A FANTASY

ETHEL LAUGHLIN

---

I am weaving a silken tapestry of the dreams I have—of you.  
My mind is a fairy loom; and love is the shuttle, passing  
    through  
The threads, that are thoughts; some yellow, blue, and the  
    amber of rich wine;  
Each is a mood I have loved in you, and a part of my  
    dream's design.  
There is blue for your understanding; and an oft repeated  
    cry  
Of a deep, gold-yellow, is telling me of your dancing gaiety.  
And the others; clear amber thoughtfulness, and the scarlet  
    of your wit,  
Are dyeing my web with the soul of you, as I weave it, bit  
    by bit.

I am weaving a silken tapestry of the dreams I have—of  
    you;  
But my hands will reach for its touch in vain, unless my  
    dreams come true.



## MOONRISE

ROBERTA SEAVER

The moon was in her watch tower,  
Her high, grey cloud tower,  
And down she looked at her lover,  
The dark lake below.  
And she let her golden hair down,  
Her warm golden hair down,  
It choked him and blinded him,  
He loved her so.

The moon has mounted higher,  
The moon's hair is whiter,  
She cannot reach her lover,  
Restless, below;  
One tress he holds still—  
Unsought tress he holds still,  
Now he loves the starlight  
And the star-glow.

And the moon looks coldly  
And the moon looks wearily,  
Down at the dark lake  
Who once loved her so.

Set a guard to your eyes!  
Some day some one will look through them  
One glimpse of your soul will blind him  
As it has blinded me.

Why do you hide behind your curtain of indifference  
And why do you bury your soul in scorn  
And seek to kill it with skepticism?  
I know, for I have seen—  
And I can see nothing else.

We blab on about our treasures  
And chatter about our gifts—  
You can be silent,  
For you have the most dazzling jewel of all  
The most blinding-beautiful.

MUSIC

ROBERTA SEAVER

Strong chords  
Are great gods.  
Slow stepping scales  
Are the pilgrimages,  
Broad arpeggios  
Wide temple steps;  
Strong chords  
Are the gods.

---

NIGHT

ELEANOR HARD

I

Night is too big; I am afraid of night;  
Afraid of empty wind, and lonely darkened spaces,  
And beckoning silver stars, and the cold moon.

I run into the house in fear to hide  
While the chill wind goes calling me outside.

II

At depth of hushed night  
As still, as dark,  
When life flutters low  
A dimming spark  
And the world is pressed  
In a silence black  
And the stars hang motionless  
In their track,  
You can hear, if you will,  
A low dull moan  
Of the leaden universe  
Monotone  
Like a mighty engine  
Pulsing its way  
Through the empty night  
And the glassy day.

## LULLABY FOR LOVE

HOPE PALMER

Love, a worn and weary baby,  
Tired with weeping,  
Now lies sleeping  
In your keeping;  
Rouse him not unless the day be  
Bright as blessing,  
And your greeting  
A caressing  
For the sweeting.

Let no spectre of the night,  
Stark and dooming,  
Wake him, looming  
In a glooming  
Murky darkness full of fright.  
Leave him sleeping;  
Grant surcease  
Of his weeping;  
Give him peace.

---

AFTER LOVE HAD COME—  
AND GONE

HOPE PALMER

I knew that she would come.  
I thought she'd have a guard.  
A trumpeter, a drum.  
I knew that she would come.  
She might have waited some.  
It seems a trifle hard.  
I knew that she would come.  
She didn't leave her card.

## FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY

HOPE PALMER

A pox upon all foreign misses  
With assorted grades of kisses.

Love beneath the midnight sun  
Can't be good for anyone,  
And I dread the warmth it carries  
When a kiss is kissed in Paris.  
Even greater are my fears  
Of the maidens of Algiers.  
I deplore the hearty buss  
Of an Austro, Czech or Russ.  
Naught trust I the gay, rapsallion,  
Teasing lips of an Italian,  
And one looks it seems in vain  
For chaste and moral love in Spain.  
Ladies light of lips and hearts  
Lie in wait in foreign parts,  
With luring eyes and tresses wavy  
To demoralize the Navy.

A pox upon all foreign misses  
With assorted grades of kisses.

---

NOCTURNE

HOPE PALMER

The moon swings low on a chain of stars,  
Back and forth over mast and spars.  
Slow, slow, to and fro,  
The waves and the moon in silence go.  
Heart beats thicken and pulse in time.  
Kisses are rhythm and love is rhyme.  
A shivering langour is ecstasy.  
Glory lies splintered upon the sea.  
Nothing is still—below—above—  
For love is life and life is love.



## THE CABBAGE

CHARLOTTE KING

*A Playlett in One Act.*

PLACE:—The King's Kitchen Garden.

TIME:—When Knighthood was going to Seed.

CHARACTERS:—The Princess  
The Gardener  
The Horseman

*(The Gardener is gazing sulkily into nowhere as he leans upon his hoe. The Princess enters slowly from the right. She is ill-favored having a face that is broad, tan and dull but none the less full of good-nature, if one can look long enough to discover it.)*

---

PRINCESS:—Is this the kitchen-garden, lad,  
Of which I've oft heard sing,  
Wherein do grow the vegetables  
They set before the king?

GARDENER:—Your Highness here are vegetables  
Of which the king eats many,  
While I who hoe them daily  
Can get me hardly any.

PRINCESS:—Tut, tut my lad, your speech is rude,  
Your manner sad uncouth,  
But then—your quaint stupidity  
Makes me feel kind, forsooth.  
In all my life I've never been  
Within these walls before  
Nor seen an uncooked vegetable;  
Such things one can't ignore;  
So quite alone I've come to see  
My food before it comes to me.  
—Now, lad, do kindly tell me  
What waves its feathery head  
Like a green and verdant forest  
On yonder flower-bed?

GARDENER:—My lady, 'tis asparagus  
Now much too old to eat,  
But in its tender youth it made  
Your father quite a treat.

PRINCESS:—Indeed, 'tis monstrous pretty,  
I wish that there were more.  
Then what's this greenish yellow growth  
Clumped close upon the floor?

GARDENER:—Your Highness, it's crisp celery  
Which you point at with your toe,  
That makes a sprightly noise  
When you crunch upon it slow.

PRINCESS:—And this, my lad, so big and round  
So ugly and so low?

GARDENER:—Oh Princess, 'tis the cabbage,  
And that you surely know!

*(Whereupon the Princess groans aloud and a look of acute anguish passes over her face. She weeps.)*

GARDENER:—Dear lady, weep not thusly,  
'Twill make your eyes all red,  
You'll give your head an aching  
And have to go to bed.

PRINCESS:—Oh youth, you have a kind face  
Though dull and homely, too.  
I'll tell you all my troubles,  
So you may hear me through.

*(She seats herself upon a stone, dries her eyes and composing herself continues.)*

Thirty years and five years more  
Have passed since I was born,  
And in that time not once have I  
A lover's favor worn.  
—I knew not why, for flattery  
Did greet me everywhere;  
The court would stand about all day  
To praise my beauty rare.  
But yesterday as I did sew  
Among the peonies,  
Watching baby cloudlets  
As they mingled with the trees,  
I heard a man's voice saying

In a light and mocking tone,  
"See the cabbage 'mongst the peonies,  
A cabbage quite full-blown!"  
Now flowers round about me  
Were all that I could see,  
So in speaking of the cabbage  
What he must have meant was me.  
I'd never seen a cabbage raw,  
My father eats them not;  
But now I've seen,—alas, indeed,  
They're uglier cold than hot.

*(And then the Princess weeps again, while tears of sympathy dim the Gardener's eyes.)*

GARDENER:—Dear lady, now these cabbages  
Are the curse of all the land,  
I shall rip them from this garden  
With my own strong, brown right hand.

*(So he takes the cabbages one by one and hurls them over the garden wall, while the Princess sits by and watches with melancholy admiration. Behold! as he ceases his onslaught for a moment, a gentleman's head peers over the wall just above the point over which the cabbages have been flying. It is the horseman.)*

HORSEMAN:—Good pitcher, thank you kindly  
For there's nothing that I love,  
Like a good and healthy cabbage  
To be thrown me from above.  
I'm standing in my stirrups  
The gifts to thank you for  
And to ask you, while you're at it,  
To toss me just one more.

*(With a swift pounce the Gardener heaves the lady from where she is seated and holds her aloft kicking.)*

PRINCESS:—Oh, horrid wretch, what do you mean  
To so abuse your queen?  
You are, base clown, more scurrilous  
Than any I have seen.

GARDENER:—Now be prepared to catch this  
 An you wish a cabbage fair,  
 For I hate much to entrust it  
 To the thin and feeble air.

*(Over the wall he throws the Princess into the arms of the Horseman, who receives her with a shout. The two heads disappear as the Horseman reseats himself in the saddle.)*

HORSEMAN:—Oh, very like a cabbage  
 Is your large and kindly face,  
 But true a goodly cabbage is not  
 Without its grace.

PRINCESS:—My hatred for you knows no bound,  
 You are this earth's most loathesome hound!

HORSEMAN:—I'll take you to my little home  
 Which nears upon a wood,  
 And we'll have naught but cabbages  
 To be our daily food.

*(A great clattering of hooves is heard and dies. The Gardener resumes his post, leaning on the hoe.)*

GARDENER:—To do one good deed every day  
 My motto's always been,  
 And now I think I've surely done  
 A service for my queen.  
 For every man must have his maid  
 And every maid her man,  
 E'en if the game be cabbage,—  
 "Catch cabbage as catch can."



## THE MASTER

MELBA SIMMONS

Out of the darkness gibbers my soul at me,  
Mocks at me horribly, leaves me all writhing  
In shame.  
Then he vanishes.  
When I am sure he is gone, I laugh at his scorn,  
Tell him he's naught but a waving fool,  
"Dont la plume cache les trous";  
Laugh now myself and dry my tears.  
There while I joy in the freedom, and gloat  
Over my triumphing, my victory,  
Comes back with a black look  
My soul.

---

## HAG ON A BLUE SKY

MELBA SIMMONS

I stand over greasy water and mop  
Furiously at pans.  
In the door is the meat-man, weary.  
He says nothing, but when he has left  
They tell me he works all the time  
To keep his family living.  
Yes, and his house burned down, so they lived  
In the garage till they could build another.  
Looking up just then, I see the sky  
In rills of laughter.  
The clouds recline like placid men of wealth  
After a banquet, smiling at the gayness of the sky.  
I stared. A wave of greasy water burned my hand  
And stained my greasy apron greasier.

## PERFUME

MELBA SIMMONS

Her hair was like a cowslip half concealed  
By morning cobwebs;  
And her ears  
Were long and pointed at the tips.  
She was tall,  
Slim, with small, firm breasts,  
And lithe young flanks.  
How say more?  
Her hair was like a cowslip half concealed  
By morning cobwebs.

---

## CHRISTMAS HEARTH

MELBA SIMMONS

He was very cynical.  
He knew it and was glad.  
They were playing Christmas hymns downstairs;  
His mother and his two sisters  
And three other girls were singing.  
He swore, "God damn them,  
Can't they ever keep still?"  
But it was only because in his heart  
Their hymns were meant for three journeyers  
And a star;  
Not the gas jet downstairs and these cacklers.  
"Oh hell!" he screamed, half wild,  
"Shut up, can't you?" Ran out.  
His mother and his sisters exchanged looks.  
He was always like that.  
Trying to be different—the fool.  
Their mouths tightened in malicious spite;  
Then straightened out, and smiled like fat, rotten pears.  
"Poor Bob, he doesn't really know  
What Christmas means." Began again  
"Holy night."

## DRY BROWN

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

I dreamt last night—  
A seldom thing—  
Saw myself on the vast flat earth  
Standing alone.  
The ground was hard beneath my feet  
Bristling with short dead grass,  
Dry brown. Afar I looked  
There too was parched monotony of level brown  
To the horizon where the thirsty earth  
Met a sky empty and colorless  
An instinct moved me to uneasiness.  
Turning about I sought which way to take  
Where all ways lay untracked and open  
To goals of nothingness  
—And there I left myself  
Still restless, wondering.

---

## LAUGHTER

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

Like the beauty of kittens it is irresistible.  
Frolicsome and gently bewitching,  
It tickles the lips till they part;  
Curls into playfulness,  
With the soft touch of its paws,  
Lines that were hard.  
And sheathes the steel point in the eye.

At such times laughter is lovely.  
But I have known it, the same laughter—  
Slinking with the supple strength of the tiger  
And, like the tiger, using its talons  
To tear out and mangle a heart.

## IN AMBER

ELEANOR GOLDEN

I hold an amber earring to the light  
And find a secret sparkle living there,  
The jewel's outer sheen is coldly bright.  
Within are colors folded, golden, rare.  
I peer into translucent depths profound  
Until the lustrous oval seems to hold  
A distant gleaming world where neither sound  
Nor movement mars the beauty of sheer gold;  
So sweet—I reach to touch it with my hand  
Unconsciously, and find I can not grasp  
The wealth of that imponderable land,  
But a cheap trinket with a gaudy clasp.  
True gold in baser substance one may see—  
Then touch, to know there is no alchemy.

---

## TO A YOUNG POET

ELEANOR GOLDEN

Oh! "Love is like a red, red rose"!  
Or like a green-eyed beast.  
Or like a tide that ebbs and flows  
So I have heard, at least.

It is not hard to sing of love  
And what it means to you.  
Use similes; moon, flame, or dove;  
Just anything will do.



## EPITAPH FOR A PERFECT LADY

ELEANOR GOLDEN

She was majestic and tall,  
She never missed an appointment.  
She considered the feelings of all,  
Even the fly in the ointment.

---

## HARLEQUIN

CAROLINE CLARK

Thy laugh is on my painted lips,  
Thy mask is on my eyes,  
And in my deeds thy lessons are,  
And in my mouth, thy lies.

Yet come to me, my Harlequin,  
That you may look, and see  
How, deep within my heart, are tears  
That weep, because of thee.



## EDITORIAL



### I

Obviously, this is a poetry issue.  
Is it equally obvious why we have never had one before?  
It was suggested last year by Mr. Newton Arvin,  
That the Monthly confine  
Itself to verse for one issue, and no prose having  
Been submitted after this joyous Yule-tide season,  
We decided that the time had come.  
(We cannot have burlesques every month, and it is  
Only fair that the Faculty should be allowed their  
Revenge.) We dedicate this number to Mrs Conkling,  
Whom we have never heretofore injured in mind, body,  
Or estate.

### II

Can this go on?  
Does it not move you  
To think of the editors trooping to get their poor dog  
A bone,  
But finding that all the bones  
Have gone to Cerberus,  
And all the cream to Felicia?  
Will the ultimate Monthly be composed of three poems  
Respectively about Love, Waste Spaces, and  
Dish pans?  
Or will it contain only more advertisements  
Of more Goodee Shoppes?

If there is a girl in college  
Who has ever been in love,  
Will she please write down  
The sordid details  
And leave them in a cool, dry place—\*  
For, by the grace of God and a  
Fast out-field,  
There may be a Valentine Number yet.

M. A. B.

\*The Monthly Box is safe.

## DEPRESSION

EDITH JACOBY

The dullness of the daytime fades to duller, sadder night;  
No shining tints the tired eyes of flowers born to be bright.  
They hang their heavy heads and droop  
for want of light.

Like a November shrouding May, like clouds stifling the  
sun,  
Or the cold gray hour of night's last breath, before the dark  
is done;  
This web that winds about the soul,  
of sorrow spun.

Joys—drowning monotony,—an endless chain of days,  
With nights settling on them in a smoothly slipping haze:—  
But this mood will pass;  
it never stays.

---

CRAS AMET

F. S. McCONNELL

For he will love, who never loved before,  
Now that the Spring is knocking at his door.

And he who loved, will love yet once again,  
For who, in Spring, is ever truly sane?

And he who loves, will keep on loving too,  
For who in Spring is ever aught but true?

## LANDSCAPE

F. S. McCONNELL

A happy chance that ever I saw Avlona  
Below the cold Albanian hills

Up, up the hillside foam the houses  
And curl back down the valley.

Surely the next wave will top the stones  
And sweep the crowded streets.

Some one has built a home  
On the crest of ancient Aulon

Is it out of the waves' reach?  
Build higher, man, the tide is rising!

---

## PILGRIM

KATHLEEN HEILE

It is like going to a far country, loving you.  
A country I have dreamed of many times;  
Curled on the sand, perhaps my head  
In the firm curve of my brown arm,  
My eyes travelling endless leagues in the blue sky  
Dreaming a you that even I was sure would never come.  
And lying there, crisped by the kindly sun  
And with a gay wind flinging thin dry clouds of sand  
On outstretched arms; and with the drowsy scent  
Of sea-weed and of marshes near the shore,  
I've bent my head in sudden pain  
And pressed it all unseeing in the sand;  
(Being so sure, my dear, that you would never come)  
And years behind, and all the years ahead  
Have seemed a long relentless pain.

It is like going to a far country, loving you,  
And I would own no other land;  
My pilgrim heart is quite content  
To travel by your side.



## PULLMAN PHILOSOPHY AT MIDNIGHT

RUTH ROSE

It's rather a duty to struggle in the daytime.

It's duty to be active, walk the platform  
 Briskly to set the rest a good example,  
 Beam on the world at large, make conversation  
 About the weather ("terrible" or "gorgeous"),  
 Play the maternal with the sticky children  
 Who suck and stare and howl, play the childish  
 With kind old ladies who must talk to someone,  
 Play the admiring for the prattling men  
 Who seem to be half children, half old ladies,  
 Be eager or reserved to suit the occasion  
 Till you suspect it's all as real as you  
 And nothing left alive beneath the poses—  
 A comforting reflection to fight on with!

Thank heaven there's no duty left at night.  
 You're free to curl yourself beneath the blanket  
 And let the world without be cold as sheets.

---

TO—

Gerry makes me think of lovely things  
 Chinese poppies and the sun  
 On amber chain and massive rings  
 Pebbles as the waters o'er them run.  
 A scarlet shawl the Spaniard flings  
 Embroidered in hunched labor by a nun  
 Words as poignant as a sword that sings  
 In hissed withdrawal when its work is done.

The whimsy of a whirring autumn leaf  
 Upsetting the cool sombre of an autumn pool  
 The Bacchian grace of unpremeditated stolen sweet  
 Futile poundings of the wave upon the reef.  
 A strain of Kreisler's violin when standing in the cool  
 Of evening with the dew about one's feet.

## HOSPITALITY

MARGARET A. BUELL

There is rare completeness about a house—that  
And the intimate ghost who lives beneath its rafters.  
The ghost is warm and curious, he hovers near a stranger  
And is impatient to lead him farther in;  
He knows what best the stranger needs—a gentle corner  
Or a sunlit space.

He is softly in a hurry, he touches hostile eyes  
With a beguiling finger; he arranges oddities like wares;  
He believes in the magic of his house—for he is Hospitality;  
But if you are the stranger you do not know him,  
You stand a little, wondering, then you stray across  
The sunlit space to where there may be something—  
A myriad colors charm you—which one to choose?  
Your fingers touch thick gilded books,  
A little satisfaction travels from them to your mind—  
So much of wisdom in the world, so cunningly concealed.  
Your eyes turn toward the deep brown tables,  
You stare into their depths; a glinting splash of marigold  
Reflects itself and nods—it is a forest pool  
Where men's simplicity lies daydreaming;  
Soft rugs like blended autumn leaves, the shining floor is  
sand.

The ghost is smiling, but you do not know  
Until he leads you on again;  
Your eyes are a-turned to shapes and line,  
A red and silver bowl winks in the sun, and you remember  
when it

Winked from the bazaars . . . . .  
Your senses seek an ancient, fluid substance—  
Ah—there it is—a rumpled, woven shawl,  
You spread it about you like a barbaric cloak,  
You are a warrior in its close, warm folds;  
And there is a scarf, it slips and shimmers,  
In the moonlight it has saved—a courtesan's, perhaps—  
It falls beside a little jar of rose-leaves;  
And all the time you marvel with gladness  
At the things you see and feel—  
“What a friendly house,” you think,  
“It is adventure—peace.”

## ANSWER

MINERVA AMES RAMSDELL

I have not hid my talent in the earth;  
But you have set me at the foot of a mountain  
And said, "Climb!",  
And I could not climb.  
Mediocrity, you say, is the weight,  
Strapped with unbreakable bonds to my shoulders,  
That holds me back;  
And you turn coldly from my failure.

I tell you now,—  
I who have been so long like clay  
Which you have modelled at your pleasure,  
I who have endured despair  
Where you knew only frustration,—  
You have not chosen for me the right mountain!

---

## MOMENT OF IMMORTALITY

MARIAN J. KEILEY

High airs have led me  
By cities lying black on the evening,  
Over miles of reticent marshes  
Through lonely rain . . . .  
Have led me  
Where  
Behind subtle black and grey  
White music, and fire  
Reach  
From depths realized in other ages,  
Other worlds,  
To incurious heights.



## BOOK REVIEWS



### GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

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Do you know what the Eye-full Tower is?  
Have you ever been to France?  
Do you read books on "ocean travel"?  
Do you go to a dance—to dance?  
Have you been to the "central of Europe"?  
Did you shoot a man, once, in your youth?  
Do you know about diamond tiaras  
As a minister knows about truth?  
Could you fool men like Louis and Robber?  
Do you give your beau's mother to drink?  
Are you afraid of girls in high collars?  
And when you think—*do* you think?

Anita Loos has written a book,  
The funniest book of the season  
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And there's our rime and our reason.  
M. A. B.

---

### PLUCK AND LUCK

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What matter if the blizzards rage  
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By EDITH SITWELL

Alfred Knopf

Miss Sitwell, we grant you, has talent,  
 Though her efforts seem aimed to conceal it.  
 And her thought, we doubt not, is charming.  
 But why is she shy to reveal it?

For wealth of imagery does she ensconce  
 In profound depths of weird bizarritty;  
 While wandering through the dark unknown we sigh  
 For the too rare light of her simplicity.

French words she likes, for leaves are *cure-black*  
 (She talks about *rhinoceros-black sea*.)  
 In English poetry one may well be *candide*  
 But how about *so Paul et Virginie*?

So plays she with her language and her talent  
 And drives our patience to the verge of rage.  
 But in addition to these misdemeanors  
 Why

Must

She

Cut

Such

Capers

On

The

Page?

We find it on the whole deplorable  
 That she will deal in far-fetched affectation  
 Who otherwise might write much better verse,  
 Not faddish, true; but to our delectation.

S. W. T.

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But though she hobnobbed every day,  
With dukes and earls with names outlandish  
No gentleman would ever ask  
The hand of Miss Serena Blandish.

Until by using every wile,  
And every artifice she knew,  
At last she managed to ensnare  
A foreign spouse, Count Montague.

She married him with awful speed  
And to his land he took her back,  
Although she found the day before  
That all her new in-laws were black.

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Though black, I'm sure that even he  
Would never have descended to  
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H. M. S.



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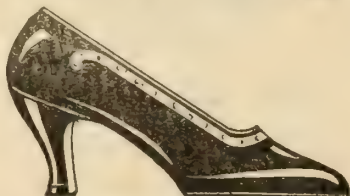
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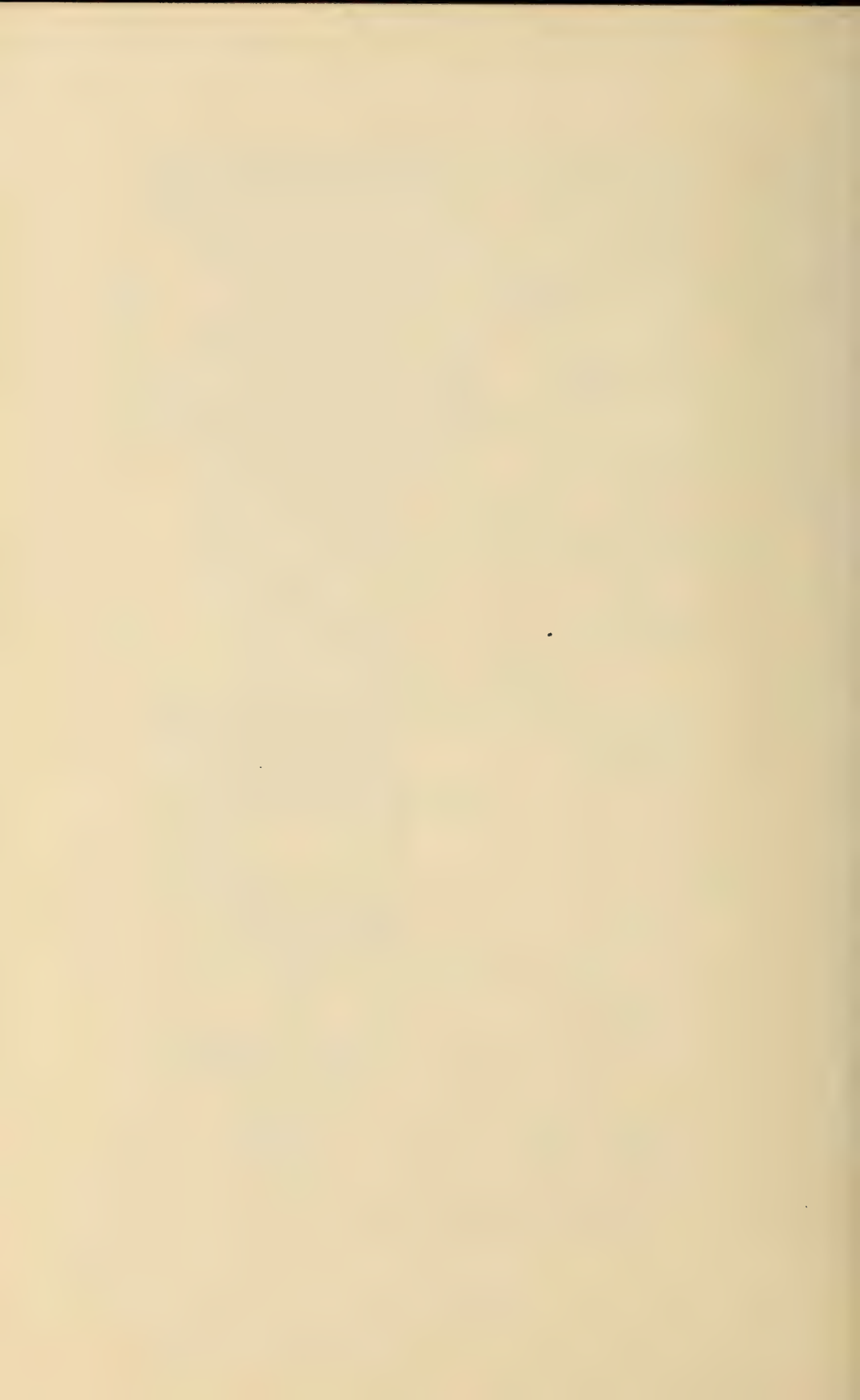
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Vol. XXXIV

February, 1926

No. 5

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# Smith College Monthly



## NOCTURNE

ELIZABETH HAMBURGER

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HE sky was like a great inverted bowl of frozen blue-black ink. The stars like drops of gold paint clinging to its surface glistened and sparkled as if some unseen light were playing upon them. The ocean beneath was immense and black, almost too black to see. Only where it met the sky there was a tenuous line of orchid-green, unearthly and somehow terrifying. The steamer seemed small and ineffectual as it churned steadily, rhythmically onward, cutting the water and the wind, faced toward the horizon hour after hour yet never any nearer to that ghostly green line.

A girl stood in a crook of the railing on one of the lower decks half way to the bow. The wind was strong there and it blew her thin summer dress tight to her figure and made it flare like a wayward cloud behind. You could hear the churning of the water on the side of the boat and see the emerald green swirls of foam toss over and over on their way to the blackness beyond. Bits of gilded phosphorus twinkled like so many fallen stars. The engine thumped dully, a deep, vibrating metronome keeping time to the universe. It was the slow accompaniment to the quick swish-swish of the foam. Together they made a strange chant, for in the combination there could not have been more than three or four separate sounds but these recurred over and over again, always the same.

The girl in the crook of the railing heard and saw and felt all these things in one overwhelming emotion. Night

on the sea, the wind, the darkness, the stars, the orchid-green horizon, all these had entered into her and claimed her for their own. She felt as if she were seeing the whole universe and had found it to be finite. The immensity took her breath away and yet she could see the limits,—where the rim of the sky touched the sea on a thin green line,—at last a cage that was not too small! She felt as much a part of it as a star, as a bit of phosphorus in the water. It beat her into passivity, into acquiescence and yet it filled her with exaltation as well. She laced her arms through the bars for support and the wind blew coldly against her. She scarcely knew she was cold. It was as if the wind had come alive and was holding her in its arms. Her own voice, throaty, husky, spoke without her will.

“I have a strong lover,  
The sea-wind claims me tonight.”

She was chanting it many times.

It was strangely wonderful, this feeling of kinship with the elements. Perhaps immortality was like this,—an almost unbearable love of the dark, strong things in the universe, the wind, the sea, the mid-night sky,—if only no one came now to tell her that she must put a coat on or she would catch cold! Moments like this never seemed to come to fruition. There was always some indignity, some foolish triviality, importunate, insistent, that put an end to them, and yet it must be for moments like this that one lived. The swish of the foam and the wind on her body,—they almost made her heart stop beating for love of their beauty.

An arm around her waist, slipped suddenly but softly, not the wind now but a human arm, a man's arm. The girl did not stir. She did not even turn her head. They stood there together, two strangers yet somehow familiar to each other as if their spirits had communed with the same beauties and been drawn together thus. For a long while they stood in silence breathing in the masterful, vivid wind, looking at the black sea. Then,

“It is a bewitching night,” the man ventured.

Still the girl kept her face turned to the pale green line of the horizon.

“I love it,” she said in her low voice, “But I think it is making me mad.”

The man's arm tightened around her waist, hesitatingly at first, then firmly.

"I was startled to find anyone here," he said. "This has been my own special corner. I come here every night. They have been dancing inside. They might just as well stay at home, I think. But why are you here, if I may ask?"

"Oh, because I wanted to be. I was inside, too,—dancing, but suddenly I hated it all. It was so hot and feverish,—oh, you know. That is why I came out here. Here it is cool and,—not calm,—I didn't want to be calm, but—. It is so hard to explain. It is thrilling here in a way that goes all the way through one. But you know, let's not talk about it."

"No, we won't. But what you said about it's making you mad,—well, it does the same to me, and I could rejoice always to be mad this way."

"Yes," she replied. "It is the only perfect thing I know." She took her arms from the railing and dropped them to her side.

His hand touched hers and it was like a sudden shock between them. He felt her body grow tense against him, but she did not move. Then he bent down and kissed her neck. She trembled but still she said nothing. She seemed to him then like the spirit of that strange night, only the night was baffling, heart-breaking, too big for him, and she was human, even as he was. He caught her in his arms and turned her towards him. He could not distinguish her features in the night but he could see that her hair and her eyes were dark and her skin very white. He kissed her on the mouth, suddenly, unexpectedly. She gave a frightened little gasp and then stood quite still, breathing hard, like some trapped wild creature, her eyes shut. He kissed her again and she yielded with a quivering joy that invited more.

When finally he released her neither spoke for a long, tense moment. Then it was her voice that came first, now even huskier than before, but steady, the words clipped distinct and short.

"I am going now. You mustn't come with me. Thank you for your corner.—And may I ask a favor of you?"

"Anything in the world you want!"

"Well, I don't know whether you'd recognize me or not,—but please, if you do, don't speak to me in the morn-



ing or afterwards, or show in any way that you know me."

"But, I can't promise that. I don't see how you can ask such a thing when we knew from the very beginning that we ought to meet. Do you think I would have come up to just anyone like that? It was something in me and you and the place that made me do it. I'm sure that if it had been someone else behind you you would have behaved quite differently. We knew, that was all. It had to be then and it must be now. I'm sorry I acted so badly, but I couldn't help it." He laughed nervously. "It was the madness you spoke of.—This night, I thought you were all the beauty in it. But really, I'm not a bad fellow. I'll behave in the future."

"Oh, that isn't it at all," she exclaimed impatiently. "I am not sorry you kissed me. This has been the most wonderful hour of my life. It has been the perfect illusion of happiness. You were the sea-wind come alive,—and you held me in your arms. You were as strong and as urgent as the wind itself and I could no more resist you than I could resist the wonder of this night. It caught us both, and I am glad, oh, so glad! The gods love like that,—but human beings don't, not more than once. You know things seem different in the daylight. You will think less of me tomorrow for this hour of perfection. Oh, no, let me go on. Perhaps then, if you insist, you won't think less of me. I hope not and I know I shan't of you. But even so, we should soon get to know each other really well, all the unlovely and ordinary details that oughtn't to matter but that make up every-day life just the same. We've had the best first,—no, please don't interrupt me. I'll never be able to say it if you do and then I shall always be unhappy. This was perfection, this was the essence of life, and if we go on we'll lose it. Other things will cover it up. We shall love like other people and some day when we quarrel you will say, "Oh, I haven't forgotten that you let me kiss you when you hadn't even seen my face." Then we shall have killed the only perfect, unexplained moment of the infinite in our experience. I am young, but I know it will be like that. We met when we were both a little mad with beauty. We loved it together and then we were not afraid of loving each other because our souls had leaped out into the wind of the sea and clasped hands there. But we could never meet like that again. You



must understand. You can not want that heavenly hour to be spoiled by the sordid repetitions of daily life?" The note of exaltation had left her voice at the end and she was pleading, pleading with him and perhaps, a little, with herself too.

There was hostility in the man's tone, and fear, as he answered. "No I don't want that, but I cannot believe that it would be spoiled. It could be the foundation for even more wonderful hours, days, years. I could never forget tonight and I want it to happen again, again, do you hear? Only think, I might never have found you at all and now you want to run away for an idea."


"You are still mad!" She was laughing now, the kind of laugh that is seasoned with tears and breathes finality. "Can't you see that things like this don't last? We couldn't go on living if they did. No, soon I should not be the girl who loves the wind and the sea—and you, but the girl whom you are going to marry, for whom you must remember to buy candy and flowers, who has a green dress that is not very becoming, the girl who sometimes talks too much and sometimes not enough, the girl who—, but I must not tell you all these things or I might just as well let you marry me. No,—you said you would do anything I asked. Well, I ask this, and hope that someday you will understand why,—remember me when you look at the stars and listen to the sea and feel the wind,—remember me so and never learn any more about me,—for the sake of a perfect memory! Do you promise?"

He nodded slowly, as if it hurt him.

She laughed again. "Good. Then we shall have one memory, you and I, that is worth half a dozen fully realized lives!" And she fled into the light of the deck beyond, and was gone.

## MOONLIGHT

ELEANOR GOLDEN

 HE outlines of the sagebrush covered hills were softened by the bright moonlight. They appeared soft and velvety in the deceptive clearness of the night. A small automobile followed the sandy road which lay white as marble in that light. George Rugg was driving, bent heavily over the wheel and his wife sat beside him, a small woman holding herself straight, with her shoulders slightly hunched.

Now and then she spoke in a shrill brittle voice raised so that he might hear, saying she wondered if Myrtle would be alright when they got there and whether this would be like that other time when she had that queer fit-like.

He shrugged his shoulders without answering. Myrtle was Mrs. Rugg's sister who lived about fifteen miles from the Rugg's ranch. She had telephoned for them to come over because she didn't feel very well.

Mrs. Rugg didn't expect an answer from her husband now, for he had always been a silent man. Sometimes she said laughingly that she just had to do the talking for both of them.

George Rugg wondered why his wife talked now about Myrtle or anything else. He listened, not to her words but to the persistent sound of her voice which merged with the sound of the engine. Everything else was so still.

Clumps of sagebrush swept by. There was scarcely any wind. He looked down at his hands on the wheel, white in the moonlight, and they seemed not to belong to him. Queer! Just two hands holding on tight. Shivering, he realized that it was cold and he had not brought gloves. Warm days and nights suddenly cold! What a miserable country! He could remember broad fields and placid, slow-moving rivers. He had been a fool to leave. The ranch made hard work and he was always tired. His back ached and he ought to be in bed this minute but, no, here he was

driving over to Myrtle's. He hardly knew her. He couldn't even picture to himself exactly how she looked.

He looked to the right and to the left. No person anywhere near, only these silvery hills and the high mountains far away. He knew this appearance was not real but only the moon making things seem different. If he looked ahead steadily there seemed to be ripples as if everything were under water.

Suddenly a coyote ran in front of the car and, blinded by the headlights, it ran along before them. He made the car go faster and faster.

"Oh," his wife's hand was on his arm. She pulled and he stopped the car quite suddenly.

"Oh George! The poor thing! I was afraid you'd kill it. I hate 'em though, I must say. Did you see its eyes at first, shiny and kind of green. I guess it must have been a pretty young one. My, it was scared."

He looked at her white face beneath the dark veil she had tied over her hair. White with big shadows for eyes. Her face wouldn't stay still. It's outlines seemed to waver. Would it feel solid? It would be funny if he tried to touch her with his finger and she wouldn't be there. She was talking. Her coat was buttoned up to her chin. If he put his hands there and pressed hard, he wondered, would the talking still go on.

"George, why, what's the matter? Sick?"

Her question came almost with the loud honking of another car behind them in the narrow road.

"Better let 'em by. They are in a hurry."

He turned aside slowly and the crowded car went by with shouts of "Thanks" and "Take your time."

He said, "Well, I think we ought to get to Myrtle's in about ten minutes."

They drove through the gate and Myrtle came to the door to meet them.

"Hello! Hello George!" she called. "I'm a regular old false alarm. I'm feeling fine now. It's a shame you had to take that ride but, now you're here, come in and make yourself comfortable."

When they stepped up on the porch he heard his wife ahead of him, saying, "Well Myrtle, I'm awfully glad you're

feeling all right. The drive was really nice, but I declare I was almost hoping you'd be real sick, so we'd have something for excitement. Really if something doesn't happen around here, I don't know what I'll do."

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### A SONG

F. S. McCONNELL

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LET us sing of light loves  
Lost in the taking,  
And sing of all slight loves  
Marred in the making.


For I'd have a night love  
Gone in the waking,  
Than be by a right love  
Hurt and left hating.



## PIGEON-HOLED

SKY-BLUE CHIFFON

ELIZABETH HAMBURGER

 HE air in the fashionable New York night-club was heavy with smoke and perfume. The conductor of the jazz orchestra was moving his body jerkily in time to the syncopated music and the pianist was singing, in fits and starts, with a purposely nasal voice, "Paddelin' Madelin Home." The lights were low pastel colored ones. The place was crowded as usual. The dance-floor was small, ridiculously small, but it had been planned so. It lent the cafe an air of exclusiveness, that and the membership cards that could be had for the asking. Because of the congestion the dancing was slow and bumpy. An amorous couple bounced into a baloon-shaped woman and her insignificant escort and bounced off again. A man who had started his evening early rose from one of the tables and noisily proposed a toast to prohibition, but was speedily quieted down by his friends. They did not desire attention attracted to his doubtful condition. A very young and lady-like young lady inquired horrifiedly of her partner how such things could be allowed. Her partner inwardly wished that she were not quite so lady-like. It was a bit embarrassing. "She never says no, so I kiss her and go, paddelin' Madelin home" came from the pianist. It was all very gaudy and charged with dime-novel atmosphere and yet it was New York to the core, and the people there were not traveling salesmen looking for a thrill, but seeds of the core who had been there many times and who always came back for more. They had money, those people. They had to come to the Cafe Viennois, and yet this was their romance. Not subtle surely, but it has been said that subtlety is often hardly to be told from obscurity. This was obvious, perhaps, but it was real, vivid, exciting, and they lived on it and thrived on it.

The dancing was over for a while now and the people gradually drifted back to their seats. Among them was a



girl in a sky-blue chiffon evening dress, a girl with red hair and magnificent blue eyes, a girl with the figure of a Diana and the live, beckoning smile of a Madame de Pompadour. She and her partner took their places at a little table at the edge of the platform. He was young, tall and good-looking. There was something restrained about him, about his smile, about the way he fixed his hair, about his whole bearing, that betrayed his character even to the most casual glance. Mothers would think him a highly desirable catch for their daughters. Daughters would be most fortunate to have him for a husband, but most of them would want to have a good fling at life before they married him. He would be innately fine, sensitive, reserved, hate to be conspicuous in any way. Strange that he should choose to go out with the young Pompadour in the sky-blue chiffon dress. But she too bore the marks of gentle breeding. There was fire in her eyes and impatience in her tapping silver toe under the table, but waiters bowed several degrees lower when they waited on Marcia Breed, and doormen saluted and held the doors wider open when she came.

She was thinking of this now as the professional dancer of the cafe came through the aisle with her partner. It was all very well to be of the socially elect, to command and to be waited on, but it would be so much more fun to be,—well, to be Evelyn Hart, the dancer. She looked across the table at Robert Hughes, her handsome, dignified young escort. Bobbie was splendid in his way, but he was so proper, so unadventurous. Wouldn't he have a fit if she, Marcia, were to get up and do a solo dance in front of all those people? That was an idea! Marcia's eyes sparkled. Perhaps she could make people think she was a dancer like Evelyn Hart. For a moment stolen from the fates she could forget her "position" and its requirement of good behavior. Of course, her dress was against her,—it was too conventional and there was too much of it, but at that it wasn't bad. It came from Worth, Paris, and she looked stunning in it. She didn't need her mirror to tell her that. Everyone she met told her so many times. And it would flare a bit if she danced. The music had started.

"Hart is in good form tonight, eh what, Bobbie?" and then followed the usual banal conversation on the subject of the dance, the crowd, the

music. Really, one couldn't be expected to maintain an unflagging interest in Robert Hughes. He was a dear, but he could succeed in making even the Cafe Viennois boring if one felt in the mood for excitement. How beautifully Evelyn Hart danced. But Marcia knew that she herself could do as well, probably better. She wondered what kind of life the other girl led. Hectic, probably, and dangerous, but thrilling. What fun if they could change places for a week. Foolish, of course. Couldn't be done. Too many complications. They weren't doubles, after all. Perhaps if Marcia acted on her inspiration, if she got up and danced for the assembled thrill-hunters, someone interesting would speak to her afterwards and a whole new life be opened to her. She didn't mind picking people up if they were worth it. She could hear the buzz it would make. People would say how stunning she looked, how unusual, and ask for a dance. It would be a new triumph. She lost herself in her imagination of the change and when they clapped for Evelyn Hart she almost thought they were clapping for her.

Now the moment had come. It was now or never. Evelyn had thrown her shawl around her and run out of the room. The orchestra was resting. Men were reaching surreptitiously under the tables for bottles that did not contain ginger-ale, and girls were applying powder, rouge and lipstick to complexions somewhat damaged by the heat.

"Bobbie," Marcia said, "Will you call that cigarette girl behind you. I want a package of Herbert Tareyttons."

He turned to comply and as he did so she slipped from her chair.

"Wait!" she called to the conductor who was turning over the leaves of his music searching for a piece that had been requested. "Play for me,—what you would play for Miss Hart. I am going to dance too!"

People stared. The conductor frowned. He looked at her for a moment and then he winked to the violinist. He sensed business. What a name this would give the Cafe Viennois! He could see it in the headlines,—*"Prominent society girl does solo dance at well known night-club."*—The orchestra played and Marcia danced. She was graceful and she had been well trained. She was not the girl to have stage-fright, either. It was like some delightful del-

irium. She could see Bobbie's horrified face as she turned his way, but she had known he would not get up to stop her. He would have sense enough to realize that she would make a scene if he did and that would be worse than the dance.

Men smiled knowingly and leaned forward in their chairs as she passed. Girls raised their eyebrows and looked at her appraisingly, interestedly. Older women shook their heads and drew down the corners of their mouths. Marcia saw them and laughed and danced on in joyous abandon. This was glorious, and this was only half of Evelyn's life. It was the rest she wanted, too, men waiting for her outside the door, people looking at her as she passed on the street, saleswomen scurrying about for her because they were excited to wait on the famous dancer, not because they could see she had money. She wanted to be well-known, to arouse curiosity, to have the reputation of not telling all that could be told about her private life.

Now it was over. The music had stopped. She had bowed and thrown a kiss to the promising looking man in the corner. She would have to go back to Bobbie now and he would be tiresome. It was to be expected and, after all, she could hardly blame him. He would probably insist upon their leaving immediately. She had hoped people would believe that she had, in reality, been only a dancer whom the management had provided to fool them into a new thrill. If they thought that, then her few moments stolen from fate would have been successful.

As she went towards her table she heard a man's voice saying, "She dances like the wind. Darn good-looking, too. But won't she get it when she gets home to Mama! Her man didn't like it much either. The poor girl must have been drunk." The music had struck up "Sons of shame and sorrow," and couples had begun to dance once more.

### SCARLET CRINOLINE

It was time for Flossie to do her act at the Club de Paris. Alphonse, her partner, had been taken ill suddenly and she was to dance alone tonight. Flossie's real name was Florence, of course, and she much preferred it to the diminutive, but Flossie she was on the Club de Paris announcements, and Flossie she was all to the world. As she stepped out and did a few preliminary twirls that sent her



negligible scarlet crinoline skirt flying waist high, she heard a wag on the side laugh out something about "Man proposes and woman exposes!"

Ugh! How she hated it all, this dancing for men who made remarks like that and probably thought even worse things that they didn't say, thank goodness. She didn't regret her figure and her ability to dance,—no woman would have, but she did envy the girls who came to watch her, who sat at the tables and smoked and talked and looked so happy and unconcerned about anything in the world. They were with nice men, the ones she envied, and they would have struck anyone who made a remark like the one she had just overheard.

It was queer how clearly she could think with her head bent backwards to the floor. She remembered her first dancing lesson. Her mother had been a dancer too. Her mother who was waiting downstairs for her now. Flossie had to be careful. Men took so much for granted about girls who wore flaring crinoline skirts and nothing much else. It would be thrilling to talk to one of those nice looking men at the tables without feeling that he was looking you over and calculating his chances. It wasn't fair. Flossie thought she could have been a darling debutante, much better than many she saw.

Perhaps for one evening she could fool someone. Her dress was against her, of course,—scarlet was such a conspicuous color, so flashy, but she had her personality and her looks. Maybe they would belie the scarlet crinoline. There was a man sitting alone at a table for three, over in the corner. Probably he was waiting for friends. Flossie looked at him when she came in for her encore. He was young, thirty perhaps, and moderately handsome. There was a flask under his napkin,—she could see the silver glint, but his glass was only half empty. The smoke curling up from his cigarette gave him a detached air. And she liked his eyes. They were brown and shone a bit in the light. She would have picked him out for a gentleman anywhere.

She did a series of daring breaks across the center of the floor and then, to the applause of the always enthusiastic watchers, she whirled on her toes in front of the man she had noticed. Round and round she went until those closest to her grew dizzy. She could hear them gasp with admira-



tion. Flossie had perfect control over herself but she knew that they could not tell that. Now was the time. Suddenly something seemed to go wrong. Flossie cried out, but very softly. Probably no one but the man for whom she was dancing heard her. Then Flossie collapsed in a little scarlet heap on the floor. In a moment the man was by her side. He lifted her up and put her into one of the empty chairs at his table. He pressed a glass of ice-water to her lips and she opened her eyes slowly. She was a perfect little actress. When the conductor of the orchestra had reached her side she seemed somewhat revived.

"I think I'll stay here a bit," she said with a smile. "I'll be all right soon," and she waved away the excited waiters and the others who had come up, ostensibly to help but really to see.

"Thank you so much," she said to her new friend when the others had gone. "It was foolish of me, wasn't it?"

"Well, really, I don't see how you could help it," he replied politely. "I hope you are feeling better now." Flossie noticed with satisfaction that he had not looked her over appraisingly but kept his eyes either on her face or off somewhere nowhere in particular. She wondered if he suspected her trick.

"No," she laughed. "I guess I couldn't be blamed for an accident." Now that she was here she didn't know just what to say. She just wanted to be allowed to sit and watch. It made her feel as if she belonged to the favored ones who sat at the tables always. And somehow she felt so safe with this stranger. He seemed to have forgotten that she was only a dancer. Not that that made any difference,—it was only the queer ideas people had. She wished she was wearing a blue dress, though. She looked well in blue. People said it was her color. She felt naked in her costume. She had never felt that way particularly before. If she had been properly dressed now he might really forget instead of just pretending.

She looked across the table to him. His glass was empty and he was filling it again.

"Tell me," she said, "What the girls you go with are like."

"All alike," he said looking at her with a new expres-

sion in his eyes, and her feeling of safety somehow left her. But she was still game.

"That's no answer," she tried again. "I want to know. I should so desperately like to be like them. They have such a good time and people think only good of them for it."

"Oh, they are well enough in their way, but sometimes a fellow wants a kick. There's one coming here tonight. Nice girl. Maybe she'll marry me someday." Flossie began to suspect that he'd had a little too much out of the silver flask that glinted at her from under the napkin. He pushed a glass over to her. "Have some," he was saying. "make you feel better. About girls we were talking, weren't we? I like **you**," he put his hand on hers. "Won't you go out with me tonight,—after my friends have gone, I mean?"

Flossie shivered just a bit. So! After all. "Oh," she said, "I thought,—but no, I ought to have known better. We are all fitted into niches and labelled in the beginning, and no one ever suspects that the label may be wrong."

"I don't know what you mean, but will you go out with me, darling?"

"No, I'm sorry, but my mother is waiting down stairs for me and I must go to her now. I am getting chilly without my coat. Thank you so much for helping me before."

Her companion gulped down the whiskey in his glass. "Bah!" he said, "You don't even play your part well, do you?"

## THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE

ANONYMOUS

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**D**AUDE, her husband had told her when they were first engaged, was too temperamental to be left alone. She had smiled into his waistcoat when she had heard it and wondered sadly what word would, after two or three years of married life, replace the temperamental. She had expected, at the mildest, difficult. As she now, with her head tilted back, looked slantingwise down to her lips in the glass and carefully pencilled them crimson, she was pleased to discover that, after those two or three years, the word had remained unchanged. She wondered why, if that was how Jim felt about it, he so often left her to dine alone, while he worked late at the office setting up sales.

She went to the door of the hotel dressing-room and, standing behind the frame, glanced around the lobby. David was here. She saw by the length of his cigarette that he had just arrived, so she went back to the dressing-table to let five minutes pass before going out to him. One of the things that Jim had taught her early was the psychology of letting a lover wait.

Jim knew, of course, about David, but he would never say anything to her. Though he might kill himself the day after she left him, he was too intelligent to make a masterful effort to hold her, too proud to work upon her pity. He was, however, anxiously watching over her. This she knew, although she had never caught him apparently concerned with her.

She went out and greeted David. His blue eyes smiled warmly down at her. They sauntered towards the grill, and were seated by a window over the park.

After the business of ordering was over, David leaned back and looked at her appraisingly. Suddenly he jerked forward, bending over his plate, and, concentrating over his fork, he said, "I have to leave tonight. I had a telegram from Washington saying that I had to be there before the

fifteenth. The Roussillon is the only boat sailing for Vigo within a month, and it sails at midnight."

Maude's mouth straightened and tried to look indifferent. Only tonight to decide in, she had wasted months already without arriving anywhere. She looked up at him with fear in her eyes, and asked, "When do you go on board?"

"At eleven," he said.

It was now after seven. She looked at him questioning, pleading. He did not understand her look.

"Can't you pack in that time?" he asked.

"Time?"

That was it, time.

"Aren't you coming, dear? Surely you must come, Maude."

Yes, surely she must come. Her whole life was going away on the boat.

"My dear," she whispered.

Her mind whirled round and round as she mechanically ate tasteless dust. He talked quietly of plans, and her heart ached for the happy pictures that he painted. She looked at him with the ache in her eyes, but as he talked soothingly on, the ache left to make room for an incredulous smile. Hearing him talk so was as sweet as planning her wedding-trip had been with Jim.

"I'll meet you at the gangway at eleven," he said.

"If I come," she assented, the ache coming into her eyes again.

She walked home all the forty blocks up Fifth Avenue, to think. She needed time. She walked quickly to keep with her whirling thoughts. In those days when they were engaged, when Jim had felt it his duty to point out to her what this thing was to which she had pledged herself, he had said that each of them would have to sacrifice many things, not to the other, but to the common livelihood, to the institution of marriage.

"Do you see, my darling?" he had asked so earnestly. "Do you see all that it implies? You would have to move back to Greensburg to live, if my business should call me there. If I should find myself, after a few years, liking some other woman, liking her too much, I should have to put her out of my life entirely, for the common good. You would



have to send your lover away; and you would have to send him away with a smile."

But "So act," she remembered from her college days, "so act as to treat humanity, both in self and others, not as a means but as an end." Self-realization was surely the highest moral law. Yes, she must go with David. All her life was with David. Of course, she would go. Her feet carried her swiftly on, and precious time was passing.

She turned the key in the door, only half-hearing the familiar click. The man's hat on the rack meant that Jim had finished early. There he was, standing in the living-room door, with his pipe. Something sank within her. She must have solitude to think.

"Hello, darling," he said, "I'm so glad you've come home. I want you to help me arrange a sale. It has to go in the first thing in the morning, and there are eight hundred lots, mostly lanterns. You look tired. Do you mind?"

"No, of course not," she replied. "Just let me wash first. I am so dirty."

What should she do? It was after nine.

Busily, swiftly, she sorted squares of paper, endless lanterns, eighteen inches, twenty-four inches, three feet high, in order of size to make it easy for the porters behind the stage at the auction. Then she turned over the little pile to Jim, and he inserted a torchere or a mirror, to keep the audience from becoming bored. Inside, her mind whirled faster and faster. Nine-thirty, she noticed, glancing at her watch.

"These Spaniards are terrible business men," remarked Jim. "The torcheres aren't even at the warehouse yet, and the sale is in a week."

"Torcheres?"

"For the sale," he replied, as though her confusion were to be expected, and started sorting primitives.

It was ten o'clock. She would have to tell him now. She would have to pack her grip and leave.

"Jim," she said, pushing at the word with all her might.

He turned to her. She had never hid anything from him, even the meannesses. Always she had told him everything that he had asked. She took a physical delight in letting him possess her mind, in holding her eyes unguarded for him to search through. She would tell him. For one

mad second, she thought of asking him what she should do, as she always did, and then measuring his sensible arguments. But she realized that the problem was hers, that he would not answer her even though she asked.

He was waiting. Time was slipping past. She needed time!

"Are the pictures any good?" she finally asked him.

"Junk," he answered, "They're manufactured at Madrid by the hundred. Will you count these for me, please? A series of two or three counts as two or three, not as one."

Seven, eight, nine, ten, she counted. It was ten-fifteen. It was the last minute. If she could only grasp at time, hold it back. Her life was slipping through her fingers like the sand in an hour-glass. Desperately she wanted David.

Then she pulled herself up sharply. "You must send your lover away," she remembered, "for the institution." Unconsciously on his part, unconsciously on her's, even now Jim had made her decision for her. Rigidly she counted on, more pictures, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight. Eleven o'clock struck.

With a hard pain in her throat, she looked up at Jim. He put aside the papers, and came to her. She fell into his arms. He said nothing, but, as though asking forgiveness, held her close. She felt terribly alone.

## ARAMINTA SHOWS THE COLLEGE

ANONYMOUS

**A**ND now perhaps you'd like to see the college?

Yes. Of course.

You have such lots of little colleges in your country, it will be quite a change for you to see a big one.

Quite.

There's about two thousand students. I suppose in your country you'd call that a university?

Er—I suppose so. Is this it?

This is just where some of them live. Rather nice, don't you think?

Yes, very large.

So democratic. Gets them all mixed up.

I remember being on the subway once—Is that the machinery?

What?

All that noise?

It's lunch time.

There, they've stopped it now.

That's the ice cream.

I'm afraid I—

Been quite an open winter, hasn't it? Sometimes the snow's so deep you can hardly get about.

Is that necessary?

O yes. The winter's a very busy time.

I suppose so.

Yes, there's the big games before Christmas, and then the houseparties, and the proms, and the carnivals, and shopping, and lots of the girls are engaged. It's really awful when you can't get about.

What do they do then?

Some of them go to classes. In fact, about the middle of the week quite a lot go to classes.—If there's anybody you want to see, Wednesday's about the best day.

I suppose it's safer to write?

Much. A letter always finds them.

Remarkable.

Sooner or later. Or else their friends attend to it if it's anything urgent.

But-er-Isn't there a closed season or something?

There is for some of them. If they've done anything wrong they're put on a list. Then they have to stay right here.

What do they do then?

I dunno. Just study I suppose.

A sort of penalty?

Yes. Must be very disappointing for their parents.

Then I suppose they become the really bright ones?

O well—not exactly. No, the bright ones are put on another list. They don't have to go to classes.

The best birds are game all the time, eh?

Do I get you? Talking of birds, there goes the treasurer.

I—?

Excuse me. I should have said, fairies. You were saying—?

O nothing. What sort of people are your instructors?

Just—people. I heard one of them say the other day the life would be a good one if it wasn't for the classes.

Er—yes. Exactly. But these bright ones—they get degrees too I take it?

Of course. They go through college same's the rest.

I remember Harry Lauder used to have a joke about that. Something about went in the front door and was pushed out the back.

What?

No, it's the other way round, there aren't any classes now.

I mean, it's the exam period. Lots of the girls go home.

Very wise of them no doubt.

O, they come back when it's over. That's the bright ones I told you about.

Evidently.

You see, their instructors know they can pass.

How?

Well—they have their little ways.



But why are they having examinations just now?

You have to have an examination when a course is finished.

Why?

They might forget. Didn't you find it awfully hard in your country trying to remember things all the time?

Yes, it was rather difficult.

Well, you see, we've improved all that.

But suppose a course isn't finished?

O, they have an exam just the same. It's a tradition.

But how do you know they remember anything when they take their degree?

Well, they've always just finished something, haven't they? How about a chocolate sundae?

A what?

Chocolate sundae.

How interesting. At home we have what we call scarlet days. But I never heard of a chocolate Sunday. I suppose it's some kind of academic ceremony?



## EDITORIAL



LOVE is the exchange of two imaginations, and the contact of two skins."

One hears a lot, today, about the rationalizing of love affairs. For those who are interested in the process, let me recommend the above definition of DeMaupassant's—for he was a man of much experience. But let me also call to the attention of these rationalists the fact that Love *is* the exchange of two imaginations, as well as the contact of two skins. That is the half they are liable to forget; it is the half this generation usually leaves out of "experience," that lovely word the French believe in.

I am afraid we do not believe in it with the same subtlety or savouring, because we are young and in a hurry—or because we have studied sociology. We have learned that physical relaxation is "normal;" after a while it is easier to be normal than not. We have learned that sentimentality is false, so we endeavor to make our sensations real. The result is usually a strange state of huddled intimacy, between us and those we "love," not lasting because it is promiscuous, not particularly exciting because it is a reaction, by this time, almost automatic. More simply—it is the contact of two skins.

The rationalists of twenty-one or two are not alone to blame for this lethargy into which modern love has fallen, but they are at the top of the heap, and so, perhaps, the only ones to hear. At least they think, and the effort to direct their thought keeps them from the blank promiscuity of those underneath. The fact that they do not think straight is more important, because they are bound to be an influence some day. In the first place, they are foolish to rationalize love at all; obviously, it is not a rational thing—

why should it be? In the second place, by their insistence on a combination of sensations which can be controlled or ignored they are missing that intangible satisfaction which De Maupassant calls "the exchange of two imaginations." They are making Love a commodity through which they may relieve their nerves; they are losing the only poetry of which most of them are capable.

There is no use speaking of Romance—so many have spoken. There is no use referring to that century when love's motif was "Come into the garden, Maud;" that was the century of sentimentality and waltzes and languishing, so what have we to do with it? But perhaps there is use in going as far back as this:

"Out upon it, I have loved  
Three whole days together!  
And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather."

We smile at that because we understand. It suits the temper of our times. There is in it no suggestion of the "hoping that things will last;" it attracts us because of its honesty. "Out upon it"—yes. But let us not deny its existence altogether. . . .

For Love can be a gentle or a strong thing if it is part of the imagination; it can be ideas, beauty—even a song and a dance. . . . It can be youth and music and adventure. Must we make it only the contact of two skins?

## LADIES' CHOICE

ETHEL LAUGHLIN

## GERMAN SPINSTERS DEMAND ANNUAL 'LEAP YEAR' WEEK

*BERLIN, Jan. 9.*—German spinsters, weary of indirect methods of snaring the elusive male, are agitating for a recognized "leap year" week in each year, during which it shall be their privilege to propose.

*The idea has been presented to the Government Marriage Bureau. It is proposed that there shall be each year not one but seven days dedicated to St. Catherine, the patroness of unmarried women. Several spinsters' organizations are backing the movement.*

**O**TTO von Friedman looked at his image in the mirror, and smiled thoughtfully. He realized, with a not unpleasant feeling of confidence, and with an utter lack of surprise, that he was handsome. His fair hair and blue eyes were little different from the majority of German young men, he knew, but still there was something about his mouth and nose that made him, he was sure, more aristocratic looking than the rest of his compatriots. He was tall, and well-built, and he had arrived at what he considered an age of discretion. He held himself to be a charming conversationalist, an understanding listener, and an interesting, entertaining companion. And he had always regarded himself as very much a ladies' man.

So it was only natural that he should bestow a satisfied glance upon his mirrored reflection, and smile appreciatively at the thought of the diversions that the coming week would bring him. For it was St. Catherine's Week in Berlin. And St. Catherine's week was an innovation; it was a week but newly set aside for all women over twenty-seven, who were unmarried. During this week they were given the privilege of proposing to the man of their choice. And Otto sank back into his comfortable armchair, and thought of the amusement he would derive from the confusion of the young women who came to woo him, for come he



knew they would. Had he not seen the ogling glances of Hilda Aufman turned in his direction for months past? Hilda was pretty, but a little inclined to be stout. Still, she had money. It might be possible. Then there was Bertha Ruppert; beautiful and strong—as graceful as an Amazon and about as docile. He had almost proposed to Bertha himself. He knew many other men who had, and had been refused. He somehow felt that it was he, Otto von Friedmann, whom she loved. There were countless other feminine hearts which beat faster when he was near; Otto was sure of that. He expected to enjoy the next few days. Of course it might be awkward refusing them; and yet he really couldn't accept any of the proposals for fear someone far more attractive might ask him later!

On Monday Otto stayed home from the office; having told his valet to telephone that he was the victim of a severe headache. He ordered flowers to be placed in his beautiful, oak-paneled study,—something exotic and deeply fragrant. And he donned a purple velvet smoking jacket, which set off his fair hair, and the cool, deep blue of his eyes.

So he spent the morning, waiting, and the greater part of the afternoon. It began to grow dark, and he lighted a fire, and sat on a small stool in front of it. How romantic for Her to find him there, in the darkness, gazing dreamily into the flames! After an hour or so the stool became uncomfortable, and Otto began to feel the pangs of hunger. So he ate his dinner, with two tall candles serving to light the white table cloth and sparkling silver. She would not find it hard to confess her love—seeing him, lonely and appealing, at his solitary repast. The evening wore on, and Otto grew less expectant. Surely she would not come alone, as late as this? She did not.

Tuesday passed in the same way as Monday. His headache strangely remained, but no one came to drive it away by the touch of her soft fingers. Otto thought "poor dears—they are shy. But their love for me will bring courage; perhaps tomorrow, surely soon, they will come."

Wednesday and Thursday Otto went to the office; but left early each day, saying that he had not yet returned to his normal state of health. The flowers were faded, and Otto neglected to order fresh ones. The purple velvet smoking jacket began to look a trifle mussed. Otto was so rest-

less he could not sit in one chair longer than ten minutes. And he was beginning to be worried; wondering whether none of the young women dared to take advantage of their opportunity. It must be that, otherwise he was sure that he would have had many fair callers. But his confidence in himself was shaken on Friday morning, when his partner, whom Otto had always characterized as being shy and unimpressive, confessed to being engaged. He had been in love for months, with Olga von Neff who was as lovely and delicate as a flower; but he had never quite dared to propose. And now she had proposed to him. Not only she but three others. Otto's complaint of ill-health was this time hardly a pretext.

Saturday Otto kept his eyes fixed on the door, and sat rigid every time he heard footsteps. Once he was so convinced that She had come that he sprang to open the door to—the scrub-woman! And Otto was very deeply troubled. How could the many young women whom he had so often seen looking at him coquettishly, resist his charm and their natural inclinations? There was only one day left of the week, and on that Otto placed all his hopes.

On Sunday all was in readiness, even to new flowers—deep, beautiful red roses. And Otto wore the new suit which he had had made in London. It was of tweed, gray with a faint stripe of purple. He was very fond of purple. He knew that he had never looked handsomer, yet when at dusk, he sat in front of the waning fire, he was desperately unhappy. Then he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. There came a knock at the door, and he opened it to Bertha—radiant in a soft blue dress, and a little close hat. Otto took off her coat, saying

“Darling! this is heaven—having you come.”

Bertha laughed, nervously Otto thought. The dear girl was probably frightfully embarrassed.

“You had better save your endearments and your delightful compliments until after you hear why I have come,” she said.

“I wonder,” Otto murmured, “if I can’t guess why?”

“I’m afraid not. It’s rather difficult; I don’t know just how to begin. You see, I’ve never done anything like this before.”

"Suppose I help?" suggested Otto, taking her hand in his and pressing it to his lips.

"Please!" Bertha drew it away. "You misunderstand me. I have come to ask you a very great favor."

"And yet" Otto smiled. "I wonder if it is not you who are doing me the greatest of favors?"

"You will hardly think so, when I tell you. But—oh, I hate to ask you, Otto!"

"Dearest!" Otto reflected that he must have made a very handsome as well as a magnanimous figure as he said this. "Let me save you all the trouble and say it myself. I have suddenly realized that I want to—more than anything else in the world."

"What are you talking about?" Bertha was amazed. "You couldn't possibly know what I'm going to ask you—and as for wanting to—well, I don't know whether you're crazy or not. But to get to the point—Otto, I do hate to ask you, but I want you to—"

"Yes, Darling?" Otto leaned forward eagerly.

"Don't interrupt. I want you to give me five thousand marks for the Orphans' Home."

"What!" Otto looked stunned, and the blood was surging to his cheeks. "Do you mean to say that you came here just to ask me that?"

"Why, yes. What did you think I came for? What is the matter with you? You look so angry and startled. I'm sorry if you're offended, but of course you don't need to do it if you don't want to." Bertha looked worried, and started to move towards the door.

"I'm not angry—I just—oh, I can't tell you what the matter is. Don't go—a minute—here." And Otto with a tremendous effort at self-control, walked to his desk, made out a check and handed it to her.

"You are a darling. And I'm sorry if I bothered you. Good-bye!" And Bertha was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day Otto von Friedmann, handsome, debonaire and charming as ever, called on Hilda Aufmann. She was a little inclined to be stout, but she had money. And Otto had decided that "you could never tell about women. The ones you consider the most charming often turn out to

be the least so." And so he told Hilda that he had loved her all his life, and had spent months trying to get up courage enough to ask her to marry him. And Hilda, because she had been the third who had called on Otto's timid and retiring partner, and had also suffered a disappointment, murmured gently

"But you should have known, my Otto, that I have cared for you always!"

And so they lived happily ever after.

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### TO A LOST NAPKIN

MARY E. CLARK

---

H, thou sweet thing of virgin purity,  
(At least thou wast when I did see thee last)  
Why can I never find thee, of a surety  
When early in the morning I breakfast?  
Alas thou hast forgot me, I believe,  
And on another maiden's lap recline  
Would I like thee could easily deceive  
And break thy heart as thou art breaking mine.  
I need thee sore, would thou wert with me now  
This marmalade thy purity should taint  
But when I find thee, if I ever; woe!  
Some other woman's lipstick and her paint  
Will be ensconced upon thy virgin brow.  
Return, I pray, and end this mournful plaint.

(Return if not used.)



## CREDO

HELEN M. SPAIDAL



THE heavy oak door banged shut with an air of finality. For a fraction of a second, Marcia felt unhappy that its closing had not been less obtrusive. Fastening upon her thought and analyzing it she concluded that the finality of the bang was desirable. It was perhaps symbolic of the fact that she had been differentiated from the other girls who were still dancing in the mess hall inside, shapes of all colours of the world against the inevitable background of red tunics. It was, then, the noise that had jarred. Arthur should have known it was out of place in this setting of snow and moonlight with the long sweep of the frozen river below the terrace.

As they walked the length of the flagging her thoughts continued. There was, after all, no use in spoiling such a background. Two years of college in the States were enough to teach one that. Life was simply a matter of making the most out of what was offered, and you did it by always fitting in. Adaptation: it went deeper than externals but somehow it was personified in them.

Just at this point she became conscious that Arthur was talking. True to her code she became at once, outwardly at least, the perfect listener, but her thoughts went on apart.

Externals did mean so much. Her dress was as nearly perfect as possible but it was not so by accident. It had been a case of considering what would become black hair, would fit in with the scarlet of dress tunics, and be soft and feminine to appeal to men who saw women so rarely. She allowed herself a brief glimpse at her gold and silver chiffon. As if to affirm the wisdom of her choice, the setting of moonlight and snow had glorified it. Why, she was perfection! Suddenly she had a sense of power, of absolute mastery. This night could be worthy of anything. Could

Arthur understood that, she wondered, as again she became conscious of his voice.

"Not the cheeriest sort of life for a girl, Marcia. It will probably be the Imperial Army, and after that, service in the Colonies—India, perhaps, or Egypt. I had meant to wait, but this moonlight—"

Marcia had a curious sense of fatality, of predestination. Obviously there was only one thing to do. As though she were quite detached from herself she could see it in an impersonal way, as a spectator watches an absorbing play but is powerless to affect it. She would take Arthur's ring here with the moonlight and the snow and echoes of music from the mess hall demanding it of her. She even had a glimpse of herself in India, serving tea to homesick subalterns or watching the polo, all in white with a soft green hat. Such pictures were hypnotic, and they made the inevitable moment of answer come closer and closer until finally it had passed, and she realized that she had said, "No."

It was not until they turned to go in that she understood suddenly and appallingly that it had not been Arthur who had spoiled the setting.

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## CHERRIES—THE BERRIES

ARNOLD DANA


---



IF I were given a thousand years—  
A thousand dictionaries  
'Twould be but vain for me to try  
To tell my loves for cherries.

## CONCERTO

MELBA SIMMONS

 HE had thought they could be friends. There was something of intelligence between them. He had thought her a lovely being, perhaps with lovely notions. They were interested, at least.

They went to a concert together. After the first number he said, "Good, wasn't it?" But he wasn't thinking good, he was seeing fields of pale yellow, smelling pale yellow scent.

"Awfully. Golly, just great." She was visioning the pale head of Diana. She didn't like his comment.

He thought hers a little flat.

The second number was martial. "I can almost see the boys go by"—her turn now. She was watching their muskets, sun-glinted first, dulled now by the rain. She realized how meaningless her words sounded; but of course, one couldn't use words like "sun-glinted" in conversation. She tried to translate. "You know, all bright first, and sort of dull later on." She couldn't do any better.

He was hearing the jingling gallop of cavalry, and said, "Some of those cavalymen aren't half bad." Couldn't she have thought of anything that had even a bit of meaning?

She was more unwilling to give up her first liking for him. It must be that he was awkward and shy; doubtless he had the right feeling underneath. And he really was an adorable child.

They made no more comments. Afterward they walked about in the aching, moonless night. The air was rank with life—she sighed sharply. He was tense with the fecundity of the night. "This air—it's sort of heavy," he said. "It is, isn't it?" "Do you think we'd better go in then?" She had proved absolutely hopeless. Another rather cute moron.

She still clung to a faint vestige of hope that he was better underneath. But he didn't ask to call again. Then she definitely realized she'd been tricked again by good looks into implying a mind—a heart—where was only vacancy.

MARCIA  
ALICE PHELPS

---

**W**hat was known of Marcia McKenzie in the house where she lived was not exactly in her favor. It was not that she did not "belong"—she was accepted by the bunch which played around together, because of a combination of the subtle essence of distinction and of that common quality which marks a girl as fundamentally the right sort. They accepted her as "the type" if you know what I mean, but she was also a personality—a personality about which we knew nothing, irritatingly nothing. Even I, who had roomed with her (though in a double single) for three years, knew nothing. It was very perplexing.

She was standing at my window—looking out toward the range which could barely be seen in the grayness of a day in the third year of our rooming together, when I suddenly realized again that I knew almost nothing about her. It was a remark of hers which startled me, and set me off again on the quest of that which was Marcia. "Romance," she had said solemnly, "is dead." She stood in the window, watching the effect of her words, tall, slim, inscrutable, in a green serge with a chaste white collar.

"Sympathy," I decided, for she might be serious. So I smiled—and kept silent.

She gave me a semi-sardonic smile in return and I realized that I had missed my cue. I was never as subtle as I should have liked to be with Marcia.

"Why?" I inquired bluntly.

"No matter," she murmured and settled herself in my steamer chair—the only chair which really satisfied her slimmness. She wriggled until the cushions reached exactly the right point. I settled myself comfortably too. I would not, I knew, be really comfortable—it required more than I had to keep up with Marcia—and there was always the dissatisfaction of not understanding.

"Have you ever," she asked solemnly, "been in a storm at sea?" The remark had romantic possibilities. I shook



my head negatively, half expecting her to describe night on the ocean, the pounding of the waves, terror . . . She didn't—only smiled lazily and told me that she was the only girl who dared to stay on deck.

"Jim?" I questioned. She nodded. I knew that she had met Jim on shipboard, even that she occasionally heard from him, but he wasn't the only one. It was remarkable how many letters Marcia had from men that nobody knew about—remarkable that is for a college house.

She told me more about Jim. He had tried to persuade her to go in and she wouldn't, but the next day she had met him again, and from then on she had seen a lot of him. He was, I gathered, more interested in flying fish and sea weed and colors in the sea than in the engine room. And he danced marvelously. After they reached New York she still saw him, and later, when he'd gone back to Yale, he called her up every Thursday night.

In spite of myself, I was impressed. I was by nature incurably romantic, though I had tried to keep it from Marcia. I looked at her, big-eyed and questioning.

She leaned forward and laughed at me teasingly. Her eyes were dancing.

"At that point," she said with mock solemnity, "I began to grow —"

"Grow," I gasped. She nodded. "Three inches in two months," she added proudly.

"Well, what . . ." I began, with all the irritation of the susceptible. "Oh," she added lightly, "I outgrew him so to speak. He's only 5 feet 6—and thin—" She raised her hands in a gesture of despair.

In spite of myself I laughed—but she was serious again. "He didn't want me to come to college, but there wasn't anything else to do," she murmured. "He married last spring—a June bride with a lot of yellow hair and a few brains. She couldn't get into college—" Her fingers scratched the pillow suggestively and she murmured, "kitty, kitty," reprovingly under her breath.

I was lost again in the semi-serious sea of her sketchiness. Again I questioned her mutely.

"Last year he sent me a Valentine—" she sighed mockingly, and this year "The Season's Greeting's at Christmas." There was a silence which she filled with an-

other brilliant, teasing smile. I blushed because I had thought her serious.

"Romance—" I suggested to cover my confusion.

"Is dead," she finished lightly. "Have you done your Greek?"

"No," I said decidedly, "but Greek is easy." For a moment—but only for a moment—I think I puzzled her. I rose and got my Homer with a lighter heart.

## ETCHING

HELENE BASQUIN



HE rainbow has no color  
The morning has no dawn  
Earth has only monotones  
Now you are gone.

## PARADOX

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR



WOULD you tell her that you love her?  
She has heard the like before.  
Would you kiss her hand in silence—  
What to her is one slave more.

Keep your soft words and caresses,  
Hide your love from vain display:  
Only loss is in disclosure  
She may like you more this way.

## THE PLAINT OF A CHILD OF NATURE\*

EDITED BY HOPE PALMER

Feb. 12th.



Y name is——what does it matter! I am——some-  
 where between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five  
 —“Young men do then attain their maximum of de-  
 testability.” I was born in that part of the state of New  
 Jersey which calls itself “the suburbs” and have, of course,  
 been to Princeton.

I have loved five times in twice as many years and  
 seven women have loved me during the same period. Four  
 of the seven I had no feeling for save a sensation of flattered  
 vanity and a certain contemptuous pity. I am too utterly an  
 egoist to have gained anything from experiences in which  
 my own feelings were not involved. Two of the women I  
 have loved cared nothing for me but I think I have none the  
 less left an impression on their minds if not their hearts.  
 They have been an important part of the process by which  
 I am becoming hardened against pain. That is all. The  
 three reciprocal love affairs have affected me vitally and  
 brought me to the point of composing my plaint. I tire of  
 this “mouth to mouth” existence. I am weary of being the  
 victim of Nature’s practical jokes. Unnatural Mother!  
 How can I be revenged upon her cruelty? Were I to com-  
 mit hari-kari all over her most beautiful expanse of land-  
 scape so is she aided and abetted by the forces of civiliza-  
 tion that the first passing scavenger would sweep me up,  
 assemble me, and lay me in the morgue, neatly ticketed with  
 details as to where and when found and in what state of pre-  
 servation. Farcical is it not?

Thus have environment and experience combined to  
 produce in me a superficial sophistication and an actual

\*The editor disclaims all responsibility for the opinions set forth in this  
 extract. The article should be read not to the end of judging “Yea, yea”  
 or “Nay, nay” of the theories it expounds but for a glimpse at a very regret-  
 table type of mind which seems to flourish in the rarified air of Sophistry  
 which lies about the “effete east” of our day.

naivete. I know only enough to conduct myself in the way of our civilized life which involves gestures certain to arouse forces I have not the ability to deal with. "Existence is all a Feeling not yet shaped into a Thought."

I take recourse to the methods of the cave dwellers who, on the walls of their sunless retreats, drew pictures of those creatures they desired to master. I set down in crude and naked outline my Theory of The Nature Of Love.

Love is the process by which an idealist becomes a cynic. A rational being with definite convictions and a high sense of moral values encounters a beautiful emotion. Through successive stages of disillusion he arrives at a certain state of self knowledge. His emotions become desires. While his convictions and moral values stay with him he sees himself in danger of cold-blooded sensuality, sensation without emotion. Finally he knows himself the dupe of Nature and retires as rapidly as possible from the scene of ignominious defeat. He is now an idealist again. "Experience," says he, "is a great thing. Next time it will be different."

Unfortunately, however, Nature has the faculty of repeating herself infinitely. The poor victim in each adventure thinks he has found something new until he views it from the perspective of its completion. If one experience began at the point where the last one ended it might be recognized for what it was, but far be it from The Mother Of All Living to give away her secrets. The process goes on and on, over and over, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. Feb. 13th.

Such is the exposition of my theory of love. And a vague matter it appears on paper, carrying little meaning, I fear, to the mind of any save him who writes.

I thought to give a concrete example—last Summer's affair at York Harbor, in which moonlight, sea-water, shooting stars, and Genevieve's one-piece bathing suit were such potent factors; but it is better not. A man may walk naked down The Avenue having a heartfelt disgust for the sham of clothes but he will not get far before the strong arm of the law, representing public opinion, will arrest him for indecent exposure. I am afraid, moreover, that you would be bored by Genevieve.

Suffice it to say that this last affair taught me a lesson.



I shall not be fooled again. Experience is a great thing. Next time it will be different.

Feb. 14th.

I have just received a Valentine—lace paper with pink, lavender, and blue hearts, together with a slight admixture of fat cupids in pastel draperies. It bears a sentiment:

“Loving is a painful thrill  
But not to love more painful still.  
And, O. it is the saddest pain  
To love and not be loved again.”

I never knew the woman who could resist giving some suggestion of her identity in a valentine. There is something that looks like “A. S.” on the upper left hand heart, pink, of course. Very promising. Perhaps it’s Ariadne Speare. I met her last week—adorable girl. I think I’ll take her out to tea. I could very easily fall in love with a girl like that. Who knows but that this time—

---

## INCONGRUITY

RACHEL GRANT



GOLD-HAIRED man,” the Arab said  
Who thinks of you—he smiled  
And watched the silver sand  
That trickled vaguely from his finger-tips.  
Odd that, a thought of him so live, so young,  
Should come there in that deathly silent land;  
Odd that the thought of him should come  
From that dark and brooding camel-man,  
Clad in the loose soiled splendor of his desert race.

## THE COLOR OF EXPERIENCE

MARGARET A. BUELL

**H**IS profile was against the sky; she watched the wind stirring his hair until it stood in a crest above his forehead, like a curious sort of golden hat. Those inexplicable lines of D'Invilliers came into her mind.

"Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her;  
If you can bounce high, bounce for her too,  
Till she cry, 'Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover,  
I must have you!'"

Why had Fitzgerald used such lacquer words for a book made of dust and noise? They would not have been so flagrant in "The High Place." They were perfected by isolation like "Dieu! que le son du Cor est triste au fond des bois!"

This line she said softly to herself, letting it drip through her imagination like resin along the bark of a tree. The man turned his head to look at her, and his hair changed from its opaqueness to single metallic lines drawn disorderly on the background of a sky.

"What are you saying?" he asked, and for a moment she felt something akin to the nostalgia poets feel when they cannot quite remember the image they are searching for. This man was to her a nostalgia—an insistence upon the fantastic things of her imagination.

"I was saying the one line I know of Alfred de Vigny. I was thinking of an exile—Berchet—and his feeling for the 'black and prudent eye-brows' of the men of Italy. He was in a northern town, and very lonely—he looked into the street one day and saw ambassadors going by—his countrymen—and a great homesickness came over him, but the thing he remembered afterwards was their black and prudent eye-brows. Do you like it?"

He looked at her a moment without answering; she noticed that the sun was gilding his eyes, and that they were

the color of mahogany by candle-light. Henna eyes. She wandered what effect they had upon his soul. Then she felt the fatiguing, entrancing irrelevancy of her own mind.

"Yes," he answered finally, "but you love it. Because you love all complete—little things."

"And you love great ones—strife and will and hardness—reforming peoples' souls. I am afraid of your humanitarianism."

"Why? Because I care more for people than you? You care only for individuals."

"But the burden of humanity will make you a cruel person. You will be like a doctor, shutting his mind to sorrow or hysteria simply because they are not disease. The people who love you will know you are wise—perhaps great—but you will hurt them until they see you only as a figure-head. The carved kind on the prows of galleys. What is the use of galleys or figure-heads today—Cyrano?"

"Idealism is still alive—the kind which can be built up from the capabilities of human nature. It is the only creed worth having!" He looked at her steadily as if sure of her understanding. She had often laughed at his desire for re-creating society, because, being a girl, she knew the gallant impulse for what it was; she did not mistake it for philosophy. She laughed now, and took his hand in hers.

"You have a Tolstoi vision in Kipling sentiments. What then? Can you save the world? Does it care?"

"What does it matter whether it cares." He sat up eagerly and looked far off across the country to where a wheat field reflected the summer afternoon. "I care. Don't you see how much more splendid it is to have an ideal which involves many souls—many minds? That's where we differ. Your idealism expresses itself artistically. Where it might affect your own life, you turn it into ethics, you over-emphasize your chastity. There is no good or bad for the individual—there is no difference!"

"In art. How can we live our lives as artists? Immortality would be to me failing my idealism. . . . Physical purity is only a symbol—but wouldn't it matter more as a lost symbol than it does now as a disregarded reality? Do you like women who are defiant because they are afraid?"

"You exaggerate it, dear. What does one person's chastity matter in a world of beauty and thought?" He

looked at her again, searching for understanding. She saw him young and full of that glorious confidence in his ideas and strength which is given to only a few. She felt his charm with a poignant sensuality which was part of the sunlight and sky. She looked away from his mouth, fearing that she might kiss it.

"We're both right. But you are a man and you can be more consistent than I. Believing in strength and beauty—I love them so! And yet I can never act as if they were all. There is something else and it is not a thing I particularly want—. I think a man's soul must be apart from his body; a woman's is at the mercy of her imagination—and her body is always part of that."

There was a little silence after her words, in which she realized that she and this man she loved could not remain impersonal much longer. She remembered swiftly the many days of their enthralling, discontented talk. She remembered the night he had told her he would never marry, because he was afraid of marriage. At the time she had entirely sympathized with his desire for freedom since she had had it herself. And marriage had seemed a problem which could never confront them in their quest for adventure. Now—now it had become an alternative; their adventure was upon them. To stop her thoughts she suddenly leaned forward and kissed him. He looked at her as if waiting for an answer. She did not speak.

"Dearest," he whispered, "we've only been talking about ourselves. You have said that the thing which kept you from me was something you didn't believe in—didn't understand. Do you love me?"

She could answer that anyway. "Yes," she said, "I love you." She felt as if the sun were too close to her eyes, as if the sky were too hot and blue. She looked in a sort of desperateness across the country-side, past the burnished wheat field to a grove of dark elms. They seemed to calm her. Suddenly a pack of dogs streamed out from behind the trees, their ears and tails flopping wildly like so many pennants. What were dogs doing in a pack—this was not the hunting season. Their activity disturbed her. She knew that soon she would have to look into his eyes that were like mahogany by candle-light. She was afraid. . . And then



she remembered that line which had struck her almost as a premonition at the time she read it:

“Fool, do not boast,

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind.”

She would say it aloud; perhaps it was magic. When she did, her voice sounded bitter. She tried to remember that bitterness was not part of love. She must not reproach him for what he did not want to do.

“Dearest—dearest!” He took her in his arms. “Is it as bad as that? A false convention—a thing you don’t believe in? Don’t you know it wouldn’t matter to me if you were a very wicked person? How can it matter when you have simply loved me enough to do as I ask? Why not be honest about what you, your self, want—”

“But that is just what I’m doing. It is my own self. I love you—you’ll never believe how much, because I won’t be able to prove it. But it wouldn’t be myself if I were to sacrifice everything else to that—.” There was another silence and she felt miserably again the unfeeling blueness of the sky. She made herself look at him for fear she would become so lonely that it would frighten her.

His voice, when he spoke, was detached; to another person it might have sounded bored. He released her, and stood up alone. She saw him shrug his shoulders unselfconsciously. Her old feeling, that he would constantly face the future no matter what was behind him, made her remember the figure-head on a galley’s prow. She closed her eyes and waited, finding a sort of comfort in the coolness of his shadow across the grass. “Of course,” he said without much emotion, “if you feel that ‘everything else’ is more important than love—you’re quite right in deciding as you have. You have always been afraid of calling things by their real names—but I should have hated a mistress—with regrets. It doesn’t matter particularly—” he paused as if absorbed by some inner experience, and then finished his sentence in rather a hurry—“when you are married, you may realize that it would have been just the same with me. Ugliness.” He lighted a cigarette and his eyes were on the setting sun, or on the golden wheat field which reflected it as Perseus’ shield once reflected the Gorgon’s head. From where she was lying in his shadow, she could see that the wind had ruffled his hair into a curious sort of golden hat. He had

bounced high for her, and she had cried to him, "Lover! Gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover, I must have you!" But that was the end. There was nothing in the poem to show that the lover had come, after his lady's applause. Why had she believed a poem. . .

Suddenly he was kneeling at her side, and her hands were in his. She wondered strangely if this was another beginning or another end. "Dear," he said, "forgive me. It wouldn't have worked either way. I must do things in the world, and you must be happy with someone more worth while. Good-bye—and God bless you always." She felt his kiss as if it were something he was waiting to take with him, it was so very far-away. He had done his best to obliterate the word "ugliness;" he had cared how she would remember him. She heard his light foot-steps going away through the grass, and then the whistle of his tuneless song.

But why was he going? What had she left as recompense for the only person she would ever love? Then, in spite of herself, and in the midst of her terrible regret, she remembered that she had loved before—and even to the number of times. She felt again that fatiguing, entrancing irrelevancy of her mind, but she could not resist it—"In the golden lightning of the sunken sun"—

She rose slowly to stand where he had stood, and look toward the emblazoned west where he had looked. She wondered if she could have heard a hunter's horn from as far away as the group of elms—and then she wondered what had become of the pack of dogs, or if she had only imagined them.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE EVERLASTING MAN

By G. K. CHESTERTON

Dodd, Meade and Company

**W**E might avoid a book with such a title in a mistaken suspicion that the author offers another "explanation" of evolution. Chesterton however lacks the "fatal quality of leaving on many minds the impression that they do understand" evolution and everything else. His purpose in this book is to fix "the falsity of certain vague and vulgar assumptions"—such as the modern illusion that something is known about the "cave-man," and such as the notion that Christianity is not a unique religion. Chesterton has subtilty and makes no "insane simplifications."

To the Catholic perhaps it is all very obvious, but to those of us who are neither really inside Christendom nor really outside it, as well as to pagans, there is something of the highest value in Chesterton's account of "The Everlasting Man." And as for the persons who cannot be induced to be other than entirely indifferent to religious thought, the sight of a man who can be fascinating as well as sincere and provocative even while in earnest is worth an inconsistency in their habits.

R. L. T.



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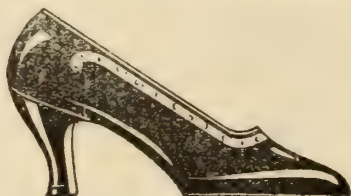
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March, 1926

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---



R. BEELY SIXLER enters, a little late but large and glowing. Head up, chin in, weight on the balls of the feet. And wow! but he was bonny.

"I wonder if we could have a little discussion. Of course I don't want to influence you. Everyone feels differently about things but I wonder—could we have some expression of opinion? (*timorously*) Miss Blubblub?"

MISS B. "On what?"

MR. B. S.: "I can't say. I mustn't influence you. Well, Miss Glubglub?"

MISS G.: "I think tomorrow's written should be postponed."

MISS B.: "I think it should be a yes-or-no written."

MR. B. S.: "Well, vote by a show of hands. Shall we have a written? All right. There will be no written."

*Then ensued a discussion about religion and modern life. [NOTE: Mr. Beely Sixler, when asked by the inquiring reporter, answered that he did not wish to commit himself at present.]*

MISS S. C. A. C. W.—"I think there should be bigger and better salvation for each and every one."

LI'L SOUTHERN GIRL—"Ah think so too."

MUTTERING SOCIOLOGIST—"Herd instinct."



AESTHETE (*from back row*)—"Oh, this is too, too sordid."

MUTTERING SOCIOLOGIST—"Let us rationalization—and again rationalization—Rah, Rah, Rah!"

AESTHETE—"I do not feel Beauty. Let us consider the poetry of the Old Testament. "Oh! What is so rare as a day in June. Yea, then if ever—"

*A wild light comes into Mr. Beely Sixler's eye. No help is in sight. They're off!*

LIT. SOUTHERN GIRL—(*at random*)—"—talk about souahces for this and reasons for that. I was awlways tawght in Sunday school there were three wise men—a great big wise man—middle size wise man—and a teeny-little wise man and—"

Nasal student interrupting, pale from earnestness and a week-end: "Really Mr. Sixler, I don't get any of my comfort from religion, I get all my comfort from scieance and I think that is the way it is because I get all my comfort in life from scieance."

MR. B. S.—(*bravely*)—"Well what do the sociologists think of it. Miss Special Honors?"

MISS SPECIAL HONORS—(*looking up from game of tick-tack-to with another charter member of the Exodus Club—after pause, with great dignity*)—"Eschatology!"

*Everyone in awe—"O-oh!"*

EARNEST NASAL STUDENT—"You know, Mr. Sixler, I I get all my comfort from scieance.—"

MR. B. S.—(*in desperation—playing his last card—*"But what about the problem of evil? Miss So-and-So?"

MISS SO-AND-SO—"It's in the Apocrypha. [*She is unanimously taken in to the Exodus club and pinned on the spot.*]

MR. B. S. "—of course, you are justified in your own opinion. [*He appears to weep.*]

AESTHETE—"Let us consider the aesthetic appeal of dogma."

MUTTERING SOCIOLOGIST, (*lifting lip*)—"Defense mechanism!"

MR. B. S. *appears inflated.*

AESTHETE—"Biblical literature is vital to us today—living, breathing, thoroughly modern. I shall write a paper

based on the startling similarity, in form and spirit, of the Biblical sentiment, 'Enoch walked with God: And he was not: For God took him,' compared to the modern poem, 'Algy met a bear: The bear was Bulgy: The Bulge was Algy'."

MR. B. S.—(*breathing hard*)—"Not here, please, not here!"

EARNEST STUDENT—(*no less nasally*)—"—all my comfort from science and the way it was I think was just personality and the greatest prophet had the most personality and the more personality a prophet had the greater he was and—"

*A throaty one pronouncing disdainfully from the front row*—"After all Mr. Sixler, wasn't the Messiah simply a man with a flair for religion?"

*Mr. Beely Sixler waves his hands feebly but makes no sound. Seeming swollen, he has been looming larger and larger as the class seethed beneath him. Someone screams and the inevitable has happened. Alas! Mr. Beely Sixler has burst!*

## THE MYSTIC

S. W. TAYLOR



*HE* class scattered intermittantly through the first two rows, indulges in frequent yawns, relaxation of facial expression and physical attitude, two o'clock absence of mentality, and the complete exhaustion induced by the previous four upward flights. The Mystic, with pale thin face, keen dark eyes, pince-nez, and heavy coils of dark brown hair, gropes monotonously through illegible dull manuscripts. At the end of the first she looks absently toward the window and sharply assails a dozing student. "Miss A?"

MISS A. (in low, humble tones) "I liked it."

A silence follows during which the Mystic fixes the sphinx-like student with her gimlet-gaze. Gimlet-gaze found futile, Mystic tries again. "Miss B?"

MISS B. (apologetically) "I liked it, too." (Mystic emits a sound.) MISS B. (hastily) "It was well written."

MYSTIC: "Any more comments?"

Whereupon Mystic, after some shifting of papers, muttering, shaking of head and simultaneous shifting of glasses, proceeds to read another paper.

"Miss C, were you interested?"

MISS C. (suddenly aroused) "I-I-I'm sorry. I didn't hear it all."

MYSTIC: "Well?"

MISS C.: "I am a little sleepy I'm afraid. It's—it's just after lunch."

MYSTIC: (looks at clock meditatively) "Yes—yes, it is after lunch isn't it?" (seems amused.) "And your attention wandered?"

MISS C. (meekly) "Yes."

MYSTIC: "Miss D. what can you say about it?"

MISS D: "It failed somehow—" (Patient waiting—)

MYSTIC: (mildly reproachful) "And your attention wandered, too?" (with a despairing smile and sad shakes of

*brown coiled head—pince-nez also shake—Mystic takes up another paper. Reads.)*

MYSTIC: (*puts paper down, looks out of window pensively*) "Yet somehow the author's purpose"—(*lost in self-communion. Comes back to class decidedly:*)

"It seems to me that cream of the earth would be better than salt."

VIGOROUS STUDENT: "Oh, I don't think so."

MYSTIC: (*surprised*) "You don't?"

(*Argument ensues as to the relative merits of salt and cream, in which the class begins to be interested. Mystic reads another paper.*)

MYSTIC: (*wearily*) "Miss D?"

MISS D. (*dissatisfied*). "I never saw frothy fog."

(*Class gets excited about this, approaches animation. Mystic sits aloof subtly smiling; one feels that she dissects the writhing process at her feet, and, one by one, its unaccountable participants. Finally, it is agreed, through the impartial arbitration of Mystic, that there may be frothy fog though some irreconcilables still insist that they have never seen it.*)

(*Mystic reads another paper, during which all sparks become extinct.*)

MYSTIC: (*murmurously*) "Miss B?"

MISS B. (*droesing*) "Didn't like it very well." (*suddenly brightens*) "My—My attention wandered."



## LIEDAH AND THE SWANS

M. A. BUELL



IME: 9 A. M., Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

PLACE: Class in Literary Criticism.

PROFESSOR: (*who looks like a cross between a leprechaun and a football hero*) "Now this morning we must leave the 16th century Italians and get to the Elizabethans. Their's is a bigger—a better—a finer—a more moral attitude toward the use of words. On the one hand we have the euphuists—the ornate users of the phrase; on the other, we have the purists—the men who disliked—

EARNEST STUDENT: "Wilson! Ink-horn terms."

PROFESSOR: (*nodding violently and darting his eyes from left to right*). "Exactly! Just as in the abstract sense we have, on the one hand, poetry, and on the other, prose—(*he measures off about a yard of air and proceeds to hack it into equal pieces with an imaginary cleaver*). "But note, however, that the line dividing poetry and prose cannot be defined—it is a bigger—a better—a nobler distinction than a line—"

EARNEST STUDENT: (*with worried look*) "But what do the metaphysicians mean—"

PROFESSOR: (*in a hurry to oblige, and nodding violently to keep her spirits up*) "Exactly—exactly. We're coming to that—it's all a question of whether this spot—(*he brings his finger down harder than is necessary upon the desk, and darts his eyes about*) which I hit with my finger is this spot in relation to the table—or—whether this table approaches the ideal of all tables—the ideal table—a bigger—a better—a greater table than man can possibly conceive—or whether this spot is only a spot whirling through space. On the other hand we have what we think is a spot—note, however, that the metaphysicians are becoming less and less important—it really doesn't matter (*his eyes dart desperately as he nears the end of his speech*)—it doesn't mat-

ter if the spot is there or if we only *think* it's there. (*He biffs the table again at the point which may be really miles away, whirling through space—and then returns breathlessly to the Earnest Student.*)

EARNEST STUDENT: "But what about the idea of free will—"

PROFESSOR: (*gulping and nodding again with gratified excitement*) "Exactly—exactly. Let me illustrate—if Miss Fleshly Woman meets Mr. Godly Man—No, that's the illustration for Harold Bell Wright. Free will—well—if I were to say to myself now, I wish to be sailing through the Golden Gate in a square-rigged schooner (*his eyes dash over the faces before him*) it wouldn't be possible because my will is not triumphant over the laws of—of—well, let us say, gravity—and so forth. On the other hand, if I set about saving now—give up my job—in three months' time, get on the train to California, I might arrive five days later—taxi to the wharf—and find it was only a frigate after all—(*he laughs a little, as if he had almost caught himself being sentimental, then bangs shut "Loco Critici" and nods violently to such of the front row as are still looking at him*). "All right—fine—excellent—splendid—great work. You're doing splendidly. Next time—next time—we take—take up the Elizabethans—(*his eyes rake the ranks like a rapid-fire machine gun*)—a nobler—a more nostalgic—a robuster race—"

EARNEST STUDENT: (*to herself*) Wilson. Ink-horn terms.

## THE BUTTERED ROLL

E. HALL



IME: Any Friday. Either 11 or 12 A. M.

Place: That Smith College classroom in which the arms of the chairs make the most noise when let down for note-taking. The room is dark and stuffy, some kind soul having closed both windows and shutters to exclude the morning sun.

Action: At least ten people fall up the steps into the room. The other forty fall into their seats and slam down the chair arms. The professor enters, lights the gas burner under a metal container, and proceeds to call the roll. "Miss Adams, Miss Addington,—iss Agnew,—s Aldrich,—derson,—mun"—and the following names blend into a soothing murmur. There is no cessation to the replies of "Here," however, until a brave sophomore in the back row forcibly ejaculates "Louder, please." The professor registers pained surprise. "Miss Holden, Miss Hughes—". The B's to H's who have miscalculated the professor's progress through the roll, look vacantly at their neighbors, hoping that enough J's to R's have also miscalculated to counteract the error. More murmurs from behind the desk, interrupted by simultaneous "Here's" from opposite corners of the room. The violence of the sound disturbs the professor. "Miss Saunders?" emphatically. Silence. "Miss Seymour?" "Here." The class relaxes. The professor folds his list. "Are there any names I have not called?" Five students raise their hands. Four volunteer their identity. The lecture begins. The fifth student, utterly failing to attract the slightest attention from the professor, sinks into lethargy after remarking, "Thank God for unlimited cuts!" The lecture continues . . . "Factors affecting the intensity of sound are"—

## THE POETICAL HOUR

S. W. TAYLOR



T 9h., 9m. A. M.

All eyes are magnetized to the minute hand of the clock. An explosive silence threatens. At 9h. 9m. 36s a few bold students rise tentatively, and stand guiltily petrified. Others, more timid, poise on the edge of tilted chairs. Disquiet increases, rolling to a crest, till, a fraction of a second before 9:10, a sudden tap of steps is heard in the corridor. Classical subsidence ensues, and the Poetess, pink-faced and becomingly pink-hatted, is wafted in and up to her muse's throne. She is breathless, smiling, lovely; with the enthusiasm of one who presents a delightful surprise, she announces, in a voice like a bluster of rose-petals:

"I am going to read to you this morning—poetry!" The murmurous motion of the class is graciously received. Then, in a practical tone: "But, first we must have the lecture (*pleasantly*) Miss X. will you give us the lecture this morning?"

MISS X.: "I wasn't there."

POETESS: "Miss—Miss" (*looks anxiously about for a familiar face.*) "Miss Q. will you give us the lecture?"

MISS Q: (*says nothing, looks dazedly at the floor, wiggles, says nothing,—neighbors tittering nervously are withered with a fierce glance from the throne—turns red, coughs, and begins*) "Well—the President said—"

POETESS: (*Brusquely*) "We don't want to know what the President said. Can't you give us the lecture?"

(*Miss Q looks terrified. Poetess smiles, suddenly, sweetly, wrinkles her nose in the most bewitchingly elfin fashion and looks solemnly out of the window while Miss Q endeavors to recover.*)

MISS Q.: "Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Bacon—"

POETESS: (*Eyes withdrawn from window, peer eagerly*)



into faces, again with the delightful surprise.) "Both Devon men! Did you know that?"

(*The class, uncomprehending, responds appreciatively. Miss Q honestly, looks blank.*)

POETESS: (*with cheerful indulgence*) "Yes? Go on." (*eyes return to window.*)

MISS Q.: "Sir Walter Raleigh—"

POETESS: "Did Mr. Neilson say that? Are you sure he did? I wasn't, there, but I think I know what he said." (*Smiles, suddenly, sweetly. As suddenly serious.*) "Yes? Go on."

(*Miss Q goes on. Poetess muses windowward.*)

POETESS: (*reverie ceases reluctantly*) "Now Miss Q Bacon was a very versatile man, one of the most versatile of his time; did you know that?" (*pleasantly.*) "Will you give us a list of his activities?" (*looks expectantly, encouragingly at Miss Q.*)

MISS Q: (*after some thought*) "He wrote—"

POETESS: "Yes" (*reassuringly.*)

MISS Q.: "Essays."

POETESS: "An essayist, yes. What else?" (*agreeably*)

MISS Q: (*struggling*) "On science—"

POETESS: "Well" (*not so agreeably*). "I told you he was very versatile."

MISS Q: "I don't know any more."

POETESS: (*indignantly*) "Why, use your imagination, Miss Q!"

VOICE: (*from other end*) "Poems."

POETESS: "No, I never read them. Now Miss Q, have you thought of anything?"

MISS Q: (*feebly*) "Essayist, scientist—"

POETESS: "Yes, you've given those. Yes?" (*silence.*)

MISS Q: (*more feebly*) "Scientist—"

POETESS: "Orator of course." (*Then in a relieved tone*) "I think that's enough for the lecture" (*class also relieved.*) "I have here some poems of Walter de la Mare about the sea. There is something very romantic about the sea. I am feeling romantic this morning. The first is—" (*The poetess reads, with vivacious, charming manner, and lovely voice. Class sits.*) "Do you like these? I thought you would."

At 9:45. "Oh, I'm afraid you'll have to go." (*Class*

*moves.*) What are you reading now? Oh, yes, Ben Jonson. You like him, don't you—I thought you would." (*As class gets up*):

POETESS: (*with a benedictional smile*) "Tomorrow I'll read you some poetry." (*while the last file out, calls pleasantly after them.*) "I hope you're keeping up with the reading. You'll find a list posted outside Room—(*number lost in the shuffle.*) "It's interesting you know!"

## DOLOROSA

(*Being a translation from the Sanskrit of Dhṛs Dam,  
as preserved in a fragment of early Indian Veda.*)

R. ROSE



HERE was ink on her fingers!

She would fain have hidden them, if only by folding her hands with meekness and calling up an unusually enthralled expression. It might be equally effective. But how then should she take notes? And how should she, then or ever, not take notes? "Life," someone had said, "is just one note after another." "One *damn* note," it had been, but profanity was so feminine. The modern girl (and Dolorosa was modern) could show no traces of Victorian language. Adjectives may come and adjectives may go, but notes go on forever. She tried holding the pen balanced against a thumb, the offending fingers curled under. The tremulous festoons did much to beautify and illumine the margins of her breviary. How could she concentrate, how write at all, with his eyes upon her—not upon her, but on her hands. Over all the eight rows back and six to the side, she felt his gaze burning her fingers. In desperation, she raised her head to face him. He seemed to be looking out of the window, confiding his great thoughts to a fascinated sparrow. But she knew better. Really, fundamentally, he was looking at her hands.

For a moment, rebellion surged in her. If *his* pen leaked, and he had no blotter, and everyone was too busy taking notes to answer a look of appeal—Vain, of course. His pen would not dare leak. The blotter itself was a symbol of failure, the need of a blotter, confession. She should be above such needs of the flesh—for three hours a week, anyway. That she, who thought herself, and tried to be thought, a rational being, a being with something like a soul—that

she should be subject to ink! harrow! Allas! Also, welaway!

\* \* \* \* \*

Three time he had called the roll and found her missing. He looked at the class with pained inquiry. "Where is Dolorosa?"

Out of the silence, a brave voice replied, "She is in the infirmary."

After the class had withdrawn, the owner of the brave voice resumed, still bravely. "I knew her. She was my roommate. They say complete rest and quiet, for many weeks—" She bravely steadied her voice, and went on bravely, "Her reason is tottering. She spends her time trying to write—" she blushed, but conquered her emotion, "trying to write with her—her toes."

"How unnecessary," he told her encouragingly. "As I remember, she had rather pretty hands. Or, to be honest, I didn't notice she had hands at all." He called her back as she was departing, dazed by such condescension. "By the way, it is always possible to take—"


"No notes?" she asked, unable to believe her ears.

"Your notes in pencil. I understand one can write faster so."



## THE CYNIC

M. SIMMONS

 HE class files in. Gradually above their buzz is heard a louder humming. They then keep up their conversing only intermittently.

MR. GRANT—"Scene five, Act four. MMmmmmmm—la femme." (*Laughter.*) (*He paces up and down.*)

MR. GRANT—"MMmmmmmm l' amour. Mais pourquoi l' amour?" (*Laughter.*) mmmmmmmmmmm Cest la vie. Oui, la vie est comme ca." (*Laughter.*)

"MMMMMmmmmmmmm L'Amour." (*Laughter.*) (*He paces.*)

"MMMMMMmm, Cherchez la femme." (*Laughter.*)

"MMMnumm. "La vie est comme ca. Toujours comme ca." (*No laughter.*)

"Mmmmmmmmmmm. L' amour encore." (*one snicker.*)

"mmmmmmmmmm. Cherchez la femme." (*Silence.*)

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm ad infinitum."

# KALEIDOSCOPIC PSYCH

M. SIMMONS

---

MR. BISHOP: "Now does every one understand? Any questions?"

VOICE: "But what does that mean?"

B: "No one knows."

V: "What would happen then?"

B: "The reaction is too complex to be reasoned out."

V: "Can you give us an example?"

B: "If you were looking through this -scope your right eye would see what your left eye should see, your left eye—I said right first, didn't I—yes, that's right—or did I say left first—no—I said right. Then your left eye will see what your right should see. Thus the picture would be left right instead of right right—I mean to say, right left. In other words, your right eye would be getting the image of the left, and the left—the right?—no, the left, that of the right, and the result would be that the image was right left—did I say right left?—I meant left right. Now is that clear?" (Ominous silence).

"Now look through this -scope. Pro-bly you won't see the right thing. Still you might. You never can tell? Hmm? Still, you pro-bly won't."

V: "But what's the *use* of that?"

B: "No use. What's the use of anything, though, if you come to that? Hmmm . . . I will now give a definition of intelligence. First, what do you think of it?"

V: "Mind" (Together.)

V: "Understanding."

V: "Comprehension."

B: "You'd better not use the word mind. Because what do you mean by it? Hmm? . . . The best answer is that there is no definition. No one knows just what intelligence is. We will now go on to discuss it. Question?"

V: "Well, how are we going to discuss it without even knowing what we're talking about?"

B: "Don't you often do that in real life? Hmm? You have to often. Hmm?"

V: "Yes, but will it mean anything?"

B: "Pro-bly not much. But that's the way ps-ych is. It's still very disorganized Hmm? Question?"

V: "Do animals have intelligence?"

B: "We don't know. Let's get on."


V: "I'm sure dogs have."

B: "Maybe. No one knows. Well—we'll take this up from this point tomorrow then. Hmmm. We never get as far as we ought to."

O, DICKY, SHALL I CALL THEE BIRD,  
OR BUT A WANDERING VOICE?

E. E. GOLDEN

---

URVEYING his far-flung class and matching the woodwork he announces proudly, "I have made out a program of dates when your papers are to be finished. Now where are those push pins? I saw some here not two minutes ago. This is as bad as the library. My father always—well that's another story. I wonder if the girl looking up the Beggar's Opera knows the Latin motto over the stage. I couldn't translate what I copied down. Absent? It doesn't matter. You needn't come to class. You won't miss anything and get better marks if you stay away, oh, drop in now and then. Let's see now, where did we start—not that I couldn't link this up somehow if I wanted—but we may as well go back. About versimilitude. It all depends. [Class writes—"versimilitude depends."] It all strikes one person as humorously illogical—or let us say better—humorously discrepant, another as ribald, good word ribald. [Class writes "ribbled=good word."] Artists look from an angle, from a slant, from a slanting angle, or on—no not an angling slant. [Class writes various things.] Amy Lowell said a bird jumped. Scientists didn't know and the bird did jump. Anyhow things happen in some books as in life because people didum. The test of an artist is whether he can tell a good bear story, so "The Cloister and the Health" is probably the best English novel because of the story of Denis and the bear. You see here is the bear coming along the limb just almost biting him, and here's Denis, and his friend is on the ground and the bear is almost biting Denis. Now what was his friend's name? Let me see. I don't know. Well he shoots off his harquebus. Is that it? Harquebus or whatever it was called. Anyway he shoots off his slugs, and knocks the bear off the limb and as the limb is released it of course flips Denis off, and



that is the end of the chapter, but not the end of the story, because Denis' story is just beginning. The bear falls first—a couple of hundred tons of bear and Denis falls afterwards. Denis and the nice fat bear. So why shouldn't they fall on the same spot? (triumphantly getting back to the point) And that, dear children, is versimilitude. [Class writes "same spot=versimilitude."] A kind of chanciness hand in glove with a temperament is the clearest interpretation of life. [Class doesn't even try.] You will realize all this when you are older and wiser. Let me see, I have some books here which the librarians have let me keep—you know, once I lent to the library—well there is no time for that now. I want to read to you—where is that now? That can't be the bell! The clock says twenty minutes of the hour. My aunt had a clock—well some other time. We shall leave realism with today's lecture and tomorrow I shall take up—well whatever it is. [Class leaves well satisfied and he beams at them as they pass.]

## THE ROSE KNOWS

H. PALMER

---



H mentioned one day the Shakespearian Leah,  
It must be mah voice is excessively queah;  
Ah cawn't blame it all on the public eah—  
They thought ah referred to the Biblical Leah!

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## MADAME BOOMERANGENLUNGEN

H. PALMER

---



W ITH black lace sleeves and gracious mein,  
She mounts the stage in Graham Hall.  
"Notice," she says, "the lucious flesh.  
I've placed some fortigraphs on the wall  
Downstairs. Of course they don't suggest  
The colors that twine about the eye  
In melodious harmonies like threads  
That rise to crescendo, and fade, and die.  
Filminess, sweet and gauzy charm  
But a touch of decadence, don't you know,  
Characterize the qualities  
Best seen in Fra Angelico."


From the proscenium she glides.  
"Please turn the lights and show the slides."



## EDITORIAL

---



T is customary, upon parting with the *Monthly*, to write a farewell editorial full of mild regret about those things we have done which we ought not to have done; it would be even more fitting to observe such a custom this year than it has been heretofore. It would be gratifying to reveal, as grand finale, some complicated policy hitherto concealed, by which we might explain such apparent accidents as the Burlesque Number. It would be clever to convince the public that the *Monthlies* of this year have surpassed the *Monthlies* of all preceding years, and that finally an undergraduate publication has become a power on the campus.

But we have hardly ever done the fitting thing, (at least, from the academic point of view), and there is nothing more revolting in this day of honest piracy than death-bed penitence. The question of policy is almost as quickly dealt with: we have tried to make the *Monthly* as readable as possible for the greatest number. Where readability and a "high literary" standard have not jibed—and this is usually the case in non-professional writing—we have admittedly sacrificed the "literary" to the readable. Our defense is that no undergraduate writes so much better than another undergraduate as to justify the type of thing in which "high literary" ability usually expresses itself—the source essay, the still-life essay and the prose poem about woods in November. The result has been a magazine composed of first-hand material, often crudely put together, but more sincere, usually more original—certainly closer to the life and thoughts of the college than such exhaustive works as "The Friendship of Goethe, Schiller and Eckermann." To those who have criticized our "flippiness" or our "bad taste" I would add that our primary purpose has been to interest the college—or that minority of it which will ever be inter-

ested in things youthfully literary. We have tried to carry out this purpose on the theory that it is better to have a magazine which is read by a fair number—no matter what their motive—than a magazine which is only a clearing house for themes and whose artistic value is appreciated solely by its contributors and a very few of the Faculty. As for being clever enough to convince the public that the *Monthly* is now a power on the campus—it would be a disillusioning effort. We are only clever enough to know that it isn't—nor probably ever will be. Theoretically, I believe there should be no *Monthly* at all; if any group of congenial spirits within the college cared enough about writing or expressing their ideas to form a magazine for that purpose, well and good. The result would probably be clever, unified, and while it lasted, stimulating. The idea that a *Monthly* must go on year after year—and worse—month after month with as little support as now exists, is discouraging in itself; the material ceases to be inspiring, there is never time to do each issue as well as it should be done—the meetings are often a bore—the whole thing sags . . .—But this is not a matter for us to decide. After all, the first breakfast is exciting—the walking out of chapel as a new-born literati, the exultation which comes from having one's Public—and if the *Monthly* is to continue, as I am sure it will, this youthful enthusiasm must not die away. Those already on the Board should remember their pristine thrill; those not yet on the Board should strive always toward the vision of themselves in a paper and safety-pin, leading out of chapel.

And so we, who have had fun, wish as much to the succeeding *Monthlies*—forever and ever. My only warning to our immediate successors is that brilliant misquotation which partakes of the spirit of Special Honors: there is danger in being, “like Caesar's wife, all things to all men!”


M. A. B.



## THE LOST TALENT

A. PHELPS

---

 HERE was once a girl who became obsessed with an idea. "Let us," she said, "do good. Why must we wait until we are Educated?" "Why, indeed," thought the wise, "Why indeed?" cried the fools, and even the divine average murmured their approval. They turned them to the girl and asked "How?" "We must," said the girl firmly, "become organized." "Yes," agreed the philosophers sadly. "The very thing," shouted the fools. The divine average said nothing at all. They cared little either way. The girl, obsessed with the idea, cared nothing for that. She communicated her enthusiasm to several of her friends, and together they divided the work. There was soon an Organization.

Thus the idea was preserved and passed down from generation to generation.

There came a time, however, when the Organization swallowed the idea. "Let us do good' is only one third of our work," said the girl's successors. "We will call that part the Social Committee, The People's Institute Committee, and Deputations. Now for the other two thirds—we must also *feel* good." It was not long then before a chairman for the Speakers' Committee came into being, and Chairmen for Conferences, for Publicity, for Entertainment, for Discussions, for Missions and Student Volunteers, for House Representatives, followed each other in rapid succession. They had long since had a President, a vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. It became necessary then to have meetings.

"Shall we pray," said the President. The Vice-President acquiesced. Afterwards—

"I have collected money," said the first.

"The Social work is going well," said the second.

"I have teachers to teach at the Institute," said the third.

"Deputations are organized and acting," said the fourth.

"I have arranged for an Intercollegiate Conference of the Connecticut Valley Colleges for the Discussion of what would happen if there were a few Christians in the World, today, or Christian life on the Campus." This from the fifth.

"Discussion groups are formed," said the sixth.

"Missions and Student Volunteers are—that is to say, they exist," said the seventh.

"I have a representative for each house," said the eighth.

"And I have speakers for Tuesday night and Thursday morning," said the ninth.

"Pardon me," interrupted the Secretary, "but why don't more people come to hear them?" So it was that they began to discuss . . . Thus it went on.

## THE GENII UNCORKED

M. A. BUELL

**B**EING a true and just account of how the MONTHLY comported itself among the younger *Intelligentsia* of Boston and Eastern America, who met to compile an *anthology* of college writings.)

TIME—*The Intercollegiate Conference of Undergraduate Magazines from Eastern Colleges; February 14, 1926.*

PLACE—*The Harvard Advocate House, Cambridge, Mass.*

SCENE—*A very small room with an open fire and window seats; a few framed copies of censored Harvard Advocates dot the walls beneath a dado of beer steins which runs parallel to the line of the molding. The few comfortable chairs are occupied by the delegates from Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr and Smith. The Mount Holyoke, Goucher and Barnard representatives, together with the one gentleman from Columbia, overflow into the Harvard section along the window seats. A little chaperon in a black velvet dress which is too big for her crouches under a table between an electric heater and a Harvard man. Every editor is looking at a manuscript with more or less attention. The air is very full of pipes and cigarettes. The chairman of the meeting seems bent on moving cautiously through the narrowest spaces with a worried look and a tin box of Melachrinos. Except for his efforts at silence, there is no noise. Finally, at a giggle from the Radcliffe delegate, everyone looks up.*

RADCLIFFE—(in a Spoken English voice) Oh, this is just too perfectly delicious! Childishly immature and lacking motivation—quite the most futile poem! (The delegates from Smith, who have taken *Literary Criticism*, exchange looks. The one who knows least about it, decides to express herself.)

FIRST SMITH—I'm sure one doesn't need to consider 'motivation' except in regard to the drama.

SECOND SMITH—(*in a supporting voice*) See Croce and Robert Withington.

RADCLIFFE (*more Spoken English than before*) Oh, but really! Shall I read it? It's very short—(*She looks about for encouragement, but receiving none, bites her lip and glares like a bad mare with her ears back. A little person from Harvard who resembles a bitten-off asparagus tip in drawn butter, gives voice*)—

ASPARAGUS TIP—I read it. It stinks!

CHAIRMAN (*whirling about with the box of Melachrinos*)—Mr. Biggs, your remark is out of order!

ASPARAGUS TIP—What's the matter with it? "Stink" is a good Old English word.

SMITH—Unfortunately, we're not Old English.

ASPARAGUS TIP (*venomously, after trying to wither her through the smoke*)—I hate girls from Smith! They're morons.

SMITH—Have you ever been lucky enough to know any?

CHAIRMAN—(*rapping with a pipe*) Will the extraneous conversation please come to an end? Now here is a thing called "Lot's Daughters" by Mr. Bierstein from Columbia. Has anyone read it?

SMITH (*cheerfully*) We did.

CHAIRMAN—Well—(*with a silly bow*) And what did you think of it?

SMITH—It's better done in the Bible.

CHAIRMAN—(*as if he were offended at its being surpassed*) Out it goes.

COLUMBIA—Just a minute! I protest. May I beg that this be re-considered? Apart from the fact that I wrote it, Mr. Mark Van Doren, Mr. Carl Van Doren and Mr. John Erskine all very highly recommended it . . .

CHAIRMAN (*sarcastically*)—With all due respect to Mr. Mark Van Doren, Mr. Carl Van Doren—(*there is a chorus of*) "No good!"—"Sour!"—"Rotten!" (*and the chairman hurriedly disposes of "Lot's Daughters."*)

CHAIRMAN—Two more stories from Columbia—both by the same girl.

COLUMBIA—(*eagerly*) I want to recommend the sec-



and particularly. *It's the work of a woman—the first is done by a girl.*

SMITH (*with interest*)—Did she change between issues?

COLUMBIA—Wh—yes.

SMITH—How long does it take—about six weeks?

COLUMBIA—Yes—six weeks is often long enough.

SMITH—Then Elinor Glynn was wrong.

CHAIRMAN—Will the extraneous conversation please come to an end! (*He glares at Mr. Biggs and a mate who are in cahoots and rimless spectacles by this time.*) Here is a poem I shall read aloud—(*His doggy eyes dart cringingly about over the top of the manuscript; below the stiff bristle on his upper lip, his mouth is like a wet, red lollypop. He reads in an incredibly high, staccato voice, without change of tone or expression*)—

“I am not morbid—

I love white flesh—”

(*A great cry of protest drowns his words and the Radcliffe delegate snatches the poem from him with a gleam of triumph. She lets the words drip across her lips with an interpretation worthy of D. A.*)—

“I—am—not—morbid?

I—Love—white flesh!”

(*The chairman continues, obstinately unimpressed*)—

CHAIRMAN—And here is something from Amherst. Where is the editor—who is representing Amherst?

SMITH DELEGATES (*with a shout that denotes preconcerted action*)—We hold with Amherst and St. Thomas Aquinas! (*a few Harvard men remove their pipes long enough to look thoroughly at these gay spirits, and the chairman hurries on.*)

CHAIRMAN—One of these things isn't so bad—who's read it?

SMITH DELEGATE—We should like all the Amherst material carefully considered. Mr. Robert Frost, Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling—

BROAD-MINDED HARVARD PERSON—(*winking lazily at Smith delegates*)—Oh—give the ladies what they want.

CHAIRMAN—All right, Amherst goes in. Now what about this poem beginning, “Thou hast triumphed, oh gray desolation—”

SMITH—Swinburne! Imitation!

GOUCHER—(*gently*) Well, *Ah* think tha's a right pretty poem—*Ah* liked it, anyway. Don't you all?

CHAIRMAN (*disposing of the poem to suit himself*)—And here's another—"For when I pass with vernal showers"—

SMITH—Shelley! Plagiarism!

(*After this, there are low mutterings from Mr. Biggs and the Vassar girl throws away her cigarette.*)

VASSAR—I move we decide something. Let's stop hashing and get organized. Mr. Biggs has kindly removed what Vassar material he didn't care for, but I wish you'd look at the rest.

CHAIRMAN (*obliviously*). Here's another poem—

"Still I missed thy lips,  
And when I held her close,  
Was faithful to *thine* image"—

SMITH DELEGATES (*by now quite convinced that they will pass their Oral in Special Honors*)—Ernest Dowson If there's any Laurence Hope, let's have it now . . .

ALL THE MEN—That's hot—Let's have that. We need some guts to this anthology.

CHAIRMAN (*rapping*) That remark is out of order. Here is a poem about the whinny of a unicorn—

SMITH (*still unsuppressed*)—Is it anything like the "Huffle of a snail in danger"?

ANOTHER HARVARD MAN (*with his eye on the Columbia delegate*)—As Mr. Kittredge would say—

SMITH DELEGATE (*bouncing*)—Oh, we have a professor, Mr. Patch, who *loves* him! He and Mr. Kittredge and Mr. Lowes are all boys together!

HARVARD MAN—(*on his dignity again*)—Mr. Lowes and Mr. Kittredge are *hardly* boys together—

CHAIRMAN—Order! order! We must finish.

CHAPERON—(*suddenly picking herself up from under the table*)—Yes—it's eleven o'clock—I'll take the girls to their dormitory—

SMITH DELEGATES—We're being called for and taken there by MEN! Is it all right?

RADCLIFFE GIRL (*sniffily*)—Oh, *quite*. Come, girls—we're not so lucky.

*(The chairman lets fall his pipe and manuscripts; the other male editors rise gravely and with blank faces, watch the withdrawal).*

CHAIRMAN (*wildly*)—But where will the conference be held next year?

SMITH SISTERS (*in high good humor, remembering that they will not be present*)—Northampton.

CHAIRMAN—Could you guarantee that more of the men's colleges would attend? You see Williams—Dartmouth—(*he is the kind of person who counts things off on his fingers*) and Yale—and Princeton did not attend—

SMITH—Why would they?

CHAIRMAN (*polite to the end*)—Would they be more likely to come to a girl's college? They didn't at Holyoke last year—

SMITH DELEGATES (*in final triumph*) *That's different!*

CHAIRMAN (*bowing*)—I see. Then we'll expect the Intercollegiate Conference of Undergraduate Editors to be held at Northampton next year—

*(The retiring conference does not hear him, so he shrugs foolishly and reaches for the last Melachrino.)*

## THE GREAT GAME

M. KEILEY

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**C**ROWDS are gathering in the gym. Overshoed feet hang from the balcony, dropping bits of mud and sand on the girls in white below who rush here and there, flushed with excitement and importance.

One of these whose face has never been defiled with paint or powder, comes up to a friend, also wearing that Lifebuoy look, and begins talking in sturdy tones:

"Hello. Tommy! Gosh I hope we win! New hair cut? So've I. Say, knock-out shoes! Where'd you get them? Really, are they boy's? I'm going to get some like them. Great for overnight hikes!"

She sits down boyishly, pulling her skirt up at the knees.

"Look!" her friend Tommy exclaims, juggling her with a rough, sweater-clad elbow "there're our song leaders! Aren't they cute. What she saying? What are we going to sing?" They strain forward to catch her words.

The song leader, smiling, is calling to sections of the gym.

"Come on, now, everybody! We'll sing 'Mid Purple and Triumph.' Lots of spirit, now!"

A ragged edge of voices begins: then more volume. Soon the rafters shake with a martial rhythm. A door at one end of the gym bursts open; in rushes a group of players, decked with the tokens of many classes. They lope around the gym, faces grim with purpose, to the gradual diminuendo of too highly pitched song. Now they are around, all out of step but the captain; they finish in a little heap, like apples poured from a basket. They wear expressions of self-conscious pride vainly hid by grins and bitten lips.

"Gosh, that gives me thrills up and down my back," says Tommy.



"You bet! Even though I am a senior, and have gone to every game all four years . . ."

A shrill whistle interrupts.

"All ready?" calls a referee, a young man . . . . no, a young woman . . . . no . . . . well, never mind, . . . . a referee anyway.

"Not quite," calls back a captain, who, with her arms on the shoulders of her team mates, is giving them a fight talk.

"Remember, kids, stick by your girls! Play hard, and fight, *fight*, FIGHT!"

They leap eagerly into the field. The game has begun.

From the sidelines come wild cries of encouragement. "Go it Senior!" and "Come on, Betty!" "Oh," groans some one, "Why did she do that!"; "Good play! Gosh, she's the prettiest shot in college! Look at her . . . just tosses them in . . . oh . . . she missed that one."

A whistle blows. It is the half. The wearied players sink full length to the floor, or huddle in groups, whispering excitedly:

"Now listen, we'll work that left pass . . . ." or "The whole trouble is when they see who gets the jump . . . ."

Suddenly, from the side lines several girls leap out, bearing stools. They make themselves comfortable, and deliver apparently pointless remarks about smoking. Shouts of laughter greet every end of a sentence. The group rush off at a given signal from the leader.

"Screaming stunt," says Tommy, her face contorted with laughter.

"Yeah, that girl's really clever!" replies her companion.

The game continues. They stop the progress every now and then to carry off the unconscious and the dead. Finally it is over. The two teams herd separately and emit shrill cries.

Tommy and her friend are hugging each other. "We won, we won," they scream. Then they rush out to the players and envelop them with kisses and hugs. The players disengage themselves and wander toward the door. They are hastily and fortunately caught by friends, who bundle them into carts and trundle them around the gym, with

occasional spills. The dead and the dying are sung to and kissed.

“Great, eh?” says Tommy.

Her friend claps her on the shoulder.

“Great is right, old man!”

## REHEARSAL

S. W. TAYLOR

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*About twenty girls are present; one man, intermittently off the stage and on. Confusion reigns. A few of the following phrases are distinguishable.*

TRAP: (*seated on a stool in center-stage, eating with a tin spoon a chocolate sundae from a card-board box. The spot-light is full upon her. She pouts and looks bewitchingly pathetic*)—Sam, we've blown out the dimmer.

SAM: (*smiling*)—A new dimmer costs seventeen dollars. That is, it did.

TRAP: Oh, stop!

SALLY: You might better have paid that man five dollars an hour.

TRAP: What the devil do you talk that way now for?

SALLY: Don't you remember I . . .

TRAP: Shut up. (*flings card-board box aside*) Come up here, Court, and learn how to bow.

COURTIER: Say, Trap, is it right that we're not going to have a dress-rehearsal? Gosh, you know we'll die to see you in that night-gown . . .

TRAP: Idiot! (*furiously yanking delinquent courtier into place.*) Of course we're going to have a dress rehearsal. Lord! Don't you know how to curtsy? (*turning.*) Are you a man? Well, put your feet this way if you're not bow-legged. (*Court individually begins to examine legs to see if they're not bow-legged.*)

PAT: Oh, Trap, I told you that I was going at quarter of eight.

EL: Trap, is that dress all right for her?

TRAP: Too short.

COURTIER: Well, I won't come on Mountain Day.

DOT: (*standing on a chair.*) Oh,, Trappee! How are these breeches?

TRAP: Mmmmm. Look more like satin knickers than riding-breeches.

LETA: I have some real English breeches if you want 'em, Trap.

TRAP: Thank God. Hell, I'm sick about that dimmer. (*standing at piano, plays some chords. Pouts.*)

RUTH: What are you going to do about those drops?

TRAP: (*stamping wildly, gesticulating.*) Ask Sam, won't you? He's head of Workshop, not I; though you may not have noticed it? Sam! Oh Mr. Eliot! Has he gone? Lord, dear Lord!

SALLY: Trappee, darling, did you say you wanted me to do something?

TRAP: You go home, Keiley, and don't talk, or your voice'll be no good. (*Keiley croups her way out.*) Yes. Put some glue in the gilt, and gild those things all over, so it'll stick.

EL: Trap, you didn't tell me that Pat had to have two costumes. How in heaven's name am I going to get another?

TRAP: Oh dear, I cut my mouth on that foul spoon.

PAT: I've gone, Trap.

TRAP: Seven o'clock tomorrow, honey. And dog-bite you, be on time. Fools, do you know that we've only got three days more?

SALLY: Trap, where can I find the glue?

TRAP: (*shrieks.*) Porztausend! How do I know? (*sinks on stool, covers face with hands; figure of utter dejection.*)

(*Confusion dribbles homeward individually, or in pairs.*)



## HYGIENE

G. DONIGER



It is 5.00 o'clock Thursday at John M. Greene. Freshmen and Sophomores find their seats, take off their coats, open their *Saturday Evening Posts* (by courtesy of E. Niquette) to the continued story of the preceding Thursday; and glance at the speaker. She is slender but virile; neat and emphatic looking. Her whole appearance is brightened by a purple silk umbrella. A few moments of coughing, then:

"Can the back of the room hear me? You'll wonder why I came to speak to you today!" (Takes a few steps toward the center of platform. This draws some attention.) "I came only because Dr. Meredith asked me to come, and if you know Dr. Meredith as well as I know Dr. Meredith you know that no one can refuse Dr. Meredith!" (Nervous tittering). "As the future mothers of America, (and you *are* the future mothers of America) I am going to tell you about your duties to your body and your country. Can the back of the room hear me? I will begin by telling you about the work of the visiting nurse. In the United States as it exists today, there are 21,713 cases of scarlet fever, 17,899 cases of diphtheria and 4,712 cases of *whooping cough*." (Shuddering in the gallery). "It is up to you, as future mothers of America, in whom Nature has so delicately woven her maternal instinct, to aid these sufferers. *And you can begin your work now—right here at college.*" (waves her umbrella triumphantly and takes a few steps). "As future mothers of America, you know that the future of your happiness has its origin in your adolescent posture!" (Using her umbrella to point to a chart on which is drawn a creature with a distorted back). "If you sit this way long enough, you'll die." (This remark had the desired effect on one conscientious individual in the third row. She faints. The confusion is hushed by the voice of science,—Dr. Scott from a corner of the platform—"drag her out"—More

coughing and rustling of pages. The speaker goes on: "Each maladjusted organ is a source of potential pain! As the future mothers of America, you must know, not only the care and treatment of the unfortunate members of our society, but the symtomatology of the peculiar illness! Can the back of the room hear me? Redness, soreness, heat and pain, mark the advent of the boil! Nature has so delicately woven her will into the disposition of womanhood, that only *we* as potential mothers can understand why it is that today, in the United States as it exists, four out of five Senior Promenades go wrong! As future mothers, it is our duty to set before *man*" (voice has ceased to be bird like) "the noble sentiments that Nature has wrought in our very make up. To discard red dresses (for we know them to be incitations to lust) and to discard our foolish notions and high heeled slippers, and replace them by the *shoes* that *save the feet* will be our first step toward an ultimate realization of that goal, that I want and you want, American motherhood."

## COLLEGIANA

*(Extracts from the Weekly)*

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## OUR VERSATILE UNDERGRADUATES

The sophomores shone again in the backstroke . . . and Dorothy O'Leary easily qualified for first place in the crawl for form.

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## AND ON VALENTINE'S DAY, TOO!

Marion Nathan 1926 spoke on the Industrial Girls' Conference, held at Springfield the week-end of February 14. She pointed out that the working girls have very alert minds, are capable of good discussions and could do a great deal if given the opportunity.

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## IS ZAT SO?

This is the book-plate of George the Third. It is His Majesty's coat-of-arms: his crown, the British lion surrounded by a circlet composed of the king's seal interwoven with gold cord, above a knight thrusting his spear into a dragon, flanked on either side by a knight's helmet and the owl of wisdom.

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## OUR NEW BANTING SOCIETY

*Biological Society:* Eleanor Gutman read an article on "The Danger of the Modern Girl's Thinness."

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## TEN TO ONE ON THE BLACK FILLY!

Discussion of the race problem in colleges showed that the colleges represented admitted none on their campuses.

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## LA VIE PARISIENNE

Once during the course of the translation a professor, observing a folded piece of paper on the desk of a Smithite, who shall be nameless, leaned over and asked to see it. The junior being no cheat and a girl of spirit, answered rather

too abruptly. The professor, being also a man of spirit, immediately thundered out for all to hear: "Voulez-vous prendre la porte, mademoiselle," which is polite French for: "Get out"! Nowise daunted the girl arose and preceded the professor out of the room to his private study. In an astonishingly brief time they both returned grinning amicably. At this sudden reestablishment of cordial relations a unanimous titter went through the room, then work was resumed.

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#### FLONZALEY QUARTET GIVES THIRD CONCERT TONIGHT

"Der schwer gefasste Entschluss"

(The painfully reached decision)

"Muss es sein? Es muss sein! Es muss sein!"

(Must it be? It must be! It must me!)

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#### MIGHTY MICROBE HUNTRESS

Extensive experimentation led the famous bacteriologist Koerner to declare as long ago as 1896 that "a decided reduction in the number of bacteria in the mouth is one of the results of smoking."

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#### THIS GIRL KNOWS

LOST: On Main Street, February 18, a large sum of money in a leather cigarette case. Reward. Please give any information to Katherine Frederic 1926, Talbot House.

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#### WHAT DO WE CRY FOR?

Anne Rudolph 1928 spoke on the Connecticut Valley College Conference, held at Springfield. "Everyone in college is complacent," she said "We have our allowances, our friends, and there is no crying need for God."

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It contains alphabetical lists of things one would never have dreamed were hidden away in Hillyer. The price is sixty-five cents. Copies may be obtained from Mrs. Kimball.

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#### MONKEY-BUSINESS

An ape will make no progress for a considerable time and then will have a sudden comprehension of the situation, just as a student may grasp the significance of a demonstration.



The one bright light that centers around the end of February is caused by the glorious news that our President is going to visit his prodigal daughters. By that time we shall be able to speak French so fluently that he will on no account be able to understand us!

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"THE DREAM OF A FRESHMAN AFTER EATING WELSH  
RAREBIT"

(*A Bed-time Story, edited for Very Little Folks*)

Sang five white flippety-floppety bunnies to a black freshman bunny in the entertainment which the sophomores gave for the freshmen at their Carnival, held on Paradise Pond last Saturday evening, January 16.

.....  
A clear night and a fragile new moon greeted the guests, to whom the milky way spelled "Welcome." From 7.30 until after 8.00 o'clock a merry crowd of college folk poured into the Crew House, where they were received by Mrs. Scales and the two class presidents, Mary Elizabeth Pullman 1928 and Mary Kroehle 1929.

.....  
Everyone, eager to be with her friends on ice, hurried below.

.....  
Soberly Mary Kroehle, the black freshman bunny, enters and views with disgust the signs "To Chapel" and "To Classes." Off she hops delightedly "To the Movies," when five snow-white Sophomore bunnies appear, and try to take her the way of all College students "To Chapel." But our little black friend refuses.

.....  
Then hopping, and flipping their cotton tails, the "pure" bunnies sing.

.....  
Dramatically they rip off her black skin, and there she stands—a pure, white Sophomore rabbit.

.....  
All too soon the fun ended and the tired merry-makers slowly made their way homeward, each clutching a small yellow booklet, the Sophomore Carnival Program, their only material remembrance of a happy evening.

# SHOOT IF YOU MUST THIS OLD GRAY BRICK!

The President has sympathetically promised that not one of the original bricks of Hatfield House shall be touched—but it is not a few bricks that cause weeping and wailing. The bricks without the spirit of the house means nothing.

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## LITERARY CRITICISM

“Sentiment” with its accompanying adjective “sentimental” means “lofty, refined feeling” towards one’s country, home—or even a college dormitory.

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## SOLOMON GRUNDY

On Monday the subject will be “My Gospel”; on Tuesday, “What God Means to Me”; on Wednesday, “What I Get Out of Prayer”; on Thursday, “Why I Cherish the Hope of Immortality”; and on Friday, “Why Social Idealism Does Not Satisfy Me.”

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## STATION X<sup>N</sup>

“Why I believe in God,” on Tuesday evening, February 9.

. . . . .  
 “Speak the deepest longing of your heart, be sure that you really pray, and you will get God,” said Dr. S——.

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## LA! YOUR LA’A’SHP!

The faculty class in English folk-dancing, organized by Miss Edith Burnett, meets every Wednesday night in the Alumnae Gymnasium. With much zest and abandon the class, including both men and women, skip and clap hands to strains of “Gathering Peascods” and other country ditties. After half an hour of this enthusiastic expression of high spirits, they may usually have, they gather in a circle and enjoy refreshments. These meetings promise to become regular features of faculty activity.

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## WILL RELIGION AND SCIENCE NEVER GET TOGETHER?

“‘They saw God, and they did eat and drink.’ Was this the right reaction to such an experience?” (asked

Professor Rufus M. Jones at vespers, on Sunday, January 24.)

.....  
Modern scientists say that this emergency strength is due to a secretion of the adrenal glands. However the prophet who said, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their power," was depending on a more infallible source for his energy, and was bringing God into his daily life.



.....  
Life without religion is like a pair of scissors with but one blade,—useless. "‘Cain built the city and Enoch walked with God’—our world won’t be quite right until Enoch helps to build the city, and Cain walks with God.’"

---

Would it not make you swell with pride to think that you were taking an active part in circulating interesting, worth-while information about Smith?

ANOTHER JOURNEY FROM THIS WORLD TO  
THE NEXT

M. A. BUELL

 TIME—*A Saturday afternoon from three to four o'clock.* PLACE:—*In or about the Smith College bus to Amherst.*

*Girls with pleasantly painted faces stand in snow-drifts while the chaperones are helped into the bus. One of the chaperones elicits more gallantry from the bus driver than her colleague, perhaps owing to the fact that she immediately establishes an atmosphere of camaraderie by referring to the last time they "went over." After several minutes the bus is filled and begins its stately progress down Belmont; there is general relaxation after the locating of powder and shot.*

BLONDE CHAPERON: (*with facial gymnastics.*) *Well, dears, here we are again—isn't it nice. I said to my poor darling that I enjoyed each Amherst party I went to, just as much as the last one. And that's saying a good deal. Oh, it seems to me I've been to thousands—literally thousands, my dear! The boys are so nice to me—sweet things. Simply dears, all of them. It's too bad more of the attractive girls at Smith can't go over. We have such fun . . .*

A BLASE FRESHMAN: *Oh, Mrs. Wallace, remember last time when Bill Jones came in with his girl—*

BLONDE CHAPERON: *My dear, yes! I meant to ask you about him. I've known so many Dekes—sweet boys, all of them. Are they engaged, do you know—I mean Bill Jones and his girl? It would be such a pity, I think, because he's such a nice boy—I saw a picture of his mother at Palm Beach recently, in the Times, I think—and you know I don't believe the girl is quite—well—you know what I mean. It would be such a pity—*



BLASE FRESHMAN: Oh, yes, *wouldn't it!* (*She and the Blonde Chaperon exchange understanding looks which are interrupted by the Brunette Chaperon who speaks for the first time in a Southern voice and some agitation.*)

BRUNETTE CHAPERON: Oh, *girls*, I'm so sorry! I've left my new shawl at home, do you 'spose we could go back—oh, drivah, I'm so sorry—but I just *have* to have it—(*to the other chaperon*) *would* you mind, Mrs. Wallace? It's a shame, in all this snow, to make the drivah tuhn this big bus aroun'—but I wohe this dress just 'specially—Drivah, are you *suhe* you don't mind? (*There is a mumbling from the driver and the girls look expectantly at the back of his head.*)

BLONDE CHAPERON: Oh, I'm so glad, Mrs. Talbot. I forgot my corsage that my *beau* sent me, and we can get it, too.—Did *your* beau send you flowers?

GIRL NEAREST: No, Mrs. Wallace, he didn't.

BLONDE CHAPERON: (*While the bus wallows in snow-drifts again on its way back to Belmont.*) Well—it was the *cutest* thing you've ever seen.—Betty dear, do you want to run in and just ask the maid for my flowers?—I got them today with no card! The *sweetest* English primroses and violets. You know I have a standing quarrel with the florist—the young man there—because I always tell him he doesn't know *real* English primroses when he sees them. So today this bouquet came—with a quotation from Shakespeare—the *cleverest* thing. I just called up the florist and this *nice* young man answered, so I said to him, "Mr. Smock, *you* like English primroses, don't you? And you like *violets*, don't you—and you're a *Shakespeare* scholar, aren't you?" So then he just laughed—*too* sweet of him.—Oh, thank you, Betty dear, just hop in—it won't take a minute—

(*The bus settles down in a rut while Betty leaps forth through the snow. The occupants of the bus crane their necks after her in anticipation; a brief hush falls on the Blonde Chaperon. Presently, Betty emerges from the house; a small object about the size of an apple swathed in oil paper is in her extended hand. After she reaches the bus, the object is reverently unwrapped by its owner, and a nude group of cold looking butter-cups and ordinary violets is revealed.*)

BLONDE CHAPERON: (*ecstatically.*)—See what my beau sent me—aren't you jealous, Mrs. Talbot? Oh, so cunning of him—with a quotation from Shakespeare—

A MORE OR LESS EDUCATED SENIOR: (*hitherto silent*) What *was* the quotation—something about the primrose path of dalliance? (*a short silence follows this piece of recklessness, and the Blonde Chaperon is heard to whisper to one of the trusted.*)

BLONDE CHAPERON: Who *is* that girl? I've seen her face, I think—but she's never been over before, has she? Freshman probably—(*then seeing that the Senior has overheard*)—what's your name, dear? I have *such* a time remembering the girls' names. You've not been over before, have you? Oh—*what* class are you, dear?

SENIOR: (*politely*) No, Mrs. Wallace, I've never been to Amherst before—and I'm a Senior. (*a startled pause follows this remark, as if it found its audience unprepared to cope with such bad taste.*)

BRUNETTE CHAPERON: (*turning around with a worried expression*) Oh, my dear—how nice. Oh, I *hope* you have a good time! So many of the girls come to me just in *terrah* befohr the dances, for feah they won't get away—Oh, I *hope* you'll have a good time—the boys can be so nice when they—

BLONDE CHAPERON: (*triumphantly*) Well, they're always nice to me, I can tell you! I *know* those boys, and I know just why they like me and ask me to dance. Mrs. Lawrence went over lately for the first time, and I told her when we arrived not to dance more than *once and a half times* around the room with each boy—because that's why I'm popular with the boys. They never feel they're stuck with me. But do you think she took the hint? *Not* a bit of it, my dear. Round and round she went—*imagine* it! The poor lambs! Stuck with an older woman! What *could* they do? (*She ends tragically and the Senior notices that she looks a little like Mrs. Fiske, ten years from now.*)

BRUNETTE CHAPERON: (*tragically*) What do you 'spose we'll have to eat?

BLONDE CHAPERON: (*recovering her wind*) Did we *ever* have anything but chicken patties? *Imagine* a party without chicken patties! We have no imagination—why the

poor things would never think of anything besides roast beef and Yorkshire pudding if they were left alone.

SENIOR: (*to herself*) Who thinks of the chicken patties, then?

BLONDE CHAPERON: Mrs. Talbot, do you know how to make real, English Yorkshire pudding? It has to be made by a Yorkshireman—

(*The bus stops this time near the Manse and another Betty is sent in for the forgotten shawl. The Brunette chaperon looks after her absently and murmurs something about "such a sweet child." The Blonde chaperon, finding no attentive audience, waits until the bus is under way again, and then continues*)—I tried to explain to several people once about how to do it—they *all* said they had put in twice as many eggs as I told them and *still* it wasn't right—*Ridiculous*, I said. That's the whole point! The fewer the eggs the better—just a great hunk of dough soaked through and through in grease—is the *only* way to make Yorkshire pudding!

SENIOR: (*in an undertone to Freshman*) How big are these dances? Will this one be in a gym?

FRESHMAN: Probably. Don't you know many Amherst men? It's pretty hard to get started.

BLONDE CHAPERON: (*to Senior*) My dear, don't you worry—why, I knew a girl who never got started till *Christmas* of her *Senior* year, and then she just took in everything—just *couldn't* be stopped—the boys all *such* dears—

(*Other conversations, till now hopefully restrained, gradually rise and drown the Blonde Chaperon's comments, and she can make herself heard only by shrieking or whispering, so she adopts the latter method as being easier. The girl next her helps carry on a clandestine conversation, evidently about other girls and gossip familiar to them both. About a quarter of a mile from Amherst, there is renewed search for make-up. The bus finally draws up before a College Building and a delta of young men in tuxes oozes forth over the snow to meet it. The Blonde Chaperon makes a triumphal progress, heralded and followed by smiles. The Freshmen exclaim and look up at their men as*

*if they had never lived until that moment. The Senior, standing on a snow-drift, like a general in a reviewing stand, waits for her man to come and get her. When he does, her face wears a funny look of relief: "Is it such a dreadfully hard thing to get away?" she asks.)*



## A GUIDE FOR WOULD-BE REPORTERS OF SNAPPY SMITH STORIES

E. HAMBURGER

---

**AIM:** The aim of the Smith College Press Board is to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, but not the *whole* truth about the college. The reason for this is that the whole truth is not always sufficiently holy for the edification of the general.

**PREREQUISITES:**

1. An extensive course in sophistry.
2. The ability to prevaricate mildly to the extent of:—
  - A. Calling the day-after-tomorrow “yesterday” while ecstatically describing events that have not yet occurred and may, indeed, due to bad weather or other untoward circumstances, never occur at all.
  - B. Making the most inconspicuous member of the freshman class appear to be Smith’s prima donna, leading lady or premiere artiste, for the benefit of her home-town paper. (If this habit is mastered it is possible to get quite long and entirely irrelevant articles printed,—a highly profitable proceeding.)

**DESIRABLE ADJUNCTS:** (these may be acquired gradually if necessary, but it is desirable to have them ready at the outset.)

1. An intimate knowledge of the Christian names of all the members of the faculty.
2. Ready explanations for the inexplicable, such, for example, as Alpha, Junior Phi Betes and the Institute for the Coordination of Women’s Interests. (Howe?)
3. A slight tendency toward deafness to enable the novice to concentrate in Babel, otherwise known as the Press Board Room.

4. A strong conscience that will force the youthful reporter to make a bee-line from Western Union to her dormitory, upon such occasions as she has been permitted to stay out after 10 P M., to telegraph the world-shaking news of the Shocksford-Smith Debate, etc. etc.
5. Shock-proof nerves to withstand the onslaughts of irate faculty who have been misquoted so badly that no one can find the error.

With these few essentials, the young reporter may embark upon her search for snappy Smith stories and, although she must resign herself to leaving out most of the kick so as not further to injure the already too delicate reputation of her Alma Mater, she may, after long practice, succeed in producing many such masterpieces as the subjoined.

Smith College Press Board  
Northampton, Mass.

February 26, 1926

Special to the "Hotsie" (Ill.) Weakly "Totsie":—

Miss Rose Hoase, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Buster Hoase of Hotsie, Ill., delighted a large audience at Smith College on February 29, 1926 by her remarkable singing. Miss Hoase, as a member of the freshman choir, took part in the regular Sunday Vespers services. There was no clapping at the end of her performance, but Miss Hoase quite aptly understood this to be the perfect tribute and walked out alone, in deep silence, followed by the somewhat surprised look of her fellow classmates. Miss Hoase has thus instituted a new custom at Smith, for it is not customary for even the prima donna of the quire\* to walk out alone.

It is rumored that Miss Hoase left so hurriedly because the girl sitting next to her, an inhabitant of the Heavenly Haven House, detected the odor of tobacco about her and gave signs of suggesting to Miss Hoase that she report herself. The college officials decline to comment on this rumor. "Smoking is not an issue here at Smith" is all that they can

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\*N. B.—Avoid such typographical errors as this. They might be misinterpreted as being undignified flippancies and a disgrace to the calling of a reporter.

be made to say. But if, as Julius Caesar said, one's nose knows, quite a lot of smoke does issue from the college. Nevertheless, we understand that the authorities have ignored this issue for so long that the situation has developed of itself and the public will learn surprising things very soon. However, the authorities decline to comment. "Nothing is definite" is the official bulletin on the subject.

Other Illinois girls who participated in the Vesper services on February 29 are Miss Alice Carroll, Miss Chita Dean and Miss Vivienne St. Cloud.

sent by Miss Q. Riostie

Dewey Hall.

## MID-WINTER SPORTS

H. SPAIDAL

PLACE—The Library.

COSTUME—All signs of ostentation should be avoided. Leg of mutton sleeves had best be left at home with your sub-deb sister. Long trains, while fitting enough for the less athletic, are distinctly out of place here. Large pockets or a game bag are useful if the quarry is discovered on reserve.

TECHNIQUE—It is best to start with some simple object, such as the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and work up gradually when the technique is fully mastered. The seasoned sportswoman will go at once to the Minor Languages in the basement. Bear right over iron bridge and glass balcony to the upper level. In case of stymie with Miss Dunham, a six inch distance may be taken. It should be remembered, however, that after asking Miss Tyler the same question three times you are dead on her until you have spoken to someone else. In heavy traffic in the Lyon Reading Room, Marquis of Queensbury Rules hold, although in many cases belts are not worn. Whether you post or ride tight is, after all of little moment. A good seat and a firm hand will work wonders in the most desperate cases.

After locating the Encyclopaedia you are ready for bigger game. Tilden recommends the Early English Text Society at this point, advising a heavier rod and a change of fly. Pick up the scent at the card index. Should your mates be ahead of you, always remember that three strikes can put them out. If the entire series has been taken out by Mr. Patch the seasoned sportswoman may call it a love game and take a bisque. Or ride to lunch on the trolley in the Latin Seminar.

For those who cannot pass D. O., a milder sport is prepared. There are Bible authors, on Sunday in the Browning room with tiddle de winks on week days.

In every case—replace the divots!



## THE NUMBERS CAME

R. L. THOMPSON

**G**IRLS. That was his first impression of Spring Dance. As he came in the door of Chapin House that solely was what he could see, that solely was what he could think. Wherefore he thought it again. Girls. A second idea twittered dimly but relapsed.

Some of them guided him to the coat room. There he laid his coat tenderly across a couch, and stood for awhile looking at it. How languid, how lovely it appeared.

Impelled by a force he did not claim he came out again into the open. More of them surged toward him. (Of one he seemed to have a distant recollection. Was it—Seattle?) He had a salutary impulse to behave as if riding a surf board over them, through them, beyond them.

There was even a Receiving Line. For a moment he met a few faces whose intent seemed a little different, and he thought he sighed.

And now he was dancing. No, it was something of a Grand Right and Left. Conversation at least was easy. He simply repeated a verse he had probably once read somewhere, though he did not know where and he certainly did not know what. It came of itself. There was just time for it—the first line as he placed one arm behind her back, the second as his fingers fastened on her hand, the third as he took two steps and the fourth with a grateful glance after her as another girl pushed her away. However, everything progressed faster and faster so that soon he was only given time to affix his arm and remark the first line. Still he had no idea of what he could be saying, and occasionally he wondered.

Although he had been glad at the beginning when he found he wasn't expected to dance, the hours convinced him that there was also a thing to be dreaded that was exhaustion in position. How graceless he would be if the time came when he could not, could not clasp another waist!

The happy moment arrived for refreshment—refreshment with seven on a sofa. They were all smiles, waiting for him to speak and to continue to speak. Each smile was different, yet the same. Their difference and their similarity fascinated him and locked his thoughts. He began to suspect that he had given himself away totally—and in the same way each time. There lay without a doubt the common ground of the seven smiles.

Under this excitement he bespoke himself unawares. Not for a moment did he want to do so.

“When is Spring Dance?” he queried. A plate or so spattered to the floor and the smiles split into seven delights. He was horribly ashamed. He had not wanted to seem curious. “You invite men then, don’t you?” he tried to elucidate.

And just then a queer sensation flurried him. He jerked his head around and for the first time perceived that he was not the only representative of his sex in the house . . .

As for the verse, he never found out surely what it was, but one day months later as he was rereading Don Juan a very peculiar uneasiness possessed him as he came upon the lines—

“They tell me ’tis decided; you depart:  
’Tis wise, ’tis well, but not the less a pain;  
I have no further claim on your young heart,  
Mine is the victim, and would be again.”

## THUS SPAKE SISSY-SHORT-SKIRTS

*(Of Smith as it might be, if certain idealists had their way.)*

E. HAMBURGER

---

## 1.

**O**NE morning went Sissy-Short-Skirts to the habitat of a great institution of learning where she had once passed three care-free months, ere her self-respect and a certain exceeding great love that she had for smoking in her room had prompted her to leave. Sissy had now returned thither to see her not-forgotten if forgetting friends, but lo! she found that a great change had come over the place, so that she was mightily astonished, and her face drawn into a mystical question-mark. No inane though cheerful faces found she on the campus, but only here and there a stern, begoggled countenance stared at her disapprovingly and passed on. No heartening sound of vacuous victrolas jiggled at her out of open windows, for lo! there was deep silence everywhere.

"Something is not as it was. In fact, nothing is as it should be. Verily, I believe that there is studying being done here. I must discover the cataclysmic cause of this catastrophe."

Thus spake Sissy-Short-Skirts.

## 2.

And Sissy-Short-Skirts, pulling her perversely elastic dress down an eighth of an inch below her knees, in a vain attempt to be decorous and decent, stopped the second begoggled countenance she saw.

"I am a stranger here." quoth Sissy-Short-Skirts to the being that she took to be female in spite of the almost hairless condition of its head and its exceeding gruff voice. "I am a stranger here but I was not always so fortunate. When I lived here there were many others like me, likeable souls if I say so as shouldn't, with charming voices and a tactful

way of applying rouge. But Lo: now instead of beholding anyone of them, her newest love-letter reticently clutched with the signature outward, I find You, You who can never possibly have even seen a love-letter! Will you kindly enlighten me, for verily, I am exceeding puzzled."

Thus spake Sissy-Short-Skirts.

### 3.

Thereat the female answered Sissy-Short-Skirts, saying,

"Indeed, if you are curious to know I can tell you how this change has come to pass, although, indeed, it is incomprehensible that you should comprehend me."

Thereat the female uttered words of wisdom in Greek, but as Sissy-Short-Skirts was illiterate, she merely whistled and waited until the other continued.

"We, the intelligentsia, if I may be permitted to use so vulgar a word for so elite a group, we decided that the *mis en scene* of a college was ideal for purposes of study, but we found the *miserabile vulgus* (such as you) a decided impediment in our learned speech. Wishing to preserve the *genius loci* we decided to be eminently tactful, for we considered a *guerre a mort* to be quite *infra dignitatem* and a distinct sign of *mauvais gout*. Therefore we called in your gay young companions and inquired of them why they had come to college. They were so dumbfounded by the inquiry, having already poured forth their heaviest lines about this subject on to so many questionnaires, that what they had left to say was manifestly a *reductio ad absurdum*. Some actually admitted that they had wanted to be within easy calling distance of such dens of iniquity as Amherst,—Lord Jeffrey, I believe, Charles College (or is it Williams?) and even (suggestive name!) Deerfield. It was easy to dispose of them *tout-a-fait* by getting them positions as conductor-esses on street-cars or trains in those vicinities. One of our pet theories is, as you know, vocational training for everyone but ourselves. They were quickly convinced of the greater possibilities in such a situation and have not bothered us since. We even understand that some of them have talked to the motormen. Ahem! I regret having to discuss this indelicate question *sous tous les rapports*, but it is as you wished."



"Oh, do not apologize," quoth Sissy-Short-Skirts, not to be outdone or undone either, "I have a decided *penchant* for the *risque* or, as you expressed it so much less classically, the indelicate."

The deep-voiced female ignored her completely as is often the case in such situations.

"Others were not so easy for us, but we managed all with neatness and dispatch, neat but not gaudy was our method. Some of the poor dears indicated that they had looked forward to contact with many different kinds of girls,—that vulgar type of social life that is so prevalent in most girls' colleges. However we employed a successful *ruse de guerre* with them, too. We told them that under the new system, *we* should be constituting the entire social life of the college. This, somewhat to our surprise, worked marvels. In an incredibly short time they had all disappeared! *Tant pis* for them, *tant mieux* for us."

Thereat Sissy-Short-Skirts was heard to cough and seem to pull her conveniently elastic skirt up above her knees again.

"Good lord! Life sure is wonderful!"

Thus spake Sissy-Skort-Skirts.

#### 4.

"Similarly was it with the others," continued her companion, "And now life is ideal for us, the intelligentsia, if I may be permitted, etc. We have each a dormitory a'peace, for we are the select few, the upper one-sixteenth per-cent. In our individual dormitories we do our own research experiments. We eat, when we do such a mundane thing, in the library, which has long since been too antiquated for any other use. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, as a former student here once remarked. We have each our own libraries and we struggle manfully, (although unfortunately we are still women), with such soul-stirring problems as, 'Was Kit Marlowe stabbed at 3:45 or at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon?' Because, you see, if it was the latter, as *Qui-Dire* will have it, it was tea-time, and,—but that reminds me of our new social function. Imitating the English, at 4:00 o'clock promptly we assemble in the library, flocking eagerly from all parts of the campus, and there we drink tea and discuss the kinesthetic, (or is it pathetic?) memory images, and the

exact contents of H<sub>2</sub>O until 4:30, when we all disband and return in haste to our studies. (We have not yet solved the problem of who does the dishes, but we are thinking of calling in Margery from Boston to find out.)

"In this fashion have we built up the only satisfactory institution of learning for the learned in the country. When we return to the world,—if we can ever strengthen its nerves to stand the ordeal, we shall have practically forgotten the language of the peepul as I, *helas*, have almost done already. We shall not be able to marry because of our infinite superiority to any men in existence. But we shall have accomplished our mission in life. We shall have completed our *tache sans tache*, by sharpening our intellects to the vanishing point, and, after all, what else matters? But see, *tempus fugits*, it is tea-time, and I have wasted precious moments with you." Here she knelt in the snow, deep in prayer and moisture. "Forgive me, oh Goddess of Wisdom. I shall stay up until the wee small hour of ten-thirty as atonement for my sin!"

Sissy-Short-Skirts walked quickly from the in-skirts to the out-skirts of the campus, shooed away a little grey cat she saw there, powdered her nose until its specific gravity was as the snow's, drew in a long breath and let it out again with a heartfelt expression of relief as of many things escaped.

"Whew!"

Thus spake Sissy-Short-Skirts.

## "COME SING TO PHI ALPHA PSI"

---

It is seven o'clock. The room is empty. Someone has left the lights burning and we can examine the room in detail. A strange room.

Its general atmosphere is that of a cross between a living room in Nutley, New Jersey, and a Catholic church. Sombre, magnificent and rather soiled hangings. Majestic furniture, looking as if a sportive dog had gnawed it here and there. A few limp cushions of the 1910 school of interior decorating. Pictures as chaste in conception as they are conservative in their technique. A cowed and dejected piano, on which lies the front cover of "Always," and part of a volume of Beethoven sonatas. Theatrically gloomy lights, concealed behind the sort of lampshades that one associates with oatmeal paper and mission furniture. A curious combination. Like the Fall of the House of Usher as done by the Tuesday Evening Literary Society, (guests invited.)

One wonders if it has a mysterious correlation with the minds and natures of its habitués. One is about to find out.

Footsteps are coming up the stairs: the typical fairy like tread of the Smith girl. Thump—click—thump—click. She has reached the top. She walks into a small room at the front of the building to take off her coat. She takes swinging, masculine steps, but turns her toes out and comes down heavily on her heel. She is delightfully unselfconscious, delightfully free from feminine affectations. She takes off her things, pats her hair, and dashes into the Phi Alpha Psi room in an official way. She is the Treasurer. The Refreshments depend upon her. Only a Phi Alpha Psi member could realize the full significance of that responsibility.

More footsteps plow and plod their way upstairs. More coats are taken off, more hair patted, more powder applied. One wonders, irrelevantly: why do girls with clean combs, girls with spotless dresser covers, awfully Nice Girls, so often have such dirty wisps of powder puffs in such tarnished little brass cases? No matter. Still more people have come.

They wear Formal Afternoon Dress. They are a little hushed. They talk in a carefully social way.

The President has come, rather late, because she has been trying to borrow some silk stockings. She looks hurried; she pants a little. She, too, looks official. She carries a bit of paper in her hand. She finds the Vice-President, a carefree and ornamental person with the consciousness of popularity and none of its burdens upon her shoulders. They consult. They find the Treasurer. All three consult. They find some other official, of unknown but apparently essential duties. All four consult. The society trembles. What can be the matter? Ah . . . .

Her face wreathed in smiles, the President shouts carryingly: "Come on in, girls." The problem, whatever it was, has been solved. The twenty forms huddled in the hall troop in. Rows of chairs face the drawn curtains at one side of the room. They gradually, and partially fill up. People beckon to other people to come and sit by them. Some of the professionally amusing girls are saying their amusing things. Their neighbors are giggling. There is a rustle over the room.

The President sits in a large chair by a light. She arranges the folds of her skirt, puts her feet in what the Spoken English department once told her was the only graceful position, and announces with a feeling of satisfaction in the parliamentary ring to the words, that the Meeting Will Please Come to Order.

It does. After all it has never been really turbulent.

The Secretary calls the roll, sucking a pencil, and bending over the book under the one serviceable light. Sometimes she will get through a good seven names without a Present. Sometimes, with satisfaction, she hears one out of three names responded to. She finishes, and reads the Minutes of the Previous Meeting. No one objects to them. It would be quite as indecent as forbidding the banns in church. The Minutes Are Accepted as Read, says the President, after mature thought.

But we are not through with the business yet. The President's oracular lips open again. 'The Treasurer has an Announcement to make' she says. The Treasurer rises. "We have no money in the Treasury," she explains, with the facility born of long practice; "and this month's bills





SENOR DON JOYZ MATÉ

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haven't been paid yet. Also, we still owe money on the piano, and if anyone can give anything to that, we will be very grateful." She makes no attempt to plead with them. Her little speech is but a gesture and is received as such. Phi Alpha Psi has owned six tenths of its piano for some time; and finds the music as sweet as if they owed ten tenths. As for the bills, the miracle of the loaves and fishes is regularly performed at every meeting. For years a perpetually empty treasury has perpetually produced slightly melted ice cream at the appropriate times.

The business is over. The guests come in. Their attitude varies from awe to curiosity. The Program begins.

A girl gets up, falling over intervening feet, and sits under the Light. Her manuscript trembles slightly as she clutches it in her lap. She reads some poems. It appears that her soul is stunted in winter, but that spring will give it leave to dance the glad, reluctant ways of old. It appears further that she laughed in her love's face, but that she had a good cry in private after he had gone. Her third impulsive confidence is that she takes the usages of this world as they come, but that her proud and silent heart walks in the sky alone. She has a brave smile; apparently, to cover her breaking heart; and however starved her soul may be she has managed to get the best out of college food. She sits down amid a mild flutter of applause. Everyone always has and always will sit down amid a mild flutter of applause. If Swinburne were to be reincarnated Saturday evening at eight he would sit down amid a mild flutter of applause. If Eddie Guest were to appear amongst us in the guise of a *Monthly* editor he would have a curiously similar effect. If a child of eight were to read her effusions they would be accepted with equal alacrity and with equal indifference. The Phi Alpha Psi members are here to hear Poetry. They hear Poetry. They have gotten what they came for.

A girl trips, literally, to the piano. She plays something, with careful attention to phrasing, and masterly pedal work. She sits down amid a flutter of applause.

A girl reads an informal essay. The general idea seems to be that she found a book of poems dating from 1845 in an old bookshop, and that, my dear, they were perfectly screaming. She reads a few bits to show how screaming they were.

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NEW YORK

## The Smith College Monthly

There is relieved laughter. She sits down amid a flutter of applause.

The President sends out to see if the play is ready. Word comes back that the play *is* ready. The President sends out to tell them to begin. Someone tries to turn the lights out. The wrong lights go out. Amid a murmur, they go on again, and a second effort is successful. The curtains open and the play begins. No theatre was ever more *intime*. The players are practically among the audience. A minor character is overcome with amusement at the situation. Her part is punctuated with titters. It seems that the play wasn't gotten up until *Thursday* and that's its no wonder they don't know their lines. It becomes only too evident that the cast has been overburdened with academic work since *Thursday* and has had correspondingly little time to devote to their parts. The dialogue degenerates into a fanciful conversation between the more quickwitted of the characters with a sibilant accompaniment from the back. The curtain falls, or rather is drawn together amid urging from the cast. There is a flutter of applause.

One begins to hope that something, anything, will be hissed. But it is too late. The Treasurer, having telephoned Beckmann's at 4:30, 8, 8:25 and 9 P. M. has gone below to reconnoitre and returned in triumph with three cardboard boxes of rather damp ice cream and one cardboard box of mixed cookies. Six girls leap joyfully into the adjoining room murmuring in unison: "May I help, Sally?" The tension is lowered.

But, suddenly, consternation reigns. The President is whispering to the Vice-President. The Treasurer is fluttering around them. They are about to call in the vaguely executive girl of earlier in the evening. But the problem is too big. They ask the advice of the Club.

Heavens! it seems that the rival organization across the hall has already finished and is panting to run out into the hall and sing to and at Phi Alpha Psi. What shall Phi Alpha Psi do? Shall they let the ice cream melt, or shall they keep the rival best minds waiting? Either course has its drawbacks. It is what, in Logic, we were taught to call a Dilemma.

Breeding will tell. With practical unanimity, the club



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## The Smith College Monthly

agrees to abandon the manna awaiting them and join in sisterly song.

A long line forms. The comparatively new members form in front. The tallest ones fall automatically to the back. Reminiscences of physical training. The song leader waves her hand, as one tossing flowers in an aesthetic dance. The line wobbles its way into and through the hall. "(ppp)mmmmmm *mmmmmmmm*, (fff) we are singing," they shout. Some of them know the name of the girl that they are singing to; but they pass unperceived.

Rather selfconsciously they have formed a circle. "*Nal*pha, *Nal*pha; *Nal*-pha" they sing, avoiding each other's eyes.

The song is over. There is a relieved rush back to their own side. The other wobbling line has started across the floor. . . .

The ice cream *is* melted. A few members have already slipped on their coats. One is surreptitiously taking a few crackers; for her roommate! A few are helping, with inner satisfaction, to scrape and stack the plates.

"Going my way, Betty?" "What time does the Library close?" "That was an *awfully* cute play, Peg." "*Wait* for me, Betty." "I loved your poems; they were awfully good." "Will you turn the lights out when you come?" "I *loved* the way you played that piece. Schubert, wasn't it? Oh, Debussy? Anyway, it was darling." "Betty!"

The tramp of footsteps dies away downstairs. The room has resumed its vaguely ecclesiastical atmosphere. The Treasurer with a sudden domestic impulse picks a paper plate and a limp spoon off the floor before she switches out the lights, and goes.

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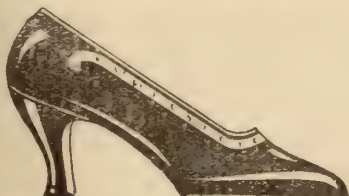
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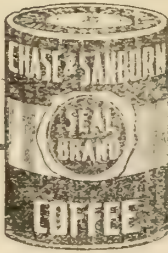
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# SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY



APRIL

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1926







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# Smith College Monthly



## OVERTONES

CELIA GOLDBERG

**M**ATHILDE was down on the floor on her hands and knees trying to force the dust-cloth under the piano, when the door-bell rang. It was a short loud ring that cut the quiet of the house so suddenly and so sharply that she jerked up in surprise. Her head struck the projection of the keyboard with a bang.

"Dat dumn postmann. Vhy he cann not leaf his mail but must ring de bell like a fire alarum makes me mad. Dumm peoples," she muttered as she straightened up at a discreet distance from the vibrating overtones. Her dust-cap had been jerked awry at the impact, one limp corner hung down covering half of her right eye, glassy blue with anger, and came to rest on her full-curving rosy cheek. Her house-dress had been pulled down in back so that the front of the neck instead of outlining a gentle curve on her chest formed a straight line just below her lower chin. She made no effort to adjust cap or dress. Still clutching the oil-blackened dust-cloth in one hand, she tried to turn the knob on the front door with the other. The knob remained unmoved, only her oily hand slid back and forth over the smooth surface without further result than making her cheeks redder and hotter with wasted energy. The attempt with the other hand helped send the color and heat up to her very temples but made no impression on the door knob. A cool hand on the outer knob and the door formed a scanty frame for Mathilde's plump figure.

"Humph," she grunted without looking up. Simple word, but Mathilde's tone and manner clearly had it say, "Vhy in dunder you don't stick de old letter in de box widout



making a ring like it was a fire makes me mad. You haf to gif it to me, you old dummkopf."

"Hello," came a cheerful voice. "Two cents due on this letter." Mathilde looked up in surprise. A new mailman? A new mailman.

For the last three or four months Mathilde had not troubled to look the mailman in the face. Whenever the door-bell rang about ten o'clock in the morning, (mail in Petersborough was delivered but once a day) she had grudgingly left whatever she was doing, had sauntered to the door muttering imprecations on the dummkopf of a mailmann. She had always grunted "humph" at him, snatched whatever mail was proffered and banged the door without lifting her eyes further than the third button on the grey-blue uniform. She remembered his face, though. Some face, that—all lines: horizontal lines across the forehead, lines radiating from the eyes to the temples, a deep groove between the eyes, lines wavering down the cheeks and lines curving from the nostrils to the chin. He never smiled, either, and she ceased to smile, too, after that day he had said, "You take your time getting here, don't you, Dutchy?"

"Two cents?" she repeated. "Two cents? Yeh, two cents, I get it for you." She hurried back to the door with a nickle that had been convenient on the kitchen shelf, and stared at the pleasant face before her. It was a young face but thin, pale and thin. But then, anyone looked pale and thin in contrast to Mathilde's chubby ruddiness. He had kindly brown eyes, not those cold grey ones, and an interesting cleft in his chin—and no lines.

"There you are!" he assured her as he dropped the three pennies into her hand. "Nice day isn't it?"

"Yeh," Mathilde answered. Then as he was leaving the porch she added, "Misteh, eh, we lose the key to the box. You ring the bell when you got mail, eh?"

"All right," he sang out agreeably. "All right."

Mathilde closed the door, put the letter addressed to Mr. Dineen on the spinet desk and those to Mrs. Dineen on her dressing table as she had been carefully instructed. She went back to her dusting, singing softly, emphasizing "*Augustine, Augustine*" with a vigorous movement of her cloth.

The next morning when the bell rang with an unusually sharp ring at 10.10 Mathilde dropped Mrs. Dineen's

coat that she was brushing and hurried to the door. She was wearing a clean percale dress and a starched white cap that had once been part of an old blouse of Mrs. Dineen's.

"Gut morning," she smiled affably.

"Nice morning isn't it?" he returned. "Looks as if we'll be getting spring soon. Can't come too soon for me. Walking on this ice isn't any too good."

"Yeh" Mathilde drawled. "Naw." And before she could think of anything else to say, he was going down the walk. She watched him out of sight.

Later, when Mrs. Dineen sent her to the Community Store to buy some thread, she bought herself an unbleached linen fudge-apron and cap to match. She sat up far into the night embroidering yellow daisies and green leaves on them.

Mathilde loved to lie in bed in the morning. She hated the five days a week when she had to get up at seven to get Mr. Dineen's breakfast. She loved Saturday and Sunday when she could shut off the alarm clock at seven and enjoy the luxury of the added half hour. But this morning she was up before the alarm rang, and she had the new cap and apron neatly ironed before Mr. Dineen came down to the dining-room. She folded them carefully and laid them on the banister in the front hall, ready to don when the door-bell rang.

She had the electric washing machine going that morning, and a deafening noise it did make. Ordinarily the monotonous droning bothered her not at all. She hadn't realized it was so loud. But this morning in her fear lest the ring of the bell be lost in the noise of the machine, she would turn the switch off every few minutes and listen intently for any sound from the front porch.

"Anything wrong with the washer?" Mrs. Dineen called in from the bed-room.

"No, ma'am, it go all right," Mathilde called back in a sorrowful voice.

It was 10.30 and he had not yet come. Maybe he had slipped on the ice. Mathilde started the machine again and gazed through the window. The ice had melted and the walk was slushy with wet snow. Mathilde never saw any men at the house but Mr. Dineen and the canvassers. They had an electric refrigerator, they didn't send out any laun-

dry, and the bread and the milk were left in the back hall long before she rose. She had never missed them before but sang no more that morning. She dusted mechanically, her mouth half open, her eyes looking into kindly brown ones on the wall, in the door and on the curtains.

With fresh hopes, she put her embroidered fudge-apron and cap in readiness on the banister the next morning. About ten o'clock Mrs. Dineen sent her out to their garage for the gloves she had left in the car the evening before. Mathilde hesitated. Should she wait until after the post-man had come? Mrs. Dineen settled the question for her. "Would you get them right now, please. I want to run over to Mrs. Gina's for a few minutes." Mathilde hastened as she never had before. Mrs. Dineen had never known that "The Baby Katinka," as Mr. Dineen called her, could be so agile.

"Did—did de mail come?" Mathilde questioned breathless when she came back gloves in hand.

"No. It didn't. And will you put some potatoes on? There'll be three for lunch."

Quarter past ten and he hadn't come this day either. Mathilde cut an eye out of the potato she was peeling. It made her think of a chin with a cleft in it. She speculated: he was thin and pale. Poor man, she could fatten him up. Yeh, with her cooking. Wasn't Mr. Dineen always telling her? *Kuchen*, she bet he'd like her *kuchen*, with cream cheese or *kartoffel*. The clock on the mantle struck eleven, and there had been no mail.

"Mrs. Dineen," Mathilde drawled as she turned the meat-grinder desultorily, "no letter come today." It was the same tone that would tell that the last pet goldfish had died.

"No, Mathilde, I owe everyone in the world a letter. And I don't know when I'm going to get time to answer all my mail. You know, you can't get mail unless you send mail."

Mathilde turned the grinder with a rhythmic "you-can't-get-mail-unless-you-send-mail-you-can't-get-mail-unless. Suddenly she stopped and just as suddenly she began turning the grinder double-quick time. She would send a letter. Yeh, to her cousin Jenny, who worked at the other end of the village. Jenny-would-get-it-Friday-Jenny-write-Friday-



she-get-it-Saturday. She would write Jenny, she would write Jenny to go buy hat with her Saturday. Pleased with herself and with her sly plan, Mathilde worked with unwonted alacrity, and Mrs. Dineen mailed the letter for her on her way to the Welles.

Mathilde was just taking her cinnamon buns out of the oven at about 9.30 that Friday morning when the front-door bell rang.

"Blitzen" she blurted, "some drummer with brushes or stockings." Indignantly she stalked to the door with the tin of buns in her hand. She was prepared to repeat the formula, "No,-the-lady-of-the-house,-she-is-not-in-and-I-can't-get-anything," when she looked up to see the mailman. She stood motionless, her cap and apron were on the banister behind her, and here she was in a plain blue wrapper, holding the tin of buns in a scorched towel.

"Hello. Nice day. Ymmm, that smells good," he greeted her.

"Yeh," she drawled, unable to move her eyes from his pleasant face. She came to life as he started to leave the porch. "Wait! Here, eat one," she pleaded.

She watched him as he bit daintily into the hot bun. He smacked his lips, "That's the best cinnamon bun I ever ate. And that's saying some. My mother used to make 'em, but this has got 'em all beat a mile."

"Yeh," beamed Mathilde, "your mudder."

That night she dreamed of him sitting at the kitchen table eating huge apple dumplings as fast as she took them out of the pans. Only his kindly brown eyes spoke praises.

She was all ready for him on Saturday morning. As soon as Mrs. Dineen had left to spend the day in town, she donned her apron and cap. She sat down at her mistress's dressing-table and looked at herself in all three mirrors at once. Then she hurried to the living room and sat on the divan where she could watch the street. When she saw the blue-grey uniform stop at the stucco house, three doors down, she went to the front-door. She adjusted her cap, smoothed her apron, and beamed, her blue eyes like sun-reflected lakes, and her cheeks like polished Baldwin apples.

"Hello," he sang as he came up the steps. "Lots of mail this morning."



"Yeh," Mathilda grinned sheepishly.

"'Mr. F. D. Dineen'—'Mr. and Mrs. Dineen'—'Mr. and Mrs. F. Dineen'—'Miss M. Hesslein!'—Is there a Miss M. Hesslein here?"

"Yeh! Dat's me."

"Letter from your sweetheart, eh?"

"Naw, I ain got no sweetheart," Mathilde pouted. Then she blushed and lowered her eyes to the third button on his coat. He was teasing her like Jenny told her her man was always making believe Jenny had another fellow. "I ain got no sweetheart."

"'Miss M. Hesslein'. Mary, is it?" he continued still sorting the letters.

"Naw—Mathilde."

"Mathilde? Well, now that's a nice name." She didn't blush again, she was still in the first blush.

"Yes, nice name Matilda," he was saying. "My mother's name was Matilda."

"Yeh!" Mathilde the second ejaculated with enthusiasm.

"Yes, and when my little girl was born after my mother died, we decided to call her Matilda, too."

"Your-your-your little girl?" She faltered breathless.

"Yep, she's quite a big girl now, going on . . ."

"Yeh," Mathilde sighed. Slowly she turned around. Softly she closed the door. With apparent effort she dragged her feet into the reception room. She put all the mail, the fatal 'Miss M. Hesslein' included, on the spinet desk.

She was glad there was no delivery on Sunday. She was glad she was at the store when the mail came on Monday. She was glad Mr. Dineen did get a key to the box. But oh! she wished little Matilda's mother knew how to make cheeses and bread and puddings to fatten him up.

## FROG TALK

---

BARBARA SIMISON

---

Moon, I'm lonely  
Down in my lily pond  
With only lilies,  
Beautiful water-lilies,  
For company.  
Your reflection frets me,  
I want the real you.  
Just jump down  
From your place in the sky  
And have a chat with me  
On my lily pad.  
Really, Moon, the sky won't miss you  
With all its stars  
And perhaps a new moon growing.  
Come, I want a chat with you  
On my lily pad, for  
Moon, I'm lonely  
Down in my lily pond.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

ELIZABETH R. SYMONS

---

**C**OME up, dear—I've a glass of milk for you," Jane called from the head of the stairs. Irene tried the handle of the door before shutting it to be sure the lock was on. It was. She ran her hand through her hair, looked at the hall-table in an absent, distracted way and began to ascend the stairs.

"Janie-crumpet!" she said as she saw her sister at the top—she seemed scarcely to have heard Jane's remark—"What are you up for—you should be in bed, Button!"

"I told Mother I'd see you got in—she had a headache and I thought I could see you in as well as she. She thought some one ought to show a little interest in you—vacations are so short and you're away so much. Did you have a good time? Anything special happen?"

Irene was amused. Goodness knew, she was too tired and bored to talk, but here was Jane with the glass of milk to lure her into a few minutes' gossip before she went to bed. Oh Jimsy! Why did you!—Should she talk to Janie—Janie never told things and would be so disappointed if sent immediately to bed.

"You'd better drink this milk, Irene, truly. You look tired." Jane's solemn, slightly hollow brown eyes regarded her lovely sister with the same little worried frown her mother's brow wore. Jane apparently would never be like Irene. Of course she never could, with her plain little face, but then, Irene thought, she had preferred to stay at home and study music, to going to college in the East. And she seemed to stay so *young*! Irene thought, "We ought to be companions now—Jane ought to be going out to parties with me—I wonder why we don't grow together as other sisters do, now that we're older?"

Aloud she said, "Oh nothing happened. What should? Nothing ever happens to me. The dance was gay enough but I quarrelled with Dakin. He said he'd amuse me and

took me to a horrible place—you've never imagined such a place in town! I must admit I was thrilled. It was just the kind of place where things happen. Must be near Water Street on our side of the river—you go down a cellar stairs and there are barrels and boxes of trash and ashes and garbage and everything else! And inside! Only a couple of oil lamps! Ough! It was frightful! It was a bootlegger's, of course. I might have known that would be Dakin's idea of something exciting. I was so expectant all the time he and the awful brigand who was selling Scotch talked—just waiting for something to happen. But nothing did—nothing ever does."

"*Then* what happened—something did" Jane stated positively.

Irene laughed in annoyance, "Oh, only Jimsy Prentiss. How *could* he!" she stormed suddenly, "My whole evening was spoiled. We went back to the party and Dakin got drunk and Jimsy Prentiss said he'd take me home. On the way he proposed to me. I'm just sick—I like him heaps but fancy marrying him! He's the homeliest, worst high-brow in town. He's forever moaning over the piano or talking about concertos, or Bach, or you, or the music we're always having here, or something. I think he's crazy." She flounced up and looked like an aggrieved nymph.

Jane laughed. "There, Renie, go to bed. And you needn't get up for breakfast unless you like—Good-night, dear." She closed the door carefully after her. No sense in worrying Renie with *her* adventures. It was lucky mother had gone to bed before Dakin appeared like that. Jane went softly to her own room. She began to undress. Then just as she took off her stockings she began to laugh. She laughed and laughed. Finally her mirth abated to gurgles and chuckles, at last to an occasional giggle.

"Oh no—nothing happens to either of us! Irene thinks a proposal from Jimsy Prentiss nothing at all. And I sit at home and outwit her drunken suitors—and nothing ever happens to either of us." She began to brush her hair. She could see herself in her mind's eye, suddenly glancing up from her work to find Dakin White swaying in the doorway of the library. Would she ever forget the first fright of realization! Dakin White, drunk—soddenly, horribly, limp with a kind of leering naughtiness in him—and a blue-nosed



little revolver clasped loosely in a nerveless hand. The strong breath, the towering, unsteady bulk! Safe now in bed, Jane shook uncontrollably. Horrible—horrible! She put him out of her mind, but she began wondering about the revolver. Someone would surely find it in a day or so. She ought to put it in a more secret place. Surprising how easy it had been to get it from Dakin, Dakin in his stubborn, angry drunkenness. She smiled to remember his asinine determination to shoot himself “on th’ parlor carpet. Make nice mess ’n ’nen she’ll be sorry. Awful mess all over parlor carpet.” Jane had clutched her shaking hands and finally as by inspiration, assured him that Irene cared nothing at all about the parlor carpet.

“’S right!” He assented reasonably. “Well, tell y’ what we’ll do. Shoot Prentiss. She likesh him. Shoot him, hm?”

Jane felt she could scarcely agree to that—why ask her anyhow. *She* didn’t want to shoot anyone. Then she suddenly realized what she was doing. With almost physical effort she pulled herself together. She was in possession of all her senses, dealing with an imbecile. She would *manage* this situation. She stopped trembling and began to talk, too, fixing the maudlin Dakin with her clear brown eyes. He clung long to the idea of shooting Prentiss and she had almost despaired of turning him aside but at last he was convinced; he would go home and pretend he cared for her, Jane. He would pretend he never did like Irene. “Aw right, Jane,” he had said solemnly as he handed her the revolver, “guesh *we* know. Never *did* like ’Rene. Guesh *she*’ll be mad! Only you. Love you, Jane. Jane, kish me g’night, Jane.” Resolutely Jane gathered her courage, kissed him and coaxed him out the front door. She had escorted him out and put him in his car, thinking that surely since he had driven there safely he would get safely home. It was like looking out for a child. She was suddenly sorry for Dakin—a big, little boy, wanting the moon, Irene. She said “Now—straight home, Dakin. You understand?”

He looked up at her trustingly. “Umhm. And its *h* you I love. Not Irene any more. Kish me ’gain.”

Jane felt the tears spring into her eyes. She pulled his

coat collar up around his ears and kissed him thoroughly. He won't remember and oh the poor dear baby! She wondered if he would remember where he'd left his gun. If he did, would he remember the kiss? Would he? Would—he? She was asleep.

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## A WINDOW IN CHARTRES CATHEDRAL

KATHERINE S. BOLMAN

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You glassy saints in little leaded panes  
Where noonday sunshine glimmers faint and slow,  
And long dim aisles of old cathedral glow  
With ancient colors that no touch profanes  
Of modern whom your hidden art disdains,  
Where candles to the virgin flicker low,  
And cherubim in stony silence bow,  
And prayers softly fall like autumn rains—  
Do you never outward turn your steadfast gaze  
And never see the splendour of the sun,  
And never look upon the broad highways  
Where evil lies but joy is free to run,  
And do you never envy those like me,  
Who though I cannot be a saint, am free?

## HERO

RUTH ROSE

**O**NCE upon a time, there was a great hero.

He was one whom many kings delighted to honor, because it was such good advertising for the kings. The medals overlapped each other on his breast and could be listed to fill columns. They often were. He became an International Figure, which means he went about from country to country being feasted and receiving ovations. He always replied with one set speech, which contained a remarkable pun able to bear translation into foreign languages. He was interviewed daily, and again weekly, and said always the same thing, being an economical soul and averse to wasting time or energy. His visits were heralded long in advance and the popular mind prepared by enough portraits to fill a gallery, supplemented by vivid if slightly gruesome accounts of what he had done. For weeks after he had gone, newspapers lost no opportunity of referring to "our distinguished guest." The hotel that sheltered him raised its prices and provided new uniforms for its bellboys and doorman. There was always an automobile radiantly fresh from the factory, supplied "by the courtesy of the company" and labelled with a banner on the windshield.

It was the lobby of such a hotel, and the chariot waited around the corner. All was confusion as the common run of guests hastily assembled, for it was eight o'clock, and the "personal appearance" at the Capitol was scheduled for eight-thirty. Eager maidens dragged reluctant young men or were, possibly though rarely, dragged themselves by enthusiastic second-hand heroes, who knew a man who had seen—Family parties sallied forth "for the educational value." "When you are an old lady, Eleanor, you can tell your grandchildren—" Tired business men struggled into their coats, awkwardly interested. "Heard a queer story

about him today. It seems once—" The clock struck the quarter.

Then through the hurrying crowd there passed a man who was not in uniform and bore no medals. He was slight and small and blond, and his taffy-yellow hair swept up rebelliously like the hair of a young child. His eye was on the accusing clock and he looked perturbed and guilty. A portly person who accompanied him growled something encouraging and was answered by an apologetic smile helped out with a few words of stumbling English.

A small boy being hustled along in a belated family party suddenly stopped dead and tugged hard at the maternal hand. "It's him, Mama. Mama, it's him. Don't you see him, Mama?"

"Do hurry, Tommy. We'll be too late for the personal appearance."



# NOCTURNE IN GREEN AND SILVER

JEAN FATERSON

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The silver-leaved willow trees  
Gently brush  
O'er the lagoon the silver moon  
Tries to hush.  
The silver-leaved willow trees  
Whisper their fears,  
The silver moon and the lagoon  
Are in tears.

The mermaids cool, deep in the pool,  
Sadly sway,  
Long white arms cling, awed voices ring  
In dismay.  
Their long green eyes, with mad surprise,  
Scan the deep.  
Weary of pain, they complain  
And weep,  
Mourning their queen, who has been  
Whirled away  
By the swift tide as a bride  
To Koshchei.

A filmy-eyed, forlorn bride  
She seems—  
The silver-leaved willow trees  
Haunt her dreams.  
Who will now rule the green pool  
Of delight  
And who will sway her mace, a ray  
Of moonlight?

The soft croon of wind and moon  
O'er the deep  
Stills again the mermaids' pain  
To sleep.  
But the silver moon and the lagoon  
Whisper their fears  
And silv'ry-leaved willow trees  
Are in tears.

## STRICTLY A FAMILY AFFAIR

KATE PINSBORF

**OLD COLONEL MARTINS** sat on the back porch of his house, which from the high bank of the Paraguay overlooked the river, the big marshes stretching north, and the far hills of the Bolivian border rising faint and blue on the western horizon. It was hot, and not one merciful cloud ventured itself on the dry blue sky. The Colonel's right hand, which was swinging a big fan made of a palm-leaf, slowly sank; so did his left hand which was holding the latest newspaper from Rio de Janeiro, one week old. Fan and newspaper gently dropped on the brick floor, and instead of the rustling of the palm-leaf fan arose a low and rhythmical snore. All was quiet, the little village, the birds, the breeze, everything and everybody held siesta.

A hesitating step came from the interior of the house, and then a girl stood in the doorway and looked at her father in a meditative way. The snore grew less rhythmical, and presently the Colonel fumbled around on the floor to get hold of his fan and newspaper.

"Listen Maria," he said, "Come here my child. Your aunt told me this morning that last night at the ball you danced almost exclusively with Antonio Malheiros. Now, you know that is not a nice thing to do; people are beginning already to say that you and the Malheiros are engaged, which of course will never happen. I'd rather have you be an old maid than marry a Malheiros. They are no good. None of them. They are all like their father, the old villain."

He paused, and from under his bushy eye-brows he looked slantingly at the girl.

"Well now Maria, don't look like seven days' rain. Haven't I always been a nice father who thinks only to do the best for you? Haven't I taken you to all the balls that are being given without complaining a single time? But you see, I can't always sit in the dance hall, as your mother would have done if she still lived. If I go out and talk to the men a little while you must not play such tricks on me.

Now come here, and quit looking so silly."

"Father," she began hesitatingly, "I had just come here to tell you that Antonio had asked me last night to marry him. And father,"—her voice grew more decided, "I'm going to marry him. I won't marry that rich old fellow you want me to. He can't even sit straight on a horse. And Antonio is no villain."

Colonel Martins' fan and paper dropped back to the ground. His mouth opened with astonishment and he had a blank look in his face for awhile. How in the world could she, his daughter, dare to think otherwise than he did on such an important point as her marriage? But quickly he regained his assurance.

"Maria, you are a little fool. Antonio is a good-for-nothing just as his two brothers are. None of them respects any law of decency or religion. And that "rich old fellow"—I suppose you mean Mr. Ortiz—is a highly cultivated gentleman. You ought to be glad if he marries you. Now go and let me read my paper."

"But Antonio is coming here to-night to ask you for my hand . . ."

"Well, of all—All right, let him come. Then I'll tell him where to look for a bride! And you, stay at home today, don't leave the house. I'll settle the business."

Maria did not leave the house. She wrote a note and gave it to one of the little negro servants.

"Dear Antonio, don't come to-night to see my father because he won't consent. Come after the lights are out and I will talk to you from my window." Then followed the phrases that are customary in love letters and Maria's signature.

The Colonel waited in vain for the appearance of his pretty daughter's suitor. Finally he locked and bolted all the doors himself and thought what a relief it was that all windows had iron bars. With this tranquillizing thought he crept under the mosquito veil and soon fell asleep.

Not long afterwards Maria, who stood behind the iron bars in her dark window, heard the bushes move and Antonio appeared. They held war council, the decision of which was that they should elope.

Poor Colonel Martins, who had such firm trust in iron bars! Maria went on the flat roof and tied the ropes of her

hammock to the chimney. The descent was not exactly easy, but she arrived at last on firm ground. The two elopers glided through the bushes to the bank of the river where Antonio had concealed his horse. Maria mounted up behind her lover and then the three plunged into the black forest, bound for the old Malheiros farm that lay at a distance of eight hours.

I am shocked to state that they were accompanied neither by the blessings of a priest nor by the sanction of law, for the attempt of getting either would have hindered their elopement.

The morning came and the servants began to stir. One carried water in a big wooden bucket to the barrel that stood on top of the bath-house in the yard, for the Colonel's morning shower, and plenty of it, so that he would not need to shout for more while in the process of rinsing off the soap. From the kitchen came the aromatic odor of roasted matfe, together with the droning song of the old Indian cook. All these familiar noises woke the Colonel, and he started to creep out from under his mosquito veil, when he saw the rope dangling across his window.

An ominous presentiment arose in his heart, and with a voice as ominous as his presentiment he began to call for the servants. But before Pedro, Juan or Catharina had stirred from their respective occupations, the Colonel stood in Maria's room, where everything was in the most perfect order. It did not remain so. The Colonel's feelings were too much stirred to produce no outer manifestations. After he had broken the mirror and thrown all loose objects on the floor or out of the open window, he regained his power of cool reflection.

After breakfast he concluded that all he could do was to swallow the bitter pill with a smile and give the affair the legal coating which obviously was still missing.

He sent a servant to Maria whom he very rightly suspected to be on the Malheiros farm, and told her in a letter that although she had occasioned him deep sorrow, he would be glad to attend her wedding on the farm and bring the priest and justice of peace with him.

In the afternoon of the next day the servant came back. He had neither letter nor message from Maria, but he said she had not looked too happy. Antonio Malheiros had told



him that the Colonel would be very welcome, but as to the justice of peace and the priest, his father and his two brothers had managed to be happy without them and he was going to do the same.

At the receipt of this message the Colonel had another outbreak of fury. This time the sole object of his wrath was Antonio, and the love for his daughter, which she had obscured for a while through her disobedience, regained its whole power over him. Perhaps he felt remotely conscience-stricken when he thought of Maria's intense dislike for Mr. Ortiz, his own candidate. Whatever the reason, it was not alone to keep his own honor clean that the Colonel resolved to help Maria to get out of the unhappy position into which she had brought herself.

Not long before midnight the rising moon saw a cavalcade of six armed men trotting through the single street of Ladario and disappearing in the forest in the direction of the Malheiros farm. Instead of arms the seventh man carried a Bible, a flask of holy water and a censer.

Dawn rose over the Malheiros farm.

It was a magnificent stretch of land, including forests, lakes and pasture grounds with thousands of half wild cattle. But it was only half of what the old Malheiros had possessed in his youth. At that time the farm had extended over as vast a tract of land as that occupied by Portugal, with rich manganese mines and gold-bearing rivers. His dissolute and lazy life, however, had reduced his dominions from year to year, and when he died and by order of his will the whole farm passed to the four children of his first favorite wife, the new owners also found themselves heirs to large debts and the sordid atmosphere created by their father. And so they lived on, too indolent to make an effort to better the conditions. But in spite of all this moral and physical laxity that reigned on the Malheiros farm, the rising sun smiled over it just as brightly as it would have had the land been populated by holy nuns and hermits.

Amid the stir of servants, cowboys and horses around the main house, our cavalcade from Ladario arrived. The oldest of the Malheiros brothers, who had just mounted a splendid horse, rode up to them with a careless, good-natured smile on his face. Colonel Martins could not but

salute politely. Then pressing his horse close to the horse of the other, he said in a low voice,

"I have some slight business to settle with your youngest brother—what will your position be?"

"Colonel Martins, I mind my business and let him mind his. You will in no way be hindered by anybody around here."

He whirled around on his horse and shouted to the majordomo to let none of the men-servants go into the main building for the next hour or so. Then he called his two brothers, whose horses stood saddled for the daily inspection ride.

Turning again to the new comers he courteously placed the house and his services at their disposal and rode off with Fernando.

The Colonel, the priest, the justice of peace and the four other men—relatives—entered the house and were met by Antonio, who stood on the threshold, with knit brows and his hand on his revolver. For a moment the two men faced each other, and it was plain that each of them would have liked nothing better than to drive a few revolver bullets into his opponent. Finally, with a short glance over the Colonel's retinue, Antonio pulled his two revolvers out of his broad silver belt and placed them on the table. Then, assuming a careless attitude, he leaned in the window, turning his back on the whole assembly.

Not a word had as yet been exchanged.

At last the Colonel broke the silence, which had become more than oppressive and awkward.

"Where is Maria?"

Without turning around, Antonio motioned with his head to the adjoining room.

Maria, who probably had been listening behind the door, came in. She looked rather pale and uncertain.

"Well, you . . . little fool! Here we are. What is it you want me to do with you two? Shall I kill him? Or shall I make you get married like decent people? Or do you want to come back with me and enter a convent?"

Maria threw a quick astonished glance at her father when she heard the rough kindness in his gruff tone. She made a few hesitating steps toward him, but when she saw his moustache twitching in a very characteristic way, she rushed to him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Perhaps you had better marry us."

So they were married. Nobody, of course, asked Antonio for his consent. All the women and children of the house—and there were a great number, for the Malheiros farm had always been a refuge for all the first, second and third cousins of the family—stood around the bride and groom and watched the procedure of the priest with the keenest interest. Antonio never spoke a word save the compulsory "Yes," which sounded more like a growl than anything else.

As soon as the ceremony was over and the justice of peace had entered their names in his book, the bridegroom dashed out of the room, caught the first horse by its mane and galloped off without either saddle or bridle. This was the first time during the twenty years of his existence that anybody had compelled him to do anything against his will, and he needed rather violent exertion.

At noon the seven men from Ladario and all the members of the Malheiros family with the exception of the bridegroom, assembled in the dining hall. The oldest Malheiros had not permitted that his self-invited guests should return on their long journey without a good meal, and everybody was only too glad to stay and rest a little.

After the servants had brought in the dessert of cheese, marmalade and fruit, the oldest Malheiros rose from his chair and asked for silence.

"Gentlemen, I have talked matters over with Fernando this morning, and we have come to the conclusion that we two might just as well get married. Our wives are willing and our children probably will be thankful for it when they are grown up. Therefore, if Colonel Martins, Pater Francisco and Dr. Morales have no objection, the ceremony can take place right after the dessert."

After having delivered his speech he sat down and quietly began to peel a mango.

His audience looked rather blank at this unexpected speech but then the bravoos and vivas broke loose and the women at the end of the table put their heads together and whispered.

Antonio came back from his wild ride just in time to hear the final benediction of the priest who was blessing the two couples kneeling before him. Blue incense curled up



to the red tiles of the ceiling and escaped through the small cracks into the noon-air; the floor and the heads of the audience were moist with holy water.

It was good that the ritual was at an end, for Antonio could not suppress a loud burst of laughter after he had gotten over the first consternation. His oldest brother, good-humouredly, chimed in, and after awhile everybody was laughing heartily, down to the children of the newly wed pairs, and congratulations, hugs, kisses and hand-shakes were exchanged under laughter that grew merrier all the time.

Antonio went up to Colonel Martins and looked him frankly in the eyes,

"Martins, father-in-law, I'm glad you have come, and if you can pardon me you will from now on find a good son-in-law in me."

No more work was done that day on the Malheiros farm. A fat cow was killed and roasted in her hide over a huge fire in the yard. In the orange grove where the whole family had gathered in hammocks and on ponchos, the bombilla of matte went from hand to hand, and there was a great deal of singing and strumming of guitars until late into the night.

That night, when the Colonel crept under the mosquito veil of a bed on the Malheiros farm, he felt such a happiness as on few occasions he had felt during his whole life. Maria's thanks and those of the two women were still echoing in his heart, when he thought of poor Mr. Ortiz. With a slight sigh the Colonel hunted after a few mosquitoes that had smuggled themselves under the veil, and blew out his candle.



## THE LOST LADY

ALICE PHELPS

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N the calmness of my despair, I must attempt to put down in some form the events which have led to this final catastrophe. It is inconceivable to me now that I should have entrusted to but one man the secret which meant my life without demanding papers, proof—verification of some kind—rather than run the risks which lie in the black depths of insanity.

There is no trace of it in my blood—on my mother's side, stern, practical, New England sense, from my father, only an extreme susceptibility and feeling which have, perhaps, led me to this miserable plight. From him, too, I inherited a keen mind which enabled me to graduate from High School with honors and to pass with ease the course in a business college in the city of X— not far from my home. Shortly after, I obtained a position as secretary to a well-known psychopathic doctor. The work was light, agreeable and well-paid, and Dr. Henning himself fascinated me. Tall, powerful, well-dressed, with iron-grey hair and grey eyes of a cold, inexorable impenetrability, he was nevertheless, an excellent man to work under. The majority of his patients respected if they did not love him, and they thrived under his care. He was particularly interested in a private hospital for the insane just outside the city. There we used to go frequently, and for hours I took down records, symptoms, diagnoses of all kinds. After these visits, he would pore over my transcribed notes for long periods of time. Occasionally, he would solve some knotty problem, and soon another monograph would be published in his name.

This went on for a number of years, until intercourse with these patients aroused in me a personal interest and sympathy. My naturally neurotic temperament led me to become more and more perceptive and emotional. My thoughts almost constantly wandered in mazes which centered in the lives and minds of these unfortunate people. In

this condition I was scarcely able to withstand the astounding proposal which Dr. Henning unfolded to me a month ago. It was this—that I should pretend insanity. He would obtain for me a place in the hospital in which he was interested, and once there I should be in a position to make first hand observations of the abnormal mental processes of these people. I would be but an insignificant stenographer who had been unable to withstand the strain. My mind took fire at once. Nervous and excited as I was, it seemed to me a magnificent opportunity to trace for myself the mazes of these demented minds, and perhaps, through my observations, lead to some great discovery which would cure or prevent these abnormalities. In this state of mind I made my arrangements, and a month ago, I entered this place. My father had recently died, and my mother knew nothing of the plan.

Of the asylum, I shall say little. It is a brick building, wax-like in its cleanliness, yet with little or no comfort. A resident doctor examined me upon my arrival, and I was assigned to a ward, and, for the most part, left to my own devices. Dr. Henning visited me every other day, and together we discussed the puzzling aspects of case after case. I was relatively happy, though it was not pleasant living with the insane. Gentle and tragically pathetic as most of them were, their very presence produced in me an emotional strain which it was hard for me to resist.

The immediate cause of my wretchedness occurred when I had been there scarcely two weeks. A tiny, shrunken, old woman became so excited as to be almost unmanageable. The doctor in charge was sent for at once and I hated him from that first moment. He was a short man with a round, oily face, and cold, impenetrable, blue eyes. His voice, too, rasped my nerves already on edge with the loud, incessant demands of the lunatic. Quickly and quietly he led her back to her chair and placed her in it, but with the insistence of a child she sprang up and clung to him, demanding again and again something so senseless, so childish that I do not remember what it was. Then it happened—the thing from which my whole nature shrank, and which precipitated the final catastrophe. He struck her—knocked her back into the chair where she lay sobbing feebly, whimpering. I ran toward him, tried to stop him. I shrieked.

It is a remarkable thing about insane people that noise seldom disturbs them. That room full of people scarcely noticed my scream. The talk went on as before, senseless talk affording no relief to my taut nerves. The doctor faced me, coldly, calmly. I was trembling. He beckoned a nurse who came forward and led me along a corridor reeking with a stifling antiseptic to a room so cold, so bare, that I shivered when I entered it. Here she left me. I heard the key turn in the lock as she went away. Did they think I was dangerous?

Almost two weeks passed—nightmares, they dragged along to a weary end. I walked daily in the garden. I saw no person. Dr. Henning did not come. Why, I did not understand. I asked repeatedly, again and again, but the nurse only smiled and evaded. She gave me no answer, and always slipped away and left me alone. I grew to dread that loneliness. No one with whom to talk, no sound, an ominous silence it seemed to me. I longed to scream, to break it. I wanted, desperately wanted, active, human noise, but nothing happened.

Yesterday the house doctor came to see me again. I saw his round, oily face, his cold eyes at the door and I ran to meet him. I was afraid that he would go away before I could ask him my question. Quite calmly, quite coldly, he told me that Dr. Henning was dead. A sudden heart attack—that was all. It was as if something had snapped in my brain, as if the cord which bound my senses to me had been cut. I felt it give as I lost consciousness.

When I awoke he was still there, the nurse with him. I sat up, trembling violently. A ghastly fear had taken possession of me. I told him my story, but I could see that he did not believe it. His eyes were quite unmoved, cold, impenetrable. He started to go and I clutched his coat. "I'm not insane," I told him. "I'm not insane." "No," he said quietly, "You're not insane." The nurse was there too. "No, no," she repeated soothingly. "No, no." Something snapped again in my brain, and I knew no more.

I lost track of time. The doctor came again. I loathed him, but he was my only hope. I begged him to believe me, and at last he promised to send for my mother. He had looked through Dr. Henning's papers he said. There was no mention of me. Doubtful as he was, he told me that I



should be examined soon by another physician. His words brought little comfort. Could it be that he thought me but another interesting case? Hope filled me at times, at others, the old ghastly sensation of fear. I tried to think of what I should say when the time should come. I resolved to be rational.

Yesterday I was examined. There was a room with the visiting doctor and my mother. She was a little frightened, I think, yet stern and practical as ever. I heard her say something about "nervous irritability" and "inherited from her father." They all looked at me. Oddly enough, I could feel that cord in the back of my head. It was getting tighter and tighter. I remember thinking that I must hurry. "I'm not insane," I said dully. They all looked at me, pityingly, I thought. The cord was breaking. "I'm not insane," I shrieked.

I was back in my room now. Mother had gone, the doctor had gone, only the nurse was here. "I'm not insane, am I?", I asked her. "No," she smiled gently. But when she left me, she locked the door. I shall go mad now.

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## TWO DREAMS

MINERVA AMES RAMSDELL

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And so I dreamed. And in my dream I saw  
A mighty temple, rising pile on pile,—  
Above the mass of black, aspiring trees,—  
Silver-gleaming in the moonlight, proud  
Of its glory. Soft a voice spoke, "This is Love."  
And I awoke.

I dreamed again. And it was night, and snow  
Tiptoed down to soothe a restless earth,  
Brushing my face with fairy finger-tips.  
I caught one crystal flake within my hand;  
It vanished. Then the voice, "This, too, is Love."  
And I awoke.



## THE VASE

MARY ELINOR SMITH

 HERE was once a Child who lived with his parents in a small cottage high up in the mountains. The mountains were beautiful, and people came from all over the world to see the sun rise and set behind them. But the Child, being a child, did not see the beauty of the sunrise and the sunset; perhaps he did not even see the mountains. In summer he played day after day about the small fenced-in plot of ground that surrounded the house. He played among the bushes and picked the flowering weeds that grew near the fence. He climbed the old apple-tree that stood by the gate. Sometimes he would wonder for a moment what was beyond the fence, and occasionally he would even look up at the sky, but most of the time he was so busy with his play that it never occurred to him to think of the outside world.

In winter, however, he could not spend so much time out-of-doors, and he was forced to seek entertainment within the house. Being an ingenious Child, he soon invented many games with which to amuse himself. Then, when he grew tired, there was always the Vase. The Vase stood on the chimney-piece above the fireplace, and the Child thought that it was the most beautiful thing in the world. It was beautiful in the day-time when the sun would poke gilded fingers through the window and make it glow with a lustre that was almost dazzling. It was beautiful at night when the quivering firelight would turn it now red as blood, now violet, now gold. It seemed almost alive, this Vase, for although it had no especial color of its own, its hue was ever-changing, ever different. The Child would sit for hours watching it in fascination, and it never lost its charm for him.

Summers and winters came and went, and the Child grew older. Soon he went to school in a nearby village. He no longer played inside the fence; the village was his world, and he never stopped to think that there might be other vil-

lages. But always on summer evenings there was the Vase on the chimney-piece, faintly glistening in the starlight, and always on the frosty nights of winter it gleamed with a thousand changing colors. And though he saw many other vases, the Child still worshipped his above all the rest. He had never touched it, yet he caressed with his eyes every part of its shining surface. Night after night he sat before the hearth, enraptured, asking nothing more than to adore it.

His parents could not understand why he should be so fascinated by a mere Vase.

"Of course it is rather pretty, as vases go, but there is nothing extraordinary about it. Perhaps it is because we have no other vases in the house." And they would say to him: "Come, Child, you're dreaming too much. Run out-of-doors and play."

Now while the Child was growing older, the village where he went to school and the mountains which overhung his cottage were becoming famous. Crowds of people came at all times of the year to toil up the mountainside. It was hard climbing, and sometimes men fell from cliffs and were killed or lost their way among the passes and starved to death. But nothing discouraged them. Often the Child met groups of them as they were returning from a laborious climb to some high peak. They were always tired, weary, lame.

"What did you see up there?" he would ask in curiosity, and they would stare at him as if they saw him through a mist, saying: "Oh, it is beautiful! Beautiful!"

"How foolish they are!" thought the Child. "What a lot of trouble they go to!"

One day he noticed that a larger crowd than usual was ascending the mountain nearest his cottage. He heard them talking among themselves as they passed.

"It is the best day in the year," they were saying. "The sun is very bright, and we will reach the summit just in time to see it set." And like a chorus they all chanted: "Oh, it will be beautiful! Beautiful!"

Contemptuously, the Child shrugged his shoulders and went into the house. He was very tired of this talk of mountains and sunsets. How stupid the world was! As was his custom he went directly to the chimney-piece. When he saw the Vase once more the look of disgust upon his face softened

into one of happiness and joy. Oh, his Vase! Surely there was nothing more lovely in the world. But suddenly he frowned. Something was wrong. Perhaps it was because there was so much sunshine and glow outside that the Vase seemed to have lost its lustre. Or some dust might have obscured its former brilliance. At any rate, it appeared to the Child's incredulous eyes to have become dull and lifeless. All of its glamour had vanished; it remained just a vase—rather pretty in shape, but quite ordinary. The Child rubbed his eyes, for he could not believe what he saw. It must be a dream. This couldn't be his Vase. Someone must have stolen his Vase and put this grey thing in its place.

As he stood there, stupefied, a sudden gust of wind blew open the window and burst into the room so violently that it shook the chimney-piece. The Vase toppled for a moment, then crashed to the floor, strewing the hearth with a thousand fragments. The Child cried aloud in pain. It was as if a part of him had broken into as many bits. Blindly, he rushed from the house, out into the radiance of noon-tide. The sun beat down upon his head, and he flung his arms before his eyes to ward off the glare. He stumbled on a rock and fell headlong. Stunned he lay there several minutes without moving. Then he arose and looked about him in a daze. What was he to do? He could not go back to the cottage and face an empty chimney-piece. He heard voices and saw that a small group of mountain-climbers was approaching. He did not know what impulse prompted him, but he ran toward them, half-weeping.

"Take me with you!" he cried. "Take me to the mountain-top! My—my Vase is broken." He stopped, embarrassed. These people would know nothing of his Vase. But they smiled tenderly at him.


"Come with us," they said. "It is hard to see one's Vases broken. We know, though ours were shattered long ago. That is why we love the mountains and the sunsets—because they cannot break. And they are more beautiful than the most beautiful vase in the world."

The Child looked up at the mountains through his tears. Why, they *were* beautiful! Strange he had never noticed them before!



## THE LAST PERSON IN THE CASE

RUTH L. THOMPSON

AURICE BARRATT was a man twenty-eight—so far as numbers are descriptive and dubitable—and one who had ampler and acuter means of disguising states of mind than a curled black mustache afforded. One result of this resourcefulness was that the mustache had a charm of its own, not in the least detracting, but accentuating the pallor of his face with the fineness with which dark portions of an etching contrast the light. He never meddled with it—in public—whereby it partook of the essence of himself. And this of course, as I have recently married the man, I am prone in my way to consider delightful.

He sat in the Luxembourg gardens, Maurice Barratt, one afternoon in the early fall, with his legs crossed and one arm stretched along the back of the bench appearing at once reflective and comfortable as men most can appear when relaxed in Parisian sunshine. A light fairly filmy with gold poured over the place sharply marked on the grass and on the gravel paths by the blackness of the shadows of trees. The murmur of children's high voices swung in the air, interrupted by an occasional level note of reprobation. It was a setting that might well have the interest of something of a situation and Maurice, it is to be presumed, if he was cogitating in the least, if he was doing anything more positive than accepting the exquisite present moment which the gardens yielded to each attentive visitor, was at any rate not returning to *one* situation which had involved him a few months past.

There, in the little German-Swiss town of Thun, had been a question which amounted to everything if one chose to take it, and perhaps to nothing if one chose to leave it. The solution appeared when the last person who ought to have answered it did answer it, and the last person in the case was Helen Lee.

He had walked that morning not precisely up a moun-



tain side, but, in his diminutive endeavor, nearer one, and although most of the way had been comfortably in the cool of a gorgeous forest, the last stretch toward a little flower-embedded inn had lain in the keen sunshine. Therefore he chose at the inn to lunch and refresh himself in an inner room rather than in the sunny courtyard. He had been sitting then at a window looking out on the courtyard and beyond at the splendid far serene view of snow-tipped mountain peaks and the deep green valley flecked with the houses of Thun, when he noted a bevy of persons making their appearance outside, evidently freshly alighted from one of those spacious automobiles which accommodate the indiscriminately curious in all countries.

At this moment exactly, however, food and drink had been placed before him and his interest in all else was for the time emphatically cancelled. It was not until he heard a clear, familiar feminine voice make the following remark that his attention wheeled again.

"If Maurice and I were married, I think we should sometimes go about to the same hotels pretending we were not married. Thus if we appeared friendly we would incite gossip which would entertain us, and if we chose to be friendly only with others we would have the amusement of mutual supervision. Considering how Maurice prevaricates while he is unmarried and is able to entertain himself in any way he chooses, you can see how elaborately he will have to lie when his opportunities are more limited."

"Perhaps, Helen," her companion suggested with some little too much semblance of sagacity, "Maurice may eventually cease to account himself capable of nothing better than a jest here and there."

"He will not too seriously grow serious if I marry him," assured the certain Helen. "He will not change very much."

Maurice Barratt had risen quietly from his table, for he thought that as he had never proposed to the girl, and as he had never made love to her except with the utmost obscurity or on occasions when such behavior was positively conventional, she was inexcusable. Her conversation was insulting, and the important thing remaining for him now to do was to return to Thun as readily as possible in order the more immediately to leave it and to leave the hotel where he had respected Helen Lee, at a distance behind him.

This then he had accomplished as he had had opportunity to accomplish things of other varieties between that time and the day in the fall aforementioned when he sat so pleasantly on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens. A frail little wind twirled past him, and he closed his eyes for a moment perhaps the more entirely to feel the lightness of its touch. When he opened them he saw the slim pretty back of a woman in a pink dress who had just passed him. Swiftly a memory of that back swept him, and her grace was even lovelier than he remembered. Somehow he was on his feet. She had seen him and she had passed him by! She had relinquished her dictatorship and maybe she yet liked him! Gratitude and curiosity impelled him in pursuit with scarce a hesitation.

"Maurice! I did not expect ever to see you again!" In his mood it was enough. Her eyes too were even lovelier.

"Do surprises make you happy?" he questioned in a gasp.

"Surprises? Oh yes!"

"Beautiful and usually unhappy! You are almost—almost—" he might have been about to say perfect, but he said "pitiable! I'll make you wholly so. I'm proposing. And don't pretend you need time to think it over, for I happen to know—I overheard you considering it a long time ago. There is a good steady bench over here where we can go and sit while I react to your reply." Helen's eyes wandered anxiously over his shoulder.

"Not that bench," she protested. "It's—so in evidence." What was even more in evidence, what no second little wind had lifted away, was a pink handkerchief beside the bench where she had passed him. It lay flung there, flat in its full square, complete in its admission. "Let's go over here."

"Back there," he urged, "out of sentiment for the moment fled." There was nothing more for her to do. She was undone.

It was a matter of time of course, but a mere matter of time. Helen Lee and myself are not identical women, and I am at the time of this writing, Maurice Barratt's only wife. Nor is my purpose a jealous one. It is worse than that—my purpose. It is moral—or at least suggestive.

How I happen to know so much of the episode is not through any indecency on the part of Maurice. Helen, on

the other hand, has been my friend, and I was even her companion at the inn above Thun. I confess to having digressed a little from my information, and contradicted it enough too so that the prototype of Helen Lee will not be recognized. Maurice need not fear recognition either. Frankly, he's indescribable in my opinion, as well as unsupposable.

---

ERRING MAIDEN  
TO HER REPROVING LOVER

MINERVA AMES RAMSDELL

---

I only let him steal a kiss,  
    He was so very nice to me.  
I didn't think it so amiss—  
I only let him steal a kiss;  
I never thought 'twould come to this—  
    That you would scold so lustily.  
I only let him steal a kiss,  
    He was so very nice to me.

## APPEAL

HELENE BASQUIN

---

I said to the tree  
Bend over  
Lean lower  
Tell it to me.

You're wasting time  
On this empty night  
There's no one to listen but me.

I know you're proud  
From the way you toss.  
Has somebody hurt you, tree?

Aren't you just  
Pretending you're glad  
To fool yourself and me?


Suppose I admit  
I'm quite alone,  
That nobody cares for me—

That I'll never tell  
What your secret is,  
Come, won't you confide in me?



## CHESTNUT STREET

ELIZABETH CHANDLER

E was a Gloucester fisherman. His right to that romantic title was, it must be confessed, a bit questionable. It is to be doubted that he ever faced a more terrific gale than a squall off Rockport, or wrested from the ocean a fiercer prize than the placid, though expensive lobster. But to the summer people who throng Gloucester each year, thirsting for local color, every ancient native in disreputable clothing is one of those heroic figures who "go down to the sea in ships." So he was a Gloucester fisherman, and his name was Epps.

Life had not been kind to Epps. His disposition was of the gentlest; his intellectual capacity not overpowering. He had a quantity of brothers and sisters, who had imposed upon him grossly, and finally cast him off upon a stern and unrelenting world, with no asset save his docility—hardly a marketable quality in these business-like days! From no great heights, he sank even lower; lawn mowing and odd jobs were claimed by younger men; and his sixtieth year found him washing dishes in the basement kitchen of a Gloucester boarding-house, in soiled apron and torn trousers, his ruddy countenance wearing a look of gentle endurance, with a bit of wistfulness around the mouth and eyes that suggested dreams of what might have been. Thus he was found by Miss Elizabeth, and started down the road which led to Chestnut Street.

Do you know Chestnut Street? You must, if you have ever felt the charm of things colonial; if you have ever loved Salem, that priceless city of another age; for Chestnut Street is her jewel and her heart. From either side, ancient elms arch gracefully, shading great, square houses of brick or clapboards, the spacious residences of respected merchants of the days when Salem was the First Port. To every house belongs a doorway that would make the heart of a lover of

antiques beat fast for joy; beautiful fans, gleaming brass, lovely symmetrical panelling. Though the doors are closed, you can fairly feel the lines of the gracious, curving stairways that rise behind them. You know at once that these homes are inhabited by people of grace and refinement, keenly appreciative of old beauties and traditions. Dignity and peace—these dwell in Chestnut Street.

The lovely old yellow house, with the gilt eagle over the door, and the proud claim that Hawthorne once lived there, belonged to Miss Elizabeth and her two sisters, gentle ladies all, fast saying goodbye to middle age. But in Salem, the further side of fifty is the sunny side, and these three passed quiet, happy days, full of charming hospitality made delightful by the unobtrusive perfection of their home.

Then, one day, Miss Elizabeth found Epps; and the kindness of her heart hid the dirt and the shabbiness, and showed her the docility and the wistfulness. It would be nice to have a man in the house; the very phrase had a protective sound; and he could lift things, and mow the tiny grass plot. So Epps of the ruddy face and horny hands, Epps of the heavy lobster pots and greasy dish-water, was engaged as butler-second maid by a dainty Salem lady, and transported to Chestnut Street. Here the dirty apron was exchanged for a neat black coat of the type that old gentlemen wear in summer. With his red cheeks rubbed to a glow, the wisps of white hair combed straight up from his forehead, the worried look quite gone from his very blue eyes, and looking for all the world like an aged kewpie, he began to drink in the atmosphere of gentility which he had always craved, and never known.

A totally new environment, though it may have existed vaguely in his dreams, yet could not but be somewhat bewildering to one of Epps' years. He was obliged to adapt himself slowly. Miss Elizabeth, returning one day from an afternoon call, and chancing to glance in the parlor window on her way to the door, beheld, to her astonishment, Epps, sitting placidly in a beautiful Chippendale chair, with hands folded on his lap, and a beatific expression on his face, looking, admiring, absorbing. A rebuke rose to her lips, but instead, she slipped past the door and up the stairs, leaving him to his meditations. Carefully, she taught him the little refinements of table service; how to hold a napkin always

beneath a plate; how to replace soiled dishes, never leaving the doily exposed. These he learned avidly, and soon became quite deft, as he moved about the dainty table, with its shining glass and thin, graceful silverware.

Under these beneficent influences, Epps' personality began to expand in its new freedom. The period of humble apprenticeship ended; he began to assert himself as a social individual. He even resented a bit the quiet simplicity of the ménage. Here was a chance at last to put into effect his own hazy ideas of how a really genteel household should be managed. Some of his attempts to do this startled Miss Elizabeth not a little. She was conversing quietly with some dinner guests before the fire, one wintry evening, when the door into the dining-room was flung suddenly open, and Epps appeared on the threshold, standing very straight, and gazing before him into space. Placing one hand, from the third finger of which gleamed a large gold ring, upon his breast, he bowed with dignity, and proclaimed in his best butler's voice, "Dinner is served!" Miss Elizabeth wanted to laugh, but on second thought, decided that she would prefer to cry. How unattainable for him was that true refinement, that simple sense of delicacy and fitness, that was easier than breathing for her, the very essence of her life and being!

Although he struggled to act according to his ideal of propriety, Epps would make slips. Lobsters and dishwater had been his life for so long! Try as he might, the squeak would not depart from out his shoes, a long, rasping squeak that sent shivers down delicate spines. It was particularly trying the night the ice-cream did not come. It was time for him to change the dishes for the dessert, and Epps was in despair, when there came a ring at the front door. He squeaked across to answer it, and returned through the dining-room, bearing the belated ice-cream, and muttering audibly in an abstracted manner, "'Taint much for the money!" These were trying moments, even for one of Miss Elizabeth's saintly kindness.

The year wore on, and a kind of delusion began to shape itself in the mind of Epps. It was as if he belonged on Chestnut Street; as if this were his home, where he was spending a quiescent old age, among congenial friends. Miss Elizabeth was surprised, one day, to hear voices in the parlor. She went to the door, and peered in. There sat Epps,



completely at his ease, entertaining the minister, who had called to see her! As this happy delusion possessed his brain, thoughts of duties slipped away. There simply was not room for both. Bells too often were not answered at all. Commissions were forgotten. He would occasionally climb to his room in the middle of the morning, and take a brief siesta, smiling at the bright mahogany of the banister as he ascended, and fondly touching the fine, clean sheets.

So the day came when Epps had to go away from Chestnut Street. Miss Elizabeth told herself sternly, several times, that there was no other way; that it was impossible to pay a lazy,—good-for-nothing,—why *would* he stand there, fumbling with his hat, and devouring the stately old hallway with those adoring eyes? “Epps,” she said, “You—you’ll come and see us?”

Not knowing what else to do, he drifted back to Gloucester, and dishes in the basement kitchen. The dirty apron supplanted the trim, black coat; the neat trousers were torn, and not renewed. But the wistful expression never came back; for had not life, a puzzling affair at most, granted him a rapturous year of dreams come true? Had he not intimately known—not respectability merely—not riches alone—but Chestnut Street?



## LITTLE BROWN LEAF

MARTHA KELLOGG


---

*(With apologies to Marion Keiley.)*

To you belong those things never having beauty:  
Front yards  
Worn thin by hurrying feet;  
Brown mud revealed in staring patches;  
Blunt black corners against the house—  
Bare spaces which lure you—  
Openings behind rotting front steps  
Where old papers collect, and relics of what-not.  
These call to you and you come,  
Sliding down a ribbon of wind.  
You cover the nakedness  
Of empty places.  
You fill the hollows  
And rustle on the worn-out lawn.  
You are yellow and brown  
Not like the prim front yards  
Where the wind leaves you.

## "FLUNKED OUT"

ETHEL DALE LAUGHLIN

 HE dean had been kind about it. "I'm sorry," he had said. "I think you have the ability to do good work. But what we can never make you men understand is that it is not the man who has the ability to do things, who counts. It is the man who does them. And, Thompson, you have not done them."

George walked back to his room slowly. Several of his friends passed him, and to each he gave only a curt nod of recognition. He had an impulse to speak; he wanted to tell them. And then he realized, quite suddenly, that he did not want to tell them. Somehow he felt that he couldn't stand their unconsciously patronizing sympathy. They would all know sooner or later, George supposed. But if only he could get out—away—anywhere—that is, anywhere but home, thought George, with a little tremor of dread—without having to face anyone. He had known what was to happen when he read that note from the dean. He had felt then only a sense of anger, of injustice, and of outraged pride. Now he felt sick, and sorry, and ashamed. He wanted to run away, and hide. And then he wanted, feverishly, to justify himself; only he knew, with a flash of intuition, that no one would respect his justification. He wasn't "dumb," he argued with himself; he just hadn't wanted to spend all his time studying. Anyway, he had chosen harder courses than most of the freshmen. And they made the exams stiffer every year—it seemed almost as if they tried to keep people from passing them. But he certainly was much less ashamed of himself than he would have been, if he had been just "dumb." That is, he—thought—he was.

His roommate didn't understand his feelings at all.

"Cheer up, George, old man," he said. "You've been saying you were sick of the place, you know. I'm darned sorry you had to flunk, but you're not getting such a raw

deal. A nice vacation for awhile wouldn't worry me a bit, You'll be tearing around enjoying yourself, while I'm still grinding away up here." He pointed to the picture of a girl on George's bureau. "You've been talking about her every minute since Christmas—well—you can see her all the time, now. Pretty soft, I'd call it."

"Pretty soft! Oh—" but George couldn't say any more. Couldn't his roommate see that it wasn't a vacation he wanted, it was the right to keep on doing the things that he had so often grumbled about, the right to tackle the work he had taken such pains to dodge? Didn't his roommate know that he'd rather take a licking than face Sally, the girl whose picture was on his bureau? He could see the sympathy that would be in her blue eyes, sympathy, that would be perhaps only a veil for the pity that was behind it.

George asked his roommate not to come to the station with him. "It's—it's too much bother," he said awkwardly, "and besides," when his roommate protested "I have some things I want to do first."

He walked to the station by as roundabout a route as possible. Pausing in front of the two stone lions that guarded the entrance to one of the college buildings, he waved a salute to each of them—half-derisively, half-sorrowfully. He sauntered into Joe's for a last cup of coffee, and tried to look as if he were only going in to New York for the week-end.

The train gave a last warning whistle, then slowly pulled out of the station. For a moment or two, George sat idly turning the pages of a newspaper, in seeming unconcern. Then he turned, and looked out of the window—back at the tall grey towers—calm and lovely against a blue and cloudless sky. And one who watched him would have wondered at his face.



## EDITORIAL

*Quo Vadis*



**A**ND now children, we are going to throw you into the water, so you must swim. What stroke do you think you will use?" But the children, too terrified to think of refinements, merely stuttered a reply that would cover up the silence and ran away to hide. From some eventualities, however, there is no permanent escape. We are in deep water now and still we have no chosen stroke. We kick violently in hopes to avoid drowning, and we rather enjoy watching the non-committal ripples that aim vaguely for the shore without ever reaching it. Some day, probably, we shall grow weary of following the line of least resistance, and find that it makes life more interesting to form a policy that can be broken. Then perhaps we shall be able to answer the importunate question, "Whither goest thou and why?", although, with the cynicism of inexperience, we are at present inclined to doubt it.

We have watched the *Monthly* for three years with the joyously critical attitude of the unattached, and we have often wondered at its tendency to express itself in types. We have seen the coming, yea and the passing too, of the mad-house rage, the *rendez-vous* with death story, and the clever, pseudo-sophisticated sketch. We think that there have been a few good examples of them all and, inevitably, a great many poor imitations of those few good ones. We have regretted that the imitations should have clouded the light of their protagonists by creating types of them that almost precluded discrimination. And so if we had sufficient confidence in ourselves to believe that we might adopt any definite policy and stick to it, it would only be to seek after the spice of life which we have been told is to be found in variety. We have always admired specialists for their ability to do one thing supremely well, but we have an idea that general practitioners are pleasanter to live with, and we can see no point to a life that is not pleasant and spicily varied. We have, therefore, but one word for our contributors. Try anything on us once and see what happens. "The future is clouded in darkness, and time alone can tell."





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## BOOK REVIEWS



### EDGAR ALLAN POE: A STUDY IN GENIUS

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Alfred A. Knopf 1926

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**I**KE a case-book of psychoanalysis is this newest biography of Edgar Allan Poe, that “gentleman rather the worse for wear” of whom our unnaturally proper America is so paradoxically proud. A complex is implied in every chapter of the book, and those stock bugaboos of the subconscious life, inferiority, sex-perversion and suppression, are discovered to be the true causes both of Poe’s genius and his weakness. Like all such literature it is sufficiently convincing to be annoying. It is written quite in the spirit of the times with its objective, scientific attitude. Nevertheless it has the decided bias which, after all, is the only thing that lends zest to the reading of any book that deals with a subject of controversy. In the words of the author, it traces Poe’s art “to an abnormal condition of the nerves and his critical ideas to a rationalized defense of the limitations of his own taste.” If you object to that sort of thing don’t read this book. You will be unhappier than the proverbial cat that has its fur stroked the wrong way. On the other hand, if you have an inferiority complex of your own and wish to be convinced that genius is all bosh anyhow, or if you are eccentric and want to convert your foibles into assets, then this analytic biography will be an excellent prescription for you and we recommend it highly.

E. H.



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## THE LITTLE KAROO

By PAULINE SMITH

George H. Doran Company



HE LITTLE KAROO is a region of the veld in Cape Colony, South Africa, where Pauline Smith was born. Her father was the first London M.D. to settle in the Little Karoo. On the veld she was taught by governesses till at the age of twelve she was sent to England to school. Arnold Bennett in the introduction which he has written to "The Little Karoo," a collection of short stories, says that when people have asked him who Pauline Smith was, he would answer, "She is a novelist." She has not written any novels yet, but she will, according to him.

Perhaps the most remarkable story of the collection is "The Pain." It was first published by Mr. Middleton Murry in his monthly review "The Adelphi." Juriaan van Royen was one of the poorest of the men working hired lands in the Aangenaaur valley, and for fifty years he had lived with his wife Deltje in a three-roomed, mud-walled house by a small stream behind a row of peach trees. "Their years of poverty, which might have embittered them, their childlessness which might have driven them apart, had but drawn them closer together, and it was together that they now faced Deltje's pain. And to them both, because all their lives they had been healthy, Deltje's pain was like a thing apart: a mysterious and powerful third person who, for incomprehensible reasons, clutched at Deltje's side and forced her to lie helpless for hours on the low wooden bedstead in the little bedroom." Juriaan hears of the new hospital which had lately been opened in Platkopsdorp, where one might go "so ill that one had to be carried there, and one left it leaping and praising the Lord." Juriaan places Deltje in his ox-cart and travels to Platkopsdorp in three nights and three days. The hospital was grey and new without trees or gardens around it. This strange silent place separates Juriaan and Deltje for the first time since their marriage. The ways of the hospital are incomprehensible to them. Their



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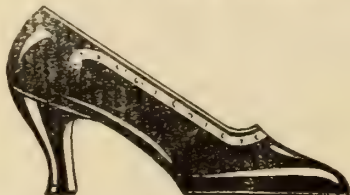
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unbearable sadness and their final escape is traced out with the talent which Arnold Bennett describes truly as "strange, austere, tender and ruthless."

"The Little Karoo" is an extraordinary book not only as an anticipation of the novels Pauline Smith will write. It has beauty and distinction in itself.

R. L. T.

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## THE EMIGRANTS

By JOHAN BOJER

The Century Co.

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HE mid-west has been much maligned in recent fiction. It has been slurred in the most insidious of all ways, for it has been consistently laughed at by very clever writers who have just enough skill to produce caricatures but not enough art to create characters. But the settlement of America's central states, and the story of the men who first wrested a living from the trackless prairies is too full of romance to be permanently injured by the unskilful hands of incompetent authors.

Johan Bojer has recently published a book, *The Emigrants*, which reaffirms the right of the mid-westerner to a dignified place in his nation's history. Selecting a group of Norwegians who for widely differing reasons can never achieve a satisfactory existence at home, he takes them to America and follows their fortunes through the vicissitudes of pioneer life.

From the mountains and fjords of Norway to the unvarying plains of the Dakotas is a long journey, both geographically and spiritually, and the reader is made to feel the defiant love for the mother country that always lingers in the breasts of "the old settlers." The story of how the pioneers ploughed the first acre in their community, of how a prairie fire nearly obliterated their tiny settlement, of how the leader of their party died in a snow storm, and of the birth of the first baby in this little isolated group, is a very old story, for it epitomizes life itself, and it is evidence of the

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author's fine appreciation that he has told his simple tale without elaboration or sentimentality.

Although *The Emigrants* is a book dealing with the conquest of the West, it is not imbued with the spirit of adventure which readers of Emerson Hough have learned to expect of pioneer stories. Neither are Bojer's characters the animalistic creatures familiar to those who know Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*. The veriest clod of a man is not without aspiration and inspiration as this author knows him. Perhaps there is a little of the objectivity of Willa Cather in his descriptions of the flat country. But finally, as with any successful bit of literature, there is much which is characteristic of the artist himself.

The magnitude of the task he has set himself in this book is typical of his daring. Other authors content themselves with a single character, or with a family, but Bojer has attempted to describe the life of a whole settlement. Six or seven men and three women are sketched with sufficient success to make the reader wish for elaboration. In fact, if there is adverse criticism to be given, it may be said that Mr. Bojer's treatment of simpler characters like Kal and Karen is enough to make them seem complete, but more complex personalities such as Else would be better understood if less summarily dismissed.

If, however, the reader is disposed to accept a Van Gogh picture of the Dakotas he will not quarrel with Bojer over his lack of character analysis, or the absence of mirth from the pages of *The Emigrants*. He will instead appreciate, to their full, the accurate descriptions of the plains, the poignancy of the settlers' homesickness, and the stark, unhumorous quality of the whole narrative which is life as the Norwegian seems always to see it.

L. W.





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## A FISH CREEK ROMANCE

JENNY NATHAN

---

**Y**OU'RE going to love Fish Creek," Miss Trimble assured me on the occasion of my first breakfast at that out-of-the-way corner of Michigan. "Such a quiet place! So much atmosphere! So many interesting people! I come here every summer for the main purpose of getting material for my stories, and I am never disappointed." She looked at me appraisingly, but I hastily assured her that as material for copy I was really not worth bothering about.

"Oh, you can't tell about such things," she said kindly. "Some of the men who seemed most unpromising at first sight, have actually ended up by furnishing characters for a two volume novel, with enough left over to make several goodsized short stories. The important thing is to get you started up here. Have you met Peter Holgate yet? Not? Dear me, you must meet Peter—a most attractive boy—everyone loves him. And Palmgren, the pianist? And Judge Doering? Haven't you been introduced to any of them? Well, well, what have you been doing since you got in?"

I explained that I had only arrived a half hour ago, but Miss Trimble was not to be placated.

"Everyone at Fish Creek always knows everyone else before they have been here any time at all," she said severely. She pondered for several minutes the weighty problem of getting me launched socially at Fish Creek. Suddenly she pointed her fork at my head and issued instructions.

"You are to come down to the beach with me at 10:30," she said, peremptorily. "I always go down there at 10:30

anyway to watch people. They'll all be there, so you must come too. That'll be the best way, I believe."

She rose from the breakfast table, and from her lap issued successively her napkin, books, bag, and handkerchief, with which articles I was forced to pursue her quite out of the dining-room before I could gain her attention.

I found the beach indeed very quaint. There were two rickety wooden bath houses standing in the sand, the left hand one marked For Men and the right one For Ladies. At 10:30 sharp Miss Trimble piloted me between the two of them, and sank down, indicating with one hand a place for me beside her, while with the other she arranged a lapful of books, correspondence and sewing.

Nobody very interesting was down yet, so Miss Trimble informed me. Two old men in black baggy bathing suits lay near the steps of the left hand bath house, exposing their deeply veined limbs to the hot sun.

"One of them's some sort of a teacher or something," said Miss Trimble unenthusiastically. "The other one's nothing at all."

On the slanting steps of the right hand bath house sat a large black nurse in an apron, clutching a pile of slippers, towels, and fuzzy bathrobes. Her charges, two little girls, played bravely at the edge of the water and shriekingly retreated whenever a chilly wave, coming in a little further than had been expected, lapped at their pink sandy toes. They must have been more important than the old men. "—father's an artist, Stuart Eglyn," said Miss Trimble; "Sweet little things. Come here, dear," she called several times, waving a piece of sewing in the general direction of the little girls, who took not the slightest notice of her.

Miss Trimble squinted then, in a vain effort to identify several dark heads that were bobbing up and down quite far out in the water.

"No one down yet. No one at all," she complained, dismissing the dark heads because she was too nearsighted to see whether or not they were interesting.

For a few minutes we had nothing more exciting to do than watch a sail boat flutter along the blue horizon like a butterfly's wing and disappeared around the dark curve of an island. There were gulls, too, darting furiously at the complacent, on-rolling waves, but fortunately we were

soon spared the boredom of following their dizzy veerings.

A large figure loomed in the door of the men's bath house.

"It's Peter Holgate," whispered Miss Trimble, jabbing me excitedly with an elbow. "Isn't he superb? Come right here, Peter."

The large figure emerged into the sunlight. Peter's brawny shoulders fulfilled the promise of their shadowy outline, yet dwindled sufficiently at the waistline to fit into an unbelievably narrow circle of white belt. He was burned a dark ruddy color all over, but when he smiled his teeth gleamed suddenly. The scar across his right cheek, like the slight burr in his voice, added to rather than detracted from the general impression he created of strength and manliness.

He must have been the model for at least half a dozen of Miss Trimble's manly heroes, a fact which perhaps accounted for her proprietary air towards him.

"I want you to meet your new rival, Mr. Glenn," she announced, "Mr. Glenn, this is my famous protégé, Peter Holgate."

We two rivals smilingly met, and Miss Trimble sighed with satisfaction.

"Peter, you *are* going to see that he meets everybody? He's been here all morning, and doesn't know a soul yet."

"At present I have an engagement with Sebald to row to Hill's Point," replied Peter, still smiling. He always smiled at Miss Trimble, I was to find, where other people looked abstracted or annoyed. "But this evening, Fraulein, I will be so magnanimous as to sponsor my rival's début. There is to be a concert, you know, and it may interest you to hear that Cinderella will play the violin!"

"Really? Everyone is dying to know how she plays; that will be exciting," and then turning to me with a roguish expression on her face, "Cinderella," she explained, "is passionately devoted to Peter, but he is simply brutal to her, and she is too shy to pursue him openly. Her name is Mary Slawter, and she is studying the violin with old Sebald—that is why we're so anxious to hear how she plays. I am playing fairy godmother to the poor girl, by encouraging Peter to fall in love with her."

At this intimate turn to the conversation Peter's courteous smile began to grow a little wooden, and fortunately



Miss Trimble's attention was diverted from the subject. A stocky, Prussian looking gentleman had appeared in the door of the left hand bath house, and was frowning silently in our direction. He was very small, but his chest and shoulders were massive; he had stuck a cigarette between his lips at such an extreme angle, and stood in such an absurd attitude, that he was almost imposing looking.

"It's Sebald, looking for Peter," whispered Miss Trimble nervously. "Don't pay any attention to him."

I looked away obediently, and Miss Trimble became more playful, more vivacious than ever, as if to prove that the Prussian displeasure disturbed her not at all.

"I have a plan" she told us eagerly, "for stirring this place up a little. I shall give a party tonight after the concert in honor of Mary Slawter and you, Mr. Glenn. Peter is to fall in love with Mary and you are to meet everyone; thus I shall kill two birds with one stone, and everybody will be well taken care of. How's that for genius?"

"Vell, Holgate, how long you vant I should vaste my time here, hein?" growled a voice from the steps of the Men's Bath House. "It's ten minutes I vait already."

"The brute," whispered Miss Trimble indignantly. "He has the manners of a pig." But Holgate excused himself and hurried off, shouting to Sebald to be a good egg and keep his shirt on; advice which seemed rather tardy, as Sebald wore nothing but trunks.

"That's another thing," Miss Trimble told me. "He seems to have no idea of the ordinary decencies of life. It's disgraceful to come down like that."

We could hear Sebald grumbling as he and his companion waded out side by side into the water. They presented a strange study in power: Holgate with his lithe, well-proportioned slenderness and Sebald built like a beer-bottle, thick necked and muscular.

"Is it any wonder," sighed Miss Trimble as we watched the two men draw further away, "that Mary Slawter loves the man?"

"Which one?" I asked, and was properly punished for making a facetious remark by the complete silence that followed it.

The concert that evening was held in a large barn-like room that was known as the Casino, for no better reason

that I could discover than that it contained a billiard table and piano, and that it was the only place where the guests could play cards. (I learned later that Scaat and Hearts were the favorite games, bridge being practically unheard of.)

At eight o'clock the guests had all assembled, and Peter Holgate made good his promise to introduce me into Fish Creek society. It seemed to be made up largely of old, comfortable looking German couples, and a few very young artists who were taking flying vacations. Miss Trimble did not arrive in time to supervise my *début*, but rushed in a few minutes after Mrs. Welcker had officially opened the program. She seated herself two rows ahead of us, but was good enough to turn around several times in the process of settling her bags, books and papers, to smile warmly in our general direction. Mrs. Welcker, in a voice sad with decayed loveliness, was rendering Schubert's "Du Bist die Ruh." After our friend's hurried entrance we were not allowed to hear much of the solo, for it became apparent at once that Miss Trimble had a message of some importance to convey to us. She tried signalling several times, and shaped incomprehensible words with her lips; but such was our stupidity that she was at length forced to lean at a perilous angle over the back of her chair and whisper loudly.

"Après le déluge," said Miss Trimble mysteriously. "At the Maple Tree," and having delivered the message, turned again to attend Mrs. Welcker's solo, leaving us in a state of complete bewilderment.

We speculated on the possible significances of the cryptic words. So involved did we become that we lost all interest in the concert and would even have missed the entrance of the heroine of the evening, had not Miss Trimble been thoughtful enough to lean over again and tap me with a sheaf of papers.

"Tis she," hissed Miss Trimble, and I looked up to behold Cinderella herself, whom the villainous Sebald was just piloting onto the platform.

Mary Slawter was plump and shy. She had a pale face and dark frightened eyes, and she held on to her violin as if she was afraid that at any minute it might be taken from her. She had unfashionable quantities of dark hair, which clung in a huge loose knot to the back of her head, and

seemed uncomfortably near slipping down her back. She kept her eyes glued on her instructor, except when she forced herself to bow to the audience, and then she fixed them on her feet.

The little Prussian was sterner than ever, and looked no less muscular and virile in his soft shirt and dinner jacket than he had appeared in abbreviated trunks. His sandy hair stood straight up, his eyebrows bristled, his brow was a mass of furrows. When he sat down at the piano his legs hardly reached the pedals. He struck A with great conviction and grunted loudly to himself all the while Miss Slawter was tuning up her violin.

He went on grunting after Miss Slawter had wavered into the first notes of a Bach Bouree which she played very badly. She seemed frightfully nervous and embarrassed, and Sebald, at the piano, was forced to play and grunt his loudest to cover up some of her mistakes. There was an awful moment when Miss Slawter forgot to repeat a measure, grew more and more deeply involved, stopped entirely: whereupon Sebald said, with as much aplomb and severity as if this had been merely another lesson hour, "Ve vill return to the crescendo and play not so fast." One grew weak with sympathy for Miss Slawter. Her hair seemed to droop further and further away from the back of her head, and she hardly dared tuck her violin beneath her chin.

"She'll get hers 'après le déluge'," whispered Holgate to me. "It's the first time in the history of Fish Creek that one of Sebald's pupils has fizzled like this." I shivered, and for the first time saw a glimmer of truth in Miss Trimble's elaborate theory that Cinderella only studied the violin as a pretext for being near Peter Holgate during the summer. What other purpose could she have had?

They were about to start the *pièce de resistance* of the evening—the popular Bruch Concerto. The audience was polite, silent, wretched with sympathy, with the exception of poor Mrs. Ludwig Bauer, who was as deaf as a post, and who kept asking her husband in loud tones whether the little girl was not an excellent performer.

The climax to the whole miserable affair came in the midst of a feeble cadenza, when Sebald struck a sudden discordant note and arose from the piano.

"Es muss nicht sein," he muttered distinctly. "Impos-



sible to go on," and marched off the stage. My sense of guilt, of participation in a great crime against Miss Slawter, simply bowed me down. When I had gained the courage to look up, the victim too had disappeared, and my accomplices, the audience, were murmuring to each other in subdued tones. Miss Trimble approached us, even her persistent vivacity tamed. "We shall have our party anyway," she said. She was like a little girl who has dropped her candy in the mud, but refuses to give it up. "At the Maple Tree Inn as planned. You will have to be very good to poor Cinderella, Peter, to make up for this."

The Maple Tree Inn turned out to be about as much of an Inn as the Casino was a gambling room—being in fact nothing more than a glorified drug store and post office. Miss Trimble had rounded up several guests beside Peter and myself, and we sat around a table, glumly waiting for Miss Slawter and Sebald to arrive.

"She has gone down to the beach for a few seconds, to calm her nerves," Miss Trimble told us. "Sebald went down after her, though I begged him not to. He's in such a white heat that I really shudder to think—"

I recalled Peter's ominous words, "She'll get hers 'après le déluge'," and Sebald's face arose before my eyes as I had seen it just before that cataclysmic end—livid, furrowed, furious. Poor little timid Slawter—and here we sat in a drug store while down there on the beach—and was she suffering all this because she loved Peter Holgate? I clutched Peter's arm.

"We've got to go down there," I cried, "If anything happened—Sebald might lose his temper—"

Peter rose at once, "Right," he said briefly. His imagination had evidently also been stimulated by the evening's débacle. When we reached the beach, panting, I was having horrible visions of a huge, unspeakable German brandishing a violin at a small and infinitely pathetic Miss Slawter, and it took several minutes of the complete majesty and coolness of the night to calm my harassed nerves. There was no one in sight on the beach. The waters were smoothly black, the skyline unbroken. We stood there, breathing heavily, and feeling ridiculously futile, when suddenly Holgate stiffened and pointed to the end of the long dark pier. Two figures were silhouetted there against the sky, and we



stopped only long enough to see that they were struggling violently before we turned and ran towards them with all possible speed. We were halfway to the end of the pier when we heard a woman's voice, terrified, entreating "Don't, oh please, please don't." Then the same voice was raised in a violent scream, which was followed by the one sound, of all others, we had been dreading. . . . a splash, as if some living thing had fallen or been thrown into the water. We stopped, frozen. It seemed we had come just a few seconds late.

Through the dead calm floated a man's voice, gruff, throaty, unmistakably German. It was Sebald, then. I listened, vowing speedy and thorough revenge.

"Always I haff said you cannot play, you vaste my time. Now iss the final climax."

Could the man be talking to himself? No; we saw with inexpressible relief what, in our horror at the deadly splash, we had not noticed, a second figure at his side, quiescent now. We heard the voice of Mary Slawter, frightened, tearful.

"You had no right to throw away my violin. You needn't have been afraid that I would stay any longer. I am going home tomorrow. But you shouldn't have thrown away my violin."

"Always I haff said, 'Go home, Miss Slawter. It is hopeless. You are my vorst pupil, I don't know why you vast my time'." The words were gruff, but his voice had an arresting note of sympathy in it. My vision of the unspeakable, bullying Prussian fled, and Sebald resumed his proper proportions in my mind's eye. I realized now that he was not quite as tall as his pupil.

"I t'row away your violin, Miss Slawter, because you haff no right to it. I should haff done it before you ruin my reputation. I apolochise, but it had to be." He was unmistakably kind now.

"I never wanted to play the violin," sobbed Mary Slawter. "I never want to see another violin. I knew I never would be able to learn. But I wanted to study with you. I, I liked your playing . . ."

She must have been trying to cajol the irate Sebald into a better mood; had not Miss Trimble told me that she came to Fish Creek to see Peter Holgate?

I began to think that our presence on the pier was a bit superfluous, and plucked at Peter's coat sleeve; but he, open-mouthed, paid no attention to me, and so I threw my scruples to the winds and stayed on with him. The silhouettes at the end of the pier had drawn closer.

"So, you study with me just becauss you like . . my playing a little, hein?"

"Well, a little . . . that is, partly . . ."

"And all the time you make those rotten music. . ."

"Please . . . ."

"I scold at you like an old woman, and you are so kind. You even like . . my playing. I haff been a fool, Mary . ."

"Sh! I didn't mind. But my violin."

"Teufel! Always that violin. You shall have ten new ones . . . only say it iss not just my playing you like."

The answer was not audible, even in the night stillness. The silhouettes had drawn very close now. It was Peter's turn to pluck at my sleeve, and we strolled slowly back to the Maple Tree Inn, filled with this new impression of Sebald.

Miss Trimble pounced on us with something of her old eagerness. "Did you save her? Will she be all right? Where is she? We have all been in an awful state."

Peter sat down deliberately and attacked a chicken sandwich.

"Well," he told the guests, "she's pretty bad. I don't think she's in any condition to come to the party. But she'll get over it."

"Poor thing," sighed Miss Trimble. "Is Sebald being beastly?"

Peter weighed the question judiciously.

"Well," he replied at length. "Not unusually so."


"I hope," said Miss Trimble severely, "that you will make a special effort to be nice to her in the future. It's plain to see that girl didn't come to Fish Creek because she thought she had a career as a violinist before her."

She looked meaningly at Peter, but he was too deeply engrossed in chicken sandwiches to register any satisfactory reactions.

## NOLI TANGERE

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

---

 HALL I extend my hand to grasp one bud  
From all the dower of a blossomed tree,  
If thus I let a small sweet nearness hide  
The distant beauty of the whole from me?


Or while I watch the sun slow heaping west  
His day-spent prodigality of gold,  
Am I content to seize one little coin,  
Since seizing I must use my strength to hold?

Then what of joy: why must we ever seek  
With words to tell the lasting sum of it;  
A sum that kills the life which, unbegun  
And never ended, might be infinite?

To reach for wonder is a child's mistake.  
Stand far and watch the passage of its throng;  
For little hands hold only meagre bits—  
And so is silence greater than my song.

## THE FOOL SPEAKS

ANNE L. BASINGER

 FEW months ago Queen Elizabeth held a little dinner at her home in Limbo. Napoleon and Julius Caesar were there. Will Shakespeare, Omar Khayyam and Jezebel. The queen was outwardly herself; she was ridiculously overdressed for so small an occasion; and she screwed her face into strange lines as she flirted and played coquette with Omar. But beneath her mask she appeared discontented. Napoleon, too, was sulky; Julius Caesar bored, and the others restless. It was a relief when they finally rose from the table to go and sit around the fire and talk. As Omar observed in a whisper to Jezebel, Elizabeth was always so puffed up with the idea of her royalty that she ruined a confidential chat with her stiff-necked court etiquette. "She must always be acting her part," he grumbled. "And we playing up to her."

In passing from the dining-room to her private study, the queen halted and cried sharply, "What's that?"

She was pointing with her long white finger to a huddled figure, motley-clothed and cox-combed, that shook a bauble at her, and grimaced and blinked under her scrutiny while its eloquent eyebrows climbed an inch up its forehead. The guests looked askance at the unexpected visitor, and shook their heads; and it seemed that he was to go unrecognized, until suddenly Shakespeare darted forward and cried,

"What? It can't be—yes, my friend the fool. Of course! You haven't forgotten my fool?"

Napoleon hissed contemptuously between his teeth, and turned away. Elizabeth's eye lighted up in recognition; but when the fool cried, "Hello, Will. Hello, Bess," her head went up and back, and she said,

"You are a nuisance, Will. I was a fool to think of asking you. I might have known you would bring in some



of your fellows. But," she turned away unhappily, "you are so lauded and laureled nowadays that I depend on you for my very reputation—what there is left of it. Try to behave in a more seemly manner, sirrah. We are all in danger, and you must take some responsibility."

Will hung his head shamefacedly; then he smiled wily; then he looked up and said wheedlingly that he had not even known the fool was there; but that he would like to remind her that this fool was one of the great causes of his fame, which "was good for nothing but to win her glory;" and finally that it would be a fine thing to feed the poor wretch, since he seemed hungry. "And I'll swear he won't disturb your majesty," he finished shyly.

Elizabeth signified her permission that he stay and eat a little. She swept on into the dark little study that she had chosen for their use that evening because it seemed such an excellent place for plotting. She chose a great arm-chair before the fire and enthroned herself there. The ivory oval of her face glimmered in the light of the coals. The others grouped themselves about her in silence. Then the queen spoke.

"Yes," she said half to herself, "We are all in danger. You have seen it yourselves. We don't command half the respect we used to. There was a time when Elizabeth and her glorious reign stood for England's pride; and Gloriana was the idol of every courtier. Yes, Will, now you are going to be polite. Stop it, Will. I haven't got time to listen to your sonnets now. For the truth is, Elizabeth has lost her reputation. The virgin queen's name is blackened."

Napoleon laughed cynically; but strangely enough, the queen was not vexed. She nodded her head at him like a bird.

"That's very true, Buonaparte, though it is clear that your manners are not much improved by your practise in diplomacy. Well, granted I had been playing the game a little too long. Still, since it happened after my death, I didn't care much what they said. I rather enjoyed being one of the great sinners of the world."

Omar nodded placidly, and Jezebel's old voice crackled, "Yes, you do."

"Well," Elizabeth proceeded, "that is finished, too. They are now making me out as a sort of smeared person-

ality, neither black nor white. An unsuccessful Cleopatra, if you please. They won't even let me kill Mary in a properly rascally manner. Neither am I innocent. Just smeared." She was trembling with anger, and was obliged to drink a great glass of wine to calm herself.

Napoleon had been working himself up to a terrific white heat of silent fury. Now he said, "The man that is responsible for all this is Shaw. He started this absurd practise of belittling us all. That play, 'The Man of Destiny' is an outrage. Such—such insolence I have never seen. He didn't even grant me the courtesy of three acts; but undertook to exploit the character of the greatest man of the ages in a curtain-raiser!"

Caesar was nettled at the pride of the man, and cut in with a sharp laugh, "And did it successfully, too."

"At least he didn't turn me into a mere biological freak," retorted Napoleon. "He turned you into something perfectly commonplace, though it did take him three acts."

"Five," corrected Caesar.

"There," cried the now thoroughly aroused Elizabeth. "You see, we even depend on the fellow for our reputation. Caesar is a greater man than Napoleon; it took Shaw five acts to finish Caesar. Oh, it is humiliating! The long and the short of it is that we, who have been the great standards of the world for leadership, genius, sin or virtue as the case might be are now being explained away to the silly common people by a horrid little upstart of a play-wright. See here, Will. You are the dean of play-wrights. Why don't you control the man? The trouble is that he is so abominably deft."

The poet shook his head.

"You forget," he said, "That I am not at the right end of the road. I might influence Mephisto to punish him a little when he arrives here, but none of us are in a position to interfere with his genius. Besides, he does such fine work. I couldn't spoil it."

"You all hang together so. You are hopeless. Order him out, Elizabeth," cried Jezebel. "He doesn't belong here."

"Ah, but he does," she answered. "Caesar and Napoleon have received their insult. They at least know the worst. And there is that wench Joan—she is so hopelessly

well drawn that it would take a very clever person to realize that Shaw left her immortal, after all. For the majority, she is now a rough girl. I tried to get her here this evening but she refused. Told me plainly she is glad to have some of the 'grand clothes' taken away from her; that she was tired of them. Said she was glad somebody was seeing straight these days. The girl is an idealistic fool. Meanwhile, here you are, Jezebel, one of the greatest sinners the world ever held; you may at any time be exposed as an ordinary wish-wash coward with your virtues as well as your defects; Omar will be interpreted as an old fraud hiding a secret fear of death and retribution; and in the same way Shakespeare will become—I don't know what. The weakling he really is, most probably." The queen lost her breath and stopped, gasping.

None of them had noticed the fool, who had been left to eat the leave-overs of the banquet. He had finished, long since; and following them in, had been standing in the shadow, swaying dizzily from the wine that had gone to his weak head. He watched them, moist-eyed, wistful, his forehead puckered, and a great affection lighting his ape-like features. Now he slipped up to Shakespeare and sang, "Hello, Nuncle. Give me a penny."

The poet reached into his pocket to humor him, and brought out a worn coin. The fool bit it, slapped it, and held it out to show Elizabeth's head stamped upon its side.

"A pretty picture," he said, "but bad money. That wasn't coined in a true mint. They won't accept it today." He threw it away. "Bess, let me give you a candle."

The queen fell in with his mood. A little wearily she said, "What for, fool?"

"You have been on the stage so long, Gloriana, that you can't tell when the lamps are out and the pit is empty."

The queen rose in a rage, and towering over the little man, struck him sharply in the face. He cowered and yelped like a dog; then, retiring to a safe distance, recited.

"Take heed, sirrah, the whip.—Then the fool says, 'Truth's a dog must to kennel.' From King Lear, Nuncle." He whimpered a little; and being drunk, and more than usually foolish, blurted out the naked truth at last. "Ho, I'm a fool, but I have sense enough not to think



with you. Your fools, my wiseacres, can see straighter than you."

Jezebel cut at him viciously with a little whip she wore on her withered wrist; but he skipped nimbly beyond her reach. Shakespeare told him severely, yet fondly, "You may be too wise to think with your master, but you are also too foolish to hold your tongue about it. Tact, boy, if you don't want a beating."

"'Tact, boy. Tact, boy.' Tell a lie, boy! Nuncle," he pleaded piteously, "everybody is a liar. All of you, and all beggars. You admire each other for it. Only poets and prophets and fools tell the truth. They long to lie, for it is so lonely to be always hurting people with the truth. But they can't. Let me lie, Nuncle. Then I won't be your fool any more. Bess made my face ache, then." He rubbed the spot.

Shakespeare shook his head. Then he said, "Shaw is a fool, too."

The room had fallen silent; but now Elizabeth started as if awakening, and spoke.

"Stop, Will Shakespeare, you and your puppet, there. So it is you who have been speaking through that poor instrument. It is shabby, like all your theatric tricks. Shame on you! Ho, put out the fool!" She clapped her hands. Two serving-men came, took the fool, and pushed him away. Shakespeare watched pityingly, the others grimly.

"You are turning Truth out of doors," said the poet, "as usual, Gloriana."

"All of us have done that, hundreds of times," she answered. "It's the only thing that makes possible any Standards in the world. Truth can kill us."

"While you Standards are alive and in power, you can silence your fools," said Shakespeare. "But now you are dead, and nobody respects you any longer. But the fool's power grows. It is fashionable to talk like a fool now. Truth is in vogue; and the Standard's a dog must to kenel. The great men of the future will all be fools."

"I had only asked to my party those whose characters are being ruined by fools," said the queen, aggrieved. "You brought the fool himself. You ruined our chances for a plot."

"You had none in the first place," retorted Shakes-



peare, sulkily. "Besides, he is one of us. He is a Standard being lost. He was the standard of happiness and play. He was the Standard of insane joy. He too is being smeared. He is being made conscious of himself, and it hurts him as it hurts us all. He is being civilized."

The dejected group broke up, and went out into the night of Limbo. But as Shakespeare passed out of the gate, he turned aside to a huddled form in the dark. The fool was sobbing broken-heartedly. The poet called him and they went away together.

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## IRREVERENCE

RACHEL GRANT

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**N**OW could they riot in the candle light,  
Those feasters shouting in their castle halls—  
**H**ow could their loudness and their wild refrains  
Have clamored, unrebuked, against the walls?

They should have been content with flaming links,  
And high-chained torches, garish in the night—  
They should have heaped a fiery hearth with logs  
And swung their flagons in its blaze of light.

How could they so assault the quietness  
Of candle light! To careless roistering,  
How could they prostitute the altar peace,  
The thoughtfulness, of candles flickering.

## AN ARGENTINE LEGEND

KATE PINS DORF

BOUT a hundred years before the Spanish Conquistadores were driven from their South American provinces, Panchita was the prettiest and most courted girl for twenty miles around Calcahue. Even farther away than that her name was known on the ranches, and many a valiant gancho carried a picture in his heart, of the black-eyed Pampa beauty, dancing the tango, with a rose in her mouth and a blue shawl around her shoulders.

One day in that far off time the sun stood low over the horizon and golden cloud streamers reflected themselves in the spring, to which, one by one or in groups, the girls of the village came, with earthen jugs on their heads. From afar a small dust-cloud came rolling nearer, and a score of ganchos, who had been catching wild cattle in the Pampa, appeared with their prisoners, whose feet were fettered with leather straps. One of the victors was Santos Vega, who did not live in Calcahue, but who had a ranch not far from the foothills of the Andes. Most of the time, however, he roved through the wide spaces of the Pampa, which was the joy of his life, joining small groups of ganchos in some perilous undertaking, and singing to his guitar whenever he was not on horse-back. He had never known defeat. No animal, wild horse or bull, had as yet resisted his strong, muscular body, and no human being could resist his songs. Even the proud and butterfly-like Panchita had had this experience.

Today the two walked over the white dusty road to the village, leaving behind them a crowd of laughing and joking young folk, tired horses and wild animals with fierce blood-shot eyes. The horse followed them, looking at them with soft intelligent eyes. In the black branches of the ombri a screech-owl hooted, but they did not listen to its dreary notes.

"Panchita, when shall we tell the people that in six months you will follow me to my lonely ranch across the Pampa?"

"Oh, must I tell them already?" The pretty girl pouted with a teasing smile. "No more tango-dancing under the ombri, no more serenades for me—let us wait just a little while longer."

"Panchita, I have waited three moons already, even my guitar gets sad and weary with waiting."

"Well then, king of the ganchos and of my heart, we will tell them to-morrow, and when the pampa grass blooms again your ranch will be lonely no more." Santos Vega threw back his head with a happy laugh.

"Listen, I have an idea. We two must have a different announcement from everybody else. If you tell your friends that you have made a vow to Saint Anthony, that you will marry the man who sings best of all to the guitar, I will come and woo you, I and my guitar, and I will win you, be there ever so many rivals. It is not in vain that the whole Pampa calls me the king of the payadores."

The girl clapped her hands and her eyes sparkled with excitement. But the cries of the owl sounded more mournful through the night-air and for a moment the gancho listened to it with a thoughtful air after Panchita had left him.

The news of the pretty girl's singular vow quickly spread over the Pampa. The older people smiled knowingly, for it was an open secret that Santos Vega wanted to and was going to be the winner in the contest. But the young ganchos were not intimidated, and on the appointed day the old ombri saw almost a score of young men, in their brightest attire, holding large Spanish guitars, tuning and humming. The colored silk handkerchiefs around their necks, and the ribbons hanging from their guitars fluttered merrily in the wind.

Santos Vega leaned against the trunk of the great ombri, with his large heavy poncho falling from his shoulders. His eyes and thoughts were with Panchita, who sat enthroned above all the village people in her place of honor.

The contest began and Santos Vega sang down one rival after the other. Night came, and a big fire was kindled

in which the logs were piled to the height of a man. The figures of the two last contestants stood against the flickering red flames, when the galloping of a horse was heard, and the next second a third tall figure stood by the fire, wrapped in a poncho, with a guitar hanging on his back.

The newcomer bowed very courteously before Panchita and the ten ganchos who served as judges, and without a word threw back the folds of his poncho and tuned his guitar.

The audience was amazed. Nobody recognized the stranger, and yet, when the ruddy light of the flames flickered over his high forehead, the sharp aquiline nose and the thin lips of his sarcastic mouth, everybody had a vague uncomfortable recollection of having seen him before.

The stranger began a song. It was a tune never heard of, and his voice was powerful and magnetic.

Apprehensive glances were exchanged between the judges and Panchita's eyes opened themselves wide with a dark terror. The king of the ganchos and guitar players had found his equal—perhaps his superior?

Santos Vega took his turn. He put his whole soul into his song. He sang of the wide, majestic Pampa, as she lies dreaming in the sunshine, hushed and mysterious in the moon-light, and of her terror when the destructive pampero sweeps her plains. He sang of the wild horses with their graceful bodies and glossy manes, and he sang of his love for Panchita, the beautiful. The audience listened breathlessly. Never had anybody heard him sing with such passion. He seemed to sing for his life, yes, for his very soul and that of his beloved.

Now the stranger sat down on a big root of the tree. He sang of marble palaces and crystal fountains; of jewels and beautiful women. He sang of power and glory, of crowns and scepters, and all the while his metallic glance was roving over the faces of the judges.

There was a short moment while the ten ganchos whispered among themselves to reach the judgment. Pale and with tense muscles Santos Vega stood in the circle, ready to jump at the stranger's throat in case the prize should be awarded to him, for he felt an instinctive fear that a mysterious danger threatened Panchita.

The oldest of the judges stood up.



"Stranger, we do not know who you are, nor whence you come"—suddenly the speaker stood powerless as those hard, magnetic eyes were fixed on him—"but we cannot but proclaim you the victor."

With a panther-like movement Santos Vega leaped forward, but, swifter than a thought the stranger had seized Panchita, thrown her across his black steed, and mounting up behind her he disappeared in the night with a loud diabolical laugh.

Nobody stirred to take up the pursuit. With trembling hands the women crossed themselves, while every man had one hand on his revolver, clasping with the other his amulets.

Santos Vega stood like a tree struck by lightning. He shouted into the darkness,

"I know I cannot take her from you, Spirit of Hell. Take me then too!"

A faint sardonic laughter answered, and the owls hooted from the ombri as the fire grew dim under its ashes.

With slow, heavy steps the gancho walked up to the rock that lay in the cross-road. There he broke his guitar. And it rang like a dying bell. Then, hanging the broken instrument on his back he mounted his horse and disappeared in the shadows of the endless Pampa.

He was not seen again. But on cloudy nights, when great gusts of wind sweep over the feathery pampa grass, the king of the ganchos gallops over the plains on his shadow steed, and the women kneel down before the image of Saint Anthony and pray for his and Panchita's soul. But when the ganchos go into the Pampa to catch wild horses, and they sit around the red fire at night, they sing songs to the low accompaniment of the guitar about the heroic deeds of Santos Vega. And his shadow, felt though unseen, keeps watch over them against any evil spirit that may invade the Pampa under the cover of the night.

CONCERNING A RECENT DIALOGUE BETWEEN  
THE DEVIL AND DAVY JONES.

LA TOURETTE STOCKWELL

**A** FEW hours after the news of the wreck had reached him, the Devil stood on the banks of the Styx surveying the cold black waters with disgust and devoutly wishing that he was back in the warmer atmosphere of Hell. Like all elderly bachelors he had finally reached that stage in life when he thoroughly resented the necessity of having to spend an evening away from his own fireside. But business is business even with the devil, so with a sigh he finally uncurled his tail, drew a deep breath and plunged, taking great care to keep his tail stretched out in a straight line with the point of his nose and the tips of his toes. It was the correct manner of diving as taught when the world was very young and he had always prided himself on the perfection of his form.

The water was dark, so dark that he could hardly see a fish's length in front of him, but gradually it changed from black to blue and when it had become quite green he knew that he had reached the ocean. Before long a horse-fish, bearing a young mermaid swam into view. The Devil hailed her and being a little old fashioned in some of his ideas about women, noted with approval that she was riding side-saddle. She had a pretty face and an excellent figure, but he could tell at a glance that she would never be able to pass the intelligence examinations required for entrance to the School of Fishes. "Beautiful but dumb," he thought to himself. Nevertheless the emergency being great, he smiled his famous diabolical smile and asked impersonally, "Tell me, my pretty one. Is this the way to the locker of Davy Jones?"

"Take Route 13 for two furlongs, then turn to your left and take Route six and you'll be there in the squeeze

of a lemon," she answered curtly, stung by the indifference of his manner, and splashed off out of sight.

The Devil flourished his tail gleefully, did exactly opposite from what she had directed, and soon found himself approaching his destination. Davy himself was standing in the front yard superintending several of his mermaids who were polishing the scales and fins of some pert young dolphins. The Devil was a little puzzled until he remembered that it was Saturday night.

"Well, if it isn't the Old Boy himself," was Davy's jovial greeting. "How's Hell?"

"Not too good," grinned the Devil.

"Well, well," cried Davy in his hearty manner. "Come aft and have a swig," and he walked with a rolling gait toward the door of his locker, his tarred pigtail twitching nervously behind him.

The devil followed, but not before he had cast a speculative look over his shoulder toward the beautifully marcelled hair of the mermaids. "Just like the heroine in one of these modern movies," he thought to himself. "Come rain or flood, their hair stays curled for ever."

They sat down in Davy's office. Through the open door the Devil could see a number of hardy buccaneers drinking loudly and swapping bloody stories. Over the bar was a sign reading, "Davy Jones. His Tavern."

"A neat little hangout, Davy, a neat little hangout," said he to his host.

"Belike it is," said Davy modestly. "Established the year of Jonah's week-end in the Whale," he added with pardonable pride.

"Fine stuff," said the Devil smacking his lips.

"Hev so' more," said Davy refilling his glass. "New haul fresh in this mornin'. Old Stuttgart's rum runner sunk this mornin'."

"That's just what I came to see you about," and the Devil smacked his lips more loudly than before. "Fine stuff," said he again. "Say, Dave, I came to take old Stuttgart back with me. Hell needs a new bootlegger."

Davy swore a tornado oath. The Devil looked at him admiringly.

"Yer can't hev 'im," shouted Davy angrily. "He's mine."

"What's that," cried the Devil dropping his glass, which fortunately was empty.

"Yer can't hev 'im," Davy shouted again, and his saucer eyes glared above his rough white beard. "Ever since that bloody Board o' Trade put a stop to piratin' my trade's been crimped. I want my lick'er reg'lar an' he's the man fer me."

"But see here, old man, you can't mean that," said the Devil excitedly. "He really belongs to me, you know."

"State yer articles," Davy bellowed.

"Well," answered the Devil easily, "he was headed straight for Hell and I can't risk my reputation by letting a soul like his get side-tracked. He had the makings of a mighty fine devil," he added reflectively, "a mighty fine devil."

"Oh go ter Hell," said Davy sinking down unsteadily into his armchair.

"I won't," said the Devil, "not without him," and he curled his tail stubbornly around the rung of his chair.

"Then get on back ter yer business o' keepin' fat souls awake," snapped Davy angrily.

"Not alone," said the Devil succinctly.

There was a slight pause. Then, "How's fer a compromise?" asked Davy suddenly.

"I beg your pardon," said the Devil grandly, "but Hell offers no compromises."



## THOUGHTS ON FIRST SEEING THE JAMES RIVER

CATHERINE JOHNSON

---



N wind the warm blue waters to the ocean,  
Tinged with the bronze of southern April's sun,  
Coaxing the clouds to race the wave-fringed  
whitecaps  
Lapping the harbor's strong encircling arm.  
Here on the shore as yet half undiscovered,  
The first small group of early settlers came,  
And through the slow weeks watched the lonely river,  
Straining to glimpse each long awaited sail.  
Straining with homesick eyes across the water  
To where the far-off distance melts away—  
Yearning to cheer with ringing shout of welcome  
The white-winged bit of England down the bay.  
Now, in the twilight of Virginian springtime  
The stately James still courses to the deep,  
To where the lighthouse guards the low-curved entrance  
And darkness lulls the twinkling lights to sleep.  
Still in the silence of an April evening  
Echoes of ghostly voices haunt the shore,  
And dim, white, heartsick faces still turn seaward  
To see a ghostly vessel come once more.

## SESAME AGAIN

ELIZABETH HAMBURGER

**P**AULA, come here a minute please. Take Father's breakfast tray to him out on the sun-porch, will you, dear? He's out there writing."

Paula—it was a name full of admissions. Carol wondered idly whether there had ever been such a frankly self-ish couple as she and Paul had been. Then she laughed at herself for an egocentric fool, but the fact remained unchanged. Paula—when they had seen that it was a girl they had sighed, shrugged their shoulders and made the best of it. Of course, there had been no use in saving the name for their son, for had they not decided that it would be far too great a hindrance to have more than one child? Even Paula had been somewhat in the nature of a concession to public opinion. Now, at the age of fourteen, with her golden, story-book hair and her shy obedience, she would have been the pride of any mother's heart, and Carol did admit to a certain proprietary fondness for her pretty daughter. But Carol, who was only thirty-five after all, was really much prettier than Paula, and Paula was, at this juncture in her mother's life, decidedly in the way. The whole affair would have been so ridiculously simple if it had not been for the girl. Perhaps, she thought, she ought to make an effort to make things come right. Frankly, she'd rather that they should continue to go wrong, but maybe for Paula's sake—The child would be left to Paul's care, and he was so everlastingly absorbed in other things that the result would probably prove disastrous. Paula would have no such means of escape as her mother now found ready at hand. Carol frowned. How conventionalities betrayed one! That wasn't it at all, although some people might have said so. But, when all was said and done, Paula would soon grow up, and Carol was an unmistakable individualist. She did not believe in spoiling one's life for the problematic

good of another. For a moment, in the inevitable train of her thoughts, she wondered about her husband, then remembered bitterly that he always found solace in his work even when there was no need for it. No, he would not miss her for long, but Paula,—Circles!

“Mother, Father says he wants another lump of sugar. He dropped his second on the floor and I rocked on it by mistake. And, Mother, he wants a dictionary, too.”

Carol laughed aloud. Interruptions were so irrelevant! For a moment she lost her sense of relativity completely. Perhaps tea was the most important part of life, cumulatively speaking.

“All right, honey. I’ll take the things out. You can run along now if you want to. Why don’t you go next door and see whether Monique will play on the beach with you?”

Thus summarily had her responsibility been dismissed. Now she was out on the sun-porch looking over her husband’s shoulder. The sea was calm by *Vue-sur-Mer* that day. Off on the horizon the Trouville peninsula showed russet in the hot sun. It had made a difference, their coming to France for the summer, but it had been a different difference than the kind she had planned. Fate is a spiteful witch who fulfills her promises to the letter but lets the spirit go by on the first casual wind.

“I’m awfully lonely in there by myself, Paul. Don’t you ever feel sorry for me?” Carol’s voice was petulant, like a small child’s, and the sun streaming through the glass of the windows made her wrinkle her forehead in a way not altogether becoming.

Her husband looked up from his table and put his hand over hers as it rested on his shoulder.

“Feel sorry for you, Carol? But why should I? Haven’t you got what you’ve wanted for so long? Aren’t you here in France? Haven’t we travelled and been gay? No, really, I don’t know what you mean.”

Carol looked out over the sea. That was the trouble. It could all be made so logical and it was, in reality, so illogical. Nevertheless she would attempt a translation of reality before she took the final and decisive step. Fifteen years ago she had loved Paul for this very silence of his, for his dreamy eyes, for the unassuming protection of his strength, but now—. How quickly he had settled into mid-

dle age. Fancy being middle-aged before you were forty! She knew what a morally inclined person would have told her. An independent income had made it too easy for her to bring up Paula. She should have had more children, something to bother about in life, something to work for. It was she who was out of the perspective, not Paul. But if she had chosen that alternative,—Carol's vanity shrank from the reflection she saw in the mirror of that "if". It was out of the question. Besides, she reflected, it would be too much of an acceptance of defeat to go back on the admission of Paula's name.

"Of course, Carol, if there is anything definite that you mean, please tell me. I have a feeling that we haven't been as frank with each other as we once were. Maybe that's the trouble with us."

"Frank! Oh, you make me laugh!" As she said it Carol was a bit ashamed of the taunt in her voice. She suspected herself of unconsciously trying to make matters worse rather than better, but she continued nevertheless, impelled by some ruthless force within her that would not, could not listen to reason. "How can we be frank when we hardly ever talk to each other? I've never known a man to grow into such a John Silence. And when I do venture a word you're likely to call me Alice or Mary or whatever you happen to be calling your latest heroine. Makes me feel fine, that does!"

"Oh, Carol, don't be silly. Forgive an old man's foibles. Besides, you're always bored by what I say, if I do say anything, so I try to keep in the background, that's all."

"A rotten crawl! Try again, Paul, and for heaven's sake, don't call yourself an old man. Remember I'm your wife."

About some things Carol had a surprising lack of humor. It was a variety that made her interesting, however. One could never quite tell when to count on her for a smile, and when for a grimace.

There was silence for a moment. The beach life was beginning for the day. Already gay parasols were tipped side down on the sand, and a few jersey clad figures ambled aimlessly about or lay down in the enervating sun. Paul endured it for the sake of the sea that he loved, and for



Carol because he had become accustomed to enduring things for her. He was wondering who had been responsible for that old lie that opposites attract.

"If you want an example," it was Carol again, "There's this breakfast business. I'm incompetent to judge, of course, never having had an inspiration, but I should think that one might wait occasionally for the social function of breakfast with—with the family. And then of course coming here was all a bluff. It was so we could have a good time, but do you ever go out with me? Do you?"

Paul stood up. Once he had loved Carol. Once she had loved him. It was a pity that they should be wrangling like children. Yet why shouldn't he justify himself,—of this last charge at least?

"You know," he said quite calmly, "I should go if it were necessary, but since your cousin Adele has come to stay at Deauville it isn't necessary, is it now? Be frank. You come back every evening looking like sweet sixteen after her first dance. Why should I make myself wretched if you can be happy without me?"

Carol looked at him wonderingly.

"Aren't you ever jealous?" she asked.

He laughed. "Jealous? Of whom, Cousin Adele?"

It is a curious thing about people who are very near the edge of a chasm, that they can never be serious with each other for long. Each is too afraid of appearing to care more than the other one does, a position altogether too undignified to be consistent with self-respect.

"No, of the bell-hop!" Carol retorted. "But I'll leave you to finish your story now. I hope I haven't quenched the lamp of genius completely. Do you know, sometimes I wonder whether a little more gaiety wouldn't lend a certain something, a *je ne sais quoi*, a *savoir faire* to your writing that can only come with experience." It was her last card and he trumped it by smiling indulgently as he replied,

"I don't need that kind of experience, you see."

Just twelve hours later Carol was on her way. It had been very simple, of course.

"There is a big party at the Villa Reine tonight," she had told Paul. "I think I'll stay all night. It will be so much easier. You'll stay home with Paula, won't you? Cousin

Adele is sending her car at eight and I'll get dressed at the Villa. I'll take my little black grip with me."

Dear, fictitious cousin Adele! Of course Carol could have posed one of her friends to fit the part, but Paul had never made it necessary. She had never seriously thought that he would. And the chauffeur,—Jack made such a handsome chauffeur! How they had laughed over the purchase of his uniform. Jack had been Fate's joker. Who could have expected to meet a sweetheart whom one had not seen for sixteen years, or, meeting him, who could have expected to fall in love again as if all time had been merely a dream? Long ago people had said of Carol, when she had still been Carol King, that she was only marrying Paul to save her self-respect after Jack Lord's sudden disappearance. It had not been true, really, but time had lent semblance to the myth even in Carol's own eyes. And now she was running away with him.

"How long do you suppose," she queried softly from the front seat of the open car, "How long do you suppose it would take us to catch up with the past?"

They were far out of sight of Vue-sur-Mer by this time and, speeding along the Normandy coast, they were not making for Deauville.

The man beside her chuckled. "You are simply perfect, Carol," he remarked with the unoriginality of the lover of any age. His addition to this remark, however, betrayed him for the age he was. "What other woman would waste time trying to catch up with the past while she was eloping? I worship you for it, but personally I confess to a rather ardent desire to escape from the past, at least the immediate past."

Carol shivered a bit. The road turned just then and brought the moon full in their faces. "Please," she whispered, "Use discretion with your gift of humor, Jack darling. A moon always did make me sad, and tonight,—"

He put his arm around her and they drove on in silence for a while. Never in her life had Carol gone so fast. It fitted her mood to lie there close to the man she loved and he swept along a road above the sea until the wind in her face fairly choked and blinded her. She had no fear of it because it was tangible, and it replaced a far more tenuous fear that demanded to be pushed away from her heart by quick force.

So deep was she sunk in wilfully produced oblivion that she almost thought it was but another rashly sudden turn in the road when the machine came to a grinding, agonizing stop.

The strange choking sound of her companion's voice brought her to her senses sharply. She sat up. He was clutching her tightly and saying something that she could not understand. She did not know why she pulled away from him. Perhaps she felt a sudden need to stand on her own feet. For a moment she was dizzy. The silence after the rushing of the wind around the car, the steadiness after the tearing motion left her unbalanced and confused.

Gradually she became aware of a faint sound out on the road. She looked at Jack. He was sitting with his head in his hands, his shoulders heaving. She bent down to hear what he was saying.

"I killed it! Oh, my God! How could you let me? After all these years, and on my wedding night this time! Oh, God!"

Suddenly Carol woke up. It is the way of great clarity to come without preparation into the confusion of half-delirium.

Carol opened the door of the machine and jumped out into the road. Her shawl fell from her shoulders and lay unheeded in a puddle at the side. She ran around to the front, then stopped for a moment with a short gasp. There, on the road, lay a little child. Carol, with the part of her mind that was a mother's, wondered distractedly how it could have been out so late at night. Then action took the place of thought. She picked up the body and carried it into the back of the automobile. Jack, hearing her come, looked up. He seemed to have regained control over himself. Only his voice betrayed his emotion.

"Is, is the child dead, Carol?" he asked so low that she could hardly hear him.

"I think so." Carol did not recognize her own voice. It sounded quite hard and practical, "Turn on the light."

It was not long before they were sure.

"There is nothing we can do for her." It was Carol as before. "On the other hand, it might be unfortunate for us if she were found. You see, long association with an author husband has given me an imagination." She laughed without mirth. "Don't look so glum, Jack dear. The child is past

hope. We, however, are not. I propose to let her slip gently over the edge of the cliff. When she is found, the reason for her death will be obvious, or not, as you choose to view it."

Carol, upon occasion, was a woman of her word, and before her horrified companion could stop her she had carried out her practical, if scarcely pleasant, plan.

"And now," she continued upon her return, "*We* remain to be disposed of. No doubt you understand that, after this indicative incident, we can scarcely proceed to, to—Cousin Adele's. Perhaps I should say that, we must go to Adele's after all."

"I don't know what you are talking about," interrupted Jack. "It has been horrible, certainly. I can probably never explain to you just how horrible. There was another time, sixteen years ago,—but let that pass. This was accidental. I don't see why it should permanently affect us."


Carol's hand was pressed tight to her forehead as if her head hurt past bearing, but the little grim smile persisted.

"I have told so many lies to run away with you that it can scarcely matter if I tell another to run from you. I don't really love you after all. —No, that is too heartless, because it is so unjustified. I shall prove my respect for you by telling you the truth. You will understand. I believe in you sufficiently to be sure of that." Her sentences were measured and sharp. It was as if she had suddenly learned an unwelcome but equally undeniable fact and was forcing herself to repeat the lesson aloud. "You see, she said, 'there is Paula, and the real difficulty is that I am, unfortunately, of an allegorical turn of mind. I'm sorry, but after all, we must go back to Vue-sur-Mer, and via Deauville at that!'"



## THE SWANS AT LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

ANNE W. AYRES

 RCHED swans, white,  
 Silvered and white,  
 Float from the shadow into the light  
 Across the mirrored fretwork of the spires.  
 Silent and cool.  
 Peaceful and cool,  
 They swim on the waters of Minster Pool  
 In the shadowed transept of Britain's sires.  
 White and mutely,  
 Calm and mutely,  
 Till their piteous plaintive threnody  
 Echoes the depths of cloistered choirs.

## DID YOU KNOW?

MARY E. CLARK

Did you know  
 That in summer the moon is a gold-piece,  
 A great round gold-piece  
 For a lover to spend on his lady fair?

Did you know  
 That in autumn the moon is a penny,  
 A bright new penny  
 That a school-boy will barter for a candy-stick?

Did you know  
 That in winter the moon is a dime,  
 A cold silver dime for a miser to save?

Did you know all this?

## MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A WINDOW-SEAT

HELENE P. BASQUIN AND CATHERINE E. CHIPMAN

**H** LAST we have rendered a service to humanity. We can hold up our heads and look T. Chatterton and W. Irving straight in the eye. We, too, have discovered a manuscript. There is, however, a difference; we claim the document as ours, we are willing to admit we wrote it—in a previous incarnation. In this day and year, fortunately re-incarnated together once more, we are making an effort to have published some of our earlier and less well-known prose and poetry.

We confess to a feeling of gratification that what we wrote so long ago should still be so entirely applicable. As we were about to say when we were interrupted some two thousand years ago—"Exegimus monumenta aere perennia."

## DORMITORY DODGER

Of the People  
By the People  
For the People

A. Lincoln

Weather: If you don't like  
it, wait a minute.

M. Twain

STUDENT CIGARETTE  
CARNIVAL

I honor the simple cigarette, Broddingnagian and multitudinous has been its place in the world. I am not offended when I see its use in a new and fair place. But when I hear of nudigerous students who with invidious and stupendous noise and ignorance persist in hurling these multifarious and proficious ashes about the floor, such

a nudiustertian fashion revolts me. I look at them as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing. The degenerate debasement and total depravity of these persons is premonstrated flagrantly in their moral outlook as well as in their blasphemous parynonimity to the unostentatious ash.

*Nathaniel Ward, in The Simple Cobbler of Agawam. Published 1647.*

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHs

By the fence that runs down  
Green Street

By the fence around our cam-  
pus,

Stands a red brick dormitory,  
\* the College calls it.

In the house the door-plate  
names thus

In the parlor sit the maidens,  
Smoking, talking in the parlor,  
Playing bridge within the par-  
lor,

Till the college gods uphove  
them,

Till the college gods reproved  
them,

Saying, "Read the rules of this  
here COLLEGE,

Read the rules and ponder o'er  
them,

Regulations for the houses

On page 8, the 14th item."

Smoke you may and talk right  
gaily,

But for Bridge—you may not  
play it

Till the clock upon the tower

Sounds four strokes from out  
the tower.

See page 8, the 14th item.

*H. Longfellow.*

\*Supply appropriate name.

## HASH

By Famous Authors

And then, alas how oft I wince  
To see thee come, disguised as  
mince.

*J. Barlow.*

Which no one met, at first, but  
took

A second awed and wondering  
look.

*J. Whittier.*

I am the doubter and the doubt.

*R. Emerson.*

And what is there to write about  
it?

*N. Hawthorne.*

And if our American institu-  
tions have done nothing else,  
this alone will have entitled  
them to the respect of man-  
kind.

*D. Webster.*

And oh! Of all tortures  
That torture the worst!

*E. Poe.*

Invariably excites the sensitive  
soul to tears.

*Ibid.*

I took to the woods because I  
wished to live.

*D. Thoreau.*

Give your children food, oh Fa-  
ther!

*H. Longfellow.*

God has made so much of it!

*Ditto.*

## ORATOR DEPLORES

## STUDENT ATTITUDE

Why stand you here idle?  
What is it that you girls want?  
What would you have? Are  
week-ends so dear and smoking  
so sweet as to be purchased at  
the price of D's and E's? For-  
bid it! I do not know what  
course other professors take,  
but as for me,—bring me thirty  
pages or leave my class!

*P. Henry.*

## GOLDEN RULE

So stand before your windows  
as you  
Would others should stand be-  
fore theirs.

*Acts.*

PROMENADE

In the old college days in North-  
ampton, the town of the stu-  
dents,  
Where smoking is now a thing  
of the present,  
Where maidens sit much in the  
parlor,  
Sixty maidens have only three  
ash-trays.  
To and fro from the tin box be-  
hind the blue sofa  
To the bath-tub-bay-window ar-  
rangement  
Walk the maidens, emptying  
ash-trays.

*H. Longfellow.*

FAMOUS DIVINE  
RESOLVES

To smoke with all my might  
when I do smoke.

*J. Edwards.*

STATESMAN FORETELLS  
DISASTER

In my most melancholy mo-  
ments I presage the most dire

calamities. I already see in my  
imagination the time when dis-  
aster shall stalk among us, when  
Fire's hideous Hydra head shall  
set up its horrid crackling and  
from its hundred mouths belch  
forth destruction through our  
campus.

*D. Webster.*

POOR RICHARD'S  
ALMANAC

It's hard to get a light from an  
empty match-box.

*B. Franklin.*

A COLONIAL PEPYS

April 21. Went to new dive  
where I did purchase one box of  
animal crackers containing as-  
sorted animals for Marjorie and  
Margaret. Cost 10c. Gave box  
to them. They seemed much  
pleased. Bought for myself one  
hot dog (10c), and one cup of  
coffee, also (10c) which were  
very good.

*S. Sewall.*





## EDITORIAL



**W**E have been reading over old *Monthlies*. It is a failing of ours always to moil over something old, old letters, old photographs, old clothes. If it were not attended by such obvious inconveniences, we might even be discovered, one fine day, investigating old graves. Deprived of that outlet for our failing, however, by our deep-grained conventionality, we have found old *Monthlies* almost as satisfactory. Being methodical by nature, we proceeded to read the first volume, the tenth, the twentieth and the thirtieth, and so made certain discoveries that evolved into mere corroborations of our preconceived theories about the *Monthly*. For example, we discovered that from earliest time, which translated into *Monthly* jargon means as far back as 1893, the moon has served as scullery maid to the college poetic muse and that, like all wenches, she has had her radiant and her common-place moments. We discovered also that our magazine is akin to history and to fashion. It repeats itself in cycles, yet never wanders far from a certain beaten track. Its editors have always bemoaned the fact that their audience is so select and so cruel, that its contributors are monotonous or non-existent, and they have unanimously proclaimed it to be the collective fault of the college if the *Monthly* is poor, stating that, unquestionably, it *is* poor. Unfortunate, harassed souls! And now we are to be numbered among them and, bound into brown leather volumes, we too shall be left to moulder on a dusty shelf. It is enough to make one wish to be an amoeba or even a book-eating scorpion!

Every idea that we have ever had is decently interred within the covers of these publications. We have thought that illustrations would liven up the *Monthly's* pages, because, if the college girl does not think,—and these old

*Monthlies* assure us at regular intervals that she does not, at least she will look at pictures. Well, we have only to turn back a matter of some four or five volumes to discover a few delightfully illustrated numbers. The reason for their cessation can only be a matter of conjecture, or perhaps of finance. We have thought that a "column" of character, in which one's more facetious moments might be displayed for the delectation of the frivolous, would prove provocative. We find that there have been many such columns in the thirty-four years of the *Monthly's* existence. We have thought,—but why should we dig up old graves since it is no longer being done by polite society?

Once we thought that the only way left in which to be original was to make no attempt to seem so. Thus at least we should shield ourselves from ridicule, and we confess to being very sensitive to ridicule. Now we have discovered that even that course has been tried before and so, with our back against the wall, we have decided that originality is no very great virtue of itself, after all. Boldly then, even frankly, we are going to repeat history once more. We do not greatly care now that we have become convinced of the essential unimportance of the whole affair anyhow. On a certain page of this number you will find our first transgression, glaring in its admission, for lo! we have started a "column"! We shall call it **THE SOFA CORNER**, because among its cushions are to be permitted pleasant lapses from the straight-back chair of "literary value." College humor, verses, burlesque, letters destructive and constructive, pictorial satire, any concoction of an ingenious wit will be in order if it can be made comfortable among the cushions. And if, like the "one-hoss shay," our **SOFA CORNER** should fall apart from internal decay, mindful of Tennyson we shall not mourn its death.

We have been admonished frequently, by our elders and betters, to preserve the "literary quality" of our college publication at any cost. We are not exactly sure of what "literary quality" consists but we are, nevertheless, willing to make certain concessions to our suspicions on that matter. Once in a while, however, there appears in the *Monthly* box a contribution that cannot quite stand the test of those suspicions. Regretfully, in the past, have we cast such efforts

aside, but in the future they will meet with a happier fate. **THE SOFA CORNER** is, you see, somewhat in the nature of a manuscript's orphan asylum. Perhaps, in the course of time, we shall be reduced to giving over a whole issue to the rapacious sofa, but we think not. We shall endeavor to keep this looser member of sedentary society in its place. Meanwhile, all ye who are bitten by the satiric insect or the frivolous fancy, Oyez! Let us assure you that it is no disgrace to sit in a **SOFA CORNER** once in a while.



The Editor Makes Herself Comfortable.



Upon second thought we find this to be a *devilish* issue. It was quite unintentional, however. We do not aim to be naughty and we are not trying to head for hell. It requires far too much bold initiative. Perhaps the cathedral will save us. But what would you? We are dependent upon our contributors. How can we help it if they know so much about the nether regions? Besides, we rather enjoy being forewarned. We may find ourselves in Limbo someday after all.



CIGARETTE

(with apologies to no one)

Red smears the dark.  
 Pompei burns.  
 Craters of latent volcanos smoulder  
 Between my fingers.  
 Fog blurs my eyes,  
 Stings sweetly, chokingly.  
 I draw deeply.  
 Light cuts the fog,  
 And is put out again.

H.B. '26



## NOX VOMICA

*(We refer you to the February issue of the Monthly as a proof of our impartiality)*

The sky was like a great inverted cheese. The ocean below was black, almost too black to see, like a piece of charred toast. Only where it met the sky there was a tenuous line of orchid-green, as if the cheese had grown mouldy on the edge.

The girl standing in the crook of the railing of the steamer was face to face with Life. The cheese, the toast, the tenuous mould, all had combined to make her feel a little queer. Drunk, she decided, with the night; but at an ugly state of drunkenness. Her breath was painful, as if there were a hard lump in her throat. The feeling beat her into passivity, into acquiescence and yet it filled her with an undefined desire for action, as well. She laced her arms through the bars for support and the wind blew coldly against her. She scarcely knew she was cold. It was as if the wind had come alive and was rushing around inside amidst the toast and the toasted cheese. It was an almost unbearable sense of dark, strong things within. If only no one would come to disturb her! Moments like this never seemed to come to fruition.

An arm slipped around her waist. It was a man.

"It is a maddening night," he ventured.

The girl kept her face turned away. The light reflected from the orchid-green line gave her complexion a strange-yellow tinge.

"I love it," she said in a throaty voice, "but it makes me feel very strange."

"They have been dancing inside," he said.

"Yes," said the girl. "So was I before I ate the rare-bit,—but let's not talk about it. You understand. All those who go to sea know about those things."

There was nothing to reply to that and they stood together in silence for a while.

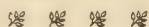
It was her voice that came first, now even huskier than before, but steady, the words clipped distinct and short.

"I am going now. You must not come with me."

"Please don't go. We can be introduced—."

"Oh, it isn't that at all," she exclaimed impatiently. "You don't understand after all. Don't you see that it must be?" Her voice breathed finality. "Things like this don't last!" And she fled into the pale lavender light of the deck beyond and was gone.

K. M. '26



### WAITING

If there's anything I truly hate

It's waiting!

Each minute seems a thousand years,

Each object's pictured on your mind,

Each new discovery's dull you find,

When waiting.

There are seven chairs here altogether,

The green one does not match the next,

The last strip of wall-paper's not

Evenly put up.

There's something pleasing to the eye—

A picture of a girl in blue.

I'll keep my eyes on her

To help me pass the time away.

Some day I know I'll find a way

To alter this unpleasant state—

But I must wait until I find it

And if there's anything I truly hate

It's waiting.

A. D. '29



## Fashion's Demands

Fabrics contribute much to fashion. Not only in style of weave and color but also in the cut, shape and style of the finished garment.

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## BOOK REVIEWS



## THE LURE OF THE SEA

Edited by F. H. LEE

Little, Brown &amp; Co.

 SOMETHING of the spirit of this book has been caught in the stretch of open sea which is represented on its paper jacket, and the title itself has the same suggestion of romance that we are now beginning to connect the sea with romance that we are now beginning to connect romance with the sea. In selecting the bits to be included in his anthology, F. H. Lee seems to have emphasized this tradition. The glory of the sea, its compelling awe and wonder, the strength and vigor of its men and the beauty of its ships are all brought out. They are—so one reviewer says—"symbols of romance." That accounts, perhaps, for the vast amount of literature which has been and is being written about the sea. It follows that the task of the compiler of such an anthology is an extraordinarily difficult one, yet one which Mr. Lee has concluded successfully. His selections are representative and well chosen. They include such names as Joseph Conrad, Alfred Noyes, Rudyard Kipling, Herman Melville, John Masefield and David Bone. The same trouble with "bits" of things, however, which is always found, is found here. Always the question will come up, why this or that favorite poem or favorite passage has been omitted, and the answer lies perhaps in the fact that, quite outside of the realm of personal likes and dislikes, the sea is eternally restless. One is never satisfied in regard to it.

A. P.





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others do well."*

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OR THE  
LOVING HUNTSMAN

By SILVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

The Viking Press



N enchanting book," says Carl Van Vechten. "And my God, what havoc this romance will create in the hearts of spinsters!"

Agreeing that the book is enchanting, one may yet demur at such a declamation concerning the havoc it may create. For the longing of a genteel spinster to escape a dismal life is not startlingly unheard of, and even her solution by going to the Devil is not revolutionary in the world of ideas. Nor is the style of the story-telling in any degree sensational. The style is on the contrary very quiet, and insinuations are subtle and sly. Satan is a "loving huntsman," a kindly, thoughtful gentleman, even a "knight-errant," apt to encourage women to talk to him, not that he might know all their thoughts but that they might. In the end Laura Willowes knew that he would not disturb her. "A closer darkness upon her slumber, a deeper voice in the murmuring leaves overhead—that would be all she would know of his undesiring and unjudging gaze, his satisfied but profoundly indifferent ownership."

High recommendations for beauty and wit are being given this first novel of Silvia Townsend Warner's by all its reviewers—for example, by James Branch Cabell, Christopher Morley, David Garnett and Elinor Wylie.

R. L. T.

THE SILVER STALLION

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

McBride, New York, 1926



PERHAPS this is a satire on Christianity, or perhaps a satire on matrimonial difficulties including an expatiation on extra-matrimonial delights, or it may be a general satire on humanity, on human credulity, on pre-

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valent ideas of human virtue, on universal religion, which appears to be a persistently human attribute. It may be any of these, and it may be all; but it seems more particularly to be a satire on Christianity.

Don Manuel was the king of Poictesme and the Lord of the Order of the Silver Stallion. The book opens after his death, or, more exactly, after his unaccountable disappearance. On the night of the disappearance Manuel's little son played runaway, and was forgiven the next day's punishment for telling such a charming, and—we are given to believe—most probably fictitious account of having seen his father ride westward with Grandfather Death. As a result of this flight from reality, this vision, this fact—as you choose—as a result in any case of this quite unreliable but thoroughly trusted explanation of the disappearance, there arose in Poictesme, under the cultivation of Dame Niafer, Manuel's wife, and some churchmen of pious zeal, a lovely legend about the dead Manuel. This Manuel had in very truth, by dint of martial powers, saved Poictesme from the invaders of the North; and this was the one fact that was allowed to live after him. In addition he was the virtuous, noble, temperate, in all things, paragon of perfection, martyred monarch of Poictesme. And in the future, no one knew whence this rumor, he was to return to rule Poictesme in justice and majesty. So a great empty tomb was raised to Manuel, that rollicking, ribald, lecherous monster (these by way of explanation, are endearing epithets of commendation) and he became a saint (term of utter approbrium.)

Hence, under the pernicious influence of their mythical Manuel, Poictesme waned from a land of hot valor and rampant revelry, to one of milky peace and luke-warm modesty, humility, restraint. Such decline was heartily deplored by the brave puzzled fellows of the Silver Stallion. They departed in disgust from Poictesme, and the greater part of the book is concerned with their fulfillment of the fates assigned to them by the Norms, the shadowy weavers. One member of the Order of the Silver Stallion, goes in search of Manuel, and after diverse fantastic adventures finds the beloved, hulking brute. They discuss the amazing paradox of a saintly Manuel. Though Coth is vehemently intent upon dispelling such absurd vagaries, the great Manuel says let them remain: is eager, as expressed by the au-



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thor, "to keep up appearances," for perhaps better appearances might work some good. We fancy Manuel making a wry face at the pronounciation of that word, *good*.

The text of the book seems to be that "Emptiness is sacred because of the faith that people put in it." Let illusion continue, though it is manifestly the purest bosh. People like it, and it can't, at worst, hurt them overmuch.

The book is written with a fascinating combination of fantastic romance and what might be sordid cynicism, were it not for its humorous trend. Cabel may be wielding his satire in earnest, but to the reader, he is all too amusing to be taken seriously.


S. W. T.

---

## MANHATTAN TRANSFER

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

Harper & Brothers, New York

 HE futuristic cover, with its sky scrapers, steam-boats, clouds and blaring colors was stroke of genius, if the author of *Manhattan Transfer* intended to forewarn his readers of the nature of the book. Mr. Don Passos has undertaken a task too great for any one mortal. New York in its many phases cannot be described in 404 pages, and after 100 pages one is apt to toss aside the book in a state of bewilderment. The setting and characters change in such rapid succession that it all seems a confused, seething mass of humanity and perhaps this is his point. Suddenly, however, he confines himself to a few of these palpitating characters. From this point the book changes and proceeds in the usual novel form.

Elaine Ogelthorpe, of middle class extraction, a pseudo-actress, is living in Greenwich Village. The Village is presented unsparingly in all its sordidness. Elaine has many appropriately sensational affairs. Her career progresses successfully and her affairs if not successfully, dramatically. One of her husbands is James Hert, who is encountered early in the book as a shy, sensitive little boy, suffering intensely at the death of his mother, and rebelling violently at his conservative, prosperous, and efficient relatives, the Merrivals. He finally leaves them, leads an independent existence, and in the course of time meets Elaine.

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Elaine's intrigues and Jimmie's moods serve as adequate material for Mr. Dos Passos. Elaine is consistently charming, temperamental, and selfish throughout the book. Jimmie, as a child brooding over his mother's death and his mechanical relatives, is a particularly poignant picture.

It is a strange book, too involved, perhaps, especially in the beginning, but after one achieves a method of placing the characters, time passes very quickly and pleasantly. Mr. Dos Passos displays great skill in creating his atmosphere and in finally clearing up his New York confusion even if he does change his mode of approach. This raises the question, "Did he get discouraged in the middle of his enormous task and therefore change his tactics or was it all prearranged?"—I wonder.

L. A. K.





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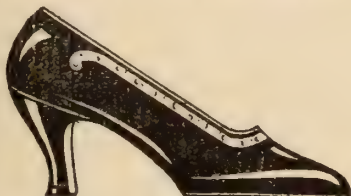
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*All manuscript should be typewritten and in the Monthly Box by the fifteenth of the month to be considered for the issue of the following month.  
All manuscript should be signed with the full name of the writer.*

*Manuscript will be disposed of unless marked "Return".*









Mary A Jordan



# Smith College Monthly



## A ROCK IN A WEARY LAND

LOUISE WALKER

---

### FEW ARE CHOSEN

**T**HE class in Freshman Greek had assembled. They were all seated behind the battered, well-carved school desks, for Ericson was an old college, and had never had sufficient funds to provide more modern class-room equipment. It was strange Professor Magnusson did not arrive. He was seldom late. A pleasant murmur of speculation as to whether there was any need to wait longer mingling with doubt as to what could be keeping "Lars Peter" so long, filled the room.

It was exactly ten minutes past the hour when a tall, thin man, dressed in a carefully brushed gray suit, strode into the room, and pulling his chair from the desk on the platform, sat down behind that massive structure. A pair of keen, quizzical, blue eyes swept the restive class, not failing to note the look of disappointment on several of the faces confronting the speaker. "Did you think you were going to get a vacation? What a mistake! I'm sorry I was late because we have a lot to cover this morning. I know this drill is a little stupid, but let me tell you, my friends, it's the only way to get this straight. Sederlund, you may give the present, middle of *luo*, just for a setting up exercise."

Then as the boy started to speak, "Oh, wait a minute, I forgot to call the roll." Taking out the class record he began, "Alsterlund, Anderson, Asplund, Bjorkland, Carland, Dahlgren," on through the Johnsons, Petersons and Swansons. Calling the roll was a kind of a ritual with Professor

Magnusson. He always looked up after he gave each name to see if its owner were really there, and to get one more impression of how he looked. Magnusson liked to remember his students. He wanted to be able to place them instantly when he met them on the street. Not only did he want to recognize them at chance meetings that season, but when they should return as alumni he expected to recall them, and the classes in which they had been. Alumni always looked up Professor Magnusson.

"Weylander," he said. "give the future, active optative. You're not prepared? Well, my dear boy, why do you come to this class if you aren't prepared? Go to the board, and perhaps Mr. Palm can help you out. No, don't put the accent on the antepenult of *lusaiten*! Look at the ending! Haven't I been telling you since the first day you set foot in this room that the accent can't go back any farther than the penult if the last syllable is long? Weylander, you ought to know that, if you hadn't been prepared for a week, which to be sure you haven't. Take your seat. Rydholm, continue with the first aorist." And so it went all the hour. Encouragement was given where it was needed, approval when it was deserved, and a little well-directed sarcasm spurred on the indolent. Finally the bell rang.

"Well, by all the gods of Greece, I'd no idea it was so late. Just a minute, and I'll give you tomorrow's assignment."

"Where *does* the time go?" thought the professor as he walked up the worn treads of the central stairway in the recitation building. "That's a very interesting class. Mighty good material in that Haterius boy. Weylander's got good stuff in him too. Wonder what I can do to wake him up. He's too good a head to waste so much time loafing. Mere child though. Time means nothing to him." With his mind still on his students, Magnusson entered the empty chapel on the second floor. The sun was throwing great patches of light over the dingy room, even touching up the austere features of ex-president Haselquist on the canvas on the north-west wall. But Magnusson gave no special notice to anything. All was familiar to him with the familiarity of years. He took the seat in which he customarily sat during the chapel service. He was always sorry to miss chapel, for he

liked to hear the boys sing the sonorous old hymns of the church. To be sure they did not appear to be much impressed by the words, but they always responded to the swelling rhythms of the music, and many of them had full rich voices. He sat there for a few moments, then bowing his head he prayed, his face betraying the serenity of the man who knows that his petition is heard, and who is on terms of peace and faith with the Infinite Being who listens. Finishing this communion, he rose, and proceeded from the building.

It was a spring morning, and as he walked down the hill past the boys' dormitory, he noticed that the syringa bushes on the boulevard were budding. The thrill of the awakening season shivered through him, possessing him so completely that he felt capable of accomplishing great tasks. "Now that Haterius boy will probably want to go on with his Greek. I must take special pains with him. Stimulating to have a lad like that."

"Good-morning Hans," he nodded to a fair-haired youth in a blue sweater with a large yellow "E" on his chest. "Good-looking boy, that Hans," he thought, "wonder if he's decided to enter the theological seminary. Haven't seen him much this year. Must have him down to coffee one of these afternoons. There's Rydholm. I'll ask him too. Poor oaf, he's only been over a year. It must have been for boys like Thor that the term 'green Swede' was coined. But he'll come out all right. He'll keep on trying until he makes something of his life. Great determination there."

Thus all the way down the street he sandwiched in meditations on his students between greetings, and observations on the progress of the tulip beds. It was a really glorious morning.

"Oh papa, you've got three letters. I'm bringing them to you myself," little Tyra Magnusson rushed down the walk to meet her father, and give him the morning mail. He caught her in his arms, and carrying her on his shoulder went on into the house.

In his study he looked over the three letters. One of them was important. It contained the offer of an associate professorship at the state university. The joyousness of the morning swelled to an even higher pitch. It was exultation.



In his mind he pictured the pleasures of living in a larger town with access to the university library. Tyra could go to the university experimental school. Mrs. Magnusson would love the old university town. Coming from "the old country" when she was almost thirty, his wife had never become accustomed to the rawness of Swedona, the small Mid-western town in which Ericson was situated. Magnusson gave himself up to luxury of dreaming those fond dreams of the man who has labored hard, and whose work has finally been appreciated. It had been a source of some humiliation to him that he was approaching middle age, and was still teaching Greek in a little Swedish college scarcely known by the American population outside its own county. And now everything would be changed.

He thought about his great piece of news all afternoon. He had meant to tell Esther about it at noon, but something prevented his doing it. Down underneath his pleasure some contradictory idea was trying to get itself expressed. He wanted to know what this cloud of doubt was that crept over him, and at the same time he unconsciously turned his back on it, because he knew that when it had formed it would spread over the sunshine of his exuberance like a mist from the Mississippi.

He didn't tell Esther in the evening either, and she being a wise woman held her peace, and waited until he should speak first. After dinner he said he guessed he would get out the Ford, and take that book out to Carl Graffstrom who was preaching out in the little church in East Poitiers. "You remember him don't you, Esther? He graduated from the Seminary two years ago. I met him down at the bank Saturday, and promised to take him that latest 'Life of Christ' that I bought the last time I was in Chicago."

Of course it was all a subterfuge. He would take the book to Graffstrom, but what he really wanted was to turn the Ford out on the Silvis road, and tear along the great stretch of pavement between the careening telegraph poles past the C.R.I.&P. repair shop. Every now and then he liked to drive out there when something troubled him, and think it out. There was something about those great stretches of glimmering rails and the snorting engines which typified the whole community to him, so that he saw his own

problems in the wholesome perspective which enables a man to make quick judgments. Magnusson was not the sort of person who enjoyed spending hours developing the ifs of a situation. And yet he must decide about that university job. There didn't seem to be any reason why he shouldn't go, yet something was holding him back.

He thought he had never seen the yards possessed of such spectacular beauty as tonight. The air in the river valley was clear, but the night was black. The rails, which ran parallel to the road could scarcely be perceived except for an occasional silver shimmer. The blackness of the engines melted into the night, so that their outlines were not discernable, but from them issued clouds of white steam, illumined by the blazing fires below. Behind these many pillars of cloud shone the long rows of close-set panes in the repair shop. They gave out continuous streaks of eyrie blue-green light. It looked like the forboding of a gloomy Hebrew prophet realized. It was an awe-inspiring sight, and yet a common enough one in an industrial community.

Magnusson thrilled to it as he always did. The question of teaching Greek, whether in a university or a small Lutheran college, might have been dwarfed into significance before the apocalyptic vision, and yet, it was not so dwarfed. There, kneeling in spirit before those red steam clouds, he renewed the pledge he frequently made to himself, and to his own age. He would keep alive the beauty of the dead past, not because like so many discontented people, he found only ugliness in the present age of steel and blazing fires, but because he saw in it such potentialities for new beauty, and new meaning that he could not bear to have the present epoch be incomplete by ignoring any beauty which had gone before. It was a queer, vague idea, he supposed, but it obsessed him at times.

"Of course," his reason insisted, "I'd still be doing the same thing at the university if I taught Greek there—But would I?" The question almost seemed to rise from the paving bricks, and leap at him. He pressed his toe on the excelerator, and dashed out on the state road. "Ericson has such a struggle ahead of it. Nobody knows how it's lived as long as it has, in this place full of shops. The Swedes are all right. They'd keep it alive, and it would mean some-

thing. Rock in a weary land, and all that sort of thing. But now the Mexicans and Belgians are coming into Swedona so fast. Needs somebody to keep from losing all the old-world refinement. But why do I have to do it? I don't want to hang around this little jerkwater town any longer. Great heavens, I'm getting old. Why can't somebody else do it? Oh Lord! what an old, old question! Why can't somebody else do it!"

"Look out there, bunny," he cried, turning the Ford sharply to one side to avoid a light-blinded rabbit.

"Of course I grew up in this place, and I know what Ericson's cost the good old Lutheran farmers who have supported it. Pity if someone who didn't know got hold of the institution. It'd die pretty quick. Fewer good Swedes would come here then. Good old tradition. Not much tradition in this country."

He turned the car around at the next driveway. He wasn't quite sure when the certainty that he could not leave his work at Ericson to be done by a mere anybody had come to him, but now it possessed him as entirely as had his roseate dreams of the morning. He rode up and down the ten blocks of the shops twice again, and then turned toward home. "Crazy creature I am. Esther won't care much when I tell her. A jewel that woman. I don't want to stay either, but I've got to and they don't need me at the university. Funny place Ericson, half farm lads, and half shop hands. None of 'em knows what he's doing. I don't either of course, but then there's that Haterius. Terrible shame if he got shoved on to that blank Stefanson to be taught Greek."

His mind was a hodge-podge of floating half thoughts, but he piloted the Ford safely home. Once in bed he found himself drifting immediately into the luxury of relaxation and half-consciousness. "Alsterlund, Anderson, Bjorkland, Carland, Dahlgren," he muttered.

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## DAVID AND ABSOLAM

A scuffling on the steps outside Professor Bostrom's door awakened him in the gray light of the morning. Dimly he realized that it had been going on for several minutes. He turned over to see if it had disturbed Anna. She was not there! Jumping up he hastened to the head of the stairs.



There on the landing below a sight met his eyes which momentarily stunned him. His wife clad in a flannel night dress, her neutral colored hair hanging in skinny braids, was leaning against the wall panting. But it was not the sight of Anna summoned thus summarily from her bed which had struck him speechless. It was his son Charles Axel, his adored youngest son. The boy was also leaning against the wall, held in an upright position only by his mother's straining effort. Every muscle in his lithe body was relaxed, and his normally expressive eyes were bleared and watery. Charles Axel was drunk. His father did not remember even in his own not too temperate student days ever having seen a youth so drunk who still retained his consciousness.

Still unable to utter a sound Bostrom clumped down in his bare feet to Axel's side, silently put the boy's arm about his own neck, and half carrying him proceeded to the little room at the end of the hall which had been his son's since boyhood. There the lad sank soddenly on the bed, and mumbling incoherent apologies, straightway fell to snoring and gurgling. Bostrom stood looking at him sprawled across the white counterpane, his flaccid arms turned so that his hands fell palms up. Then turning to Anna the father spoke harshly but not unkindly, "You go back to bed, Anna. I'll look after him."

When his wife, sobbing a little hysterically, had scurried from the room, he stepped to the bed. "Oh Lord," he thought, "I hope it's only a good drunk. How awful if Axel is mixed up in any mess." He would not let himself be more specific. "I should have watched him more closely." Then tugging awkwardly but gently at the boy's clothing, Bostrom began to undress him. Distraught as the man was he did not fail to thrill as he always did when he looked at his son. He had seen the boy come charging down the basketball floor, his golden hair rumped, his blue eyes flashing, his perfectly formed body responding in each muscle to the quick demands of the game, and the father had felt such a glow of pride surge over his being that he would look hastily around to see if anyone was noticing his emotion. And now even while he was stripping his son's damp clothing from his relaxed body, he took a pagan pleasure in its beauty and the almost lustrous whiteness of the skin. Yet



he did not remember ever having been so helplessly angry. What did Axel mean staggering in like a shop hand? He would have to reckon with his father when he had slept this off. Finishing his mournful task, he flung wide the windows that the fresh air might cleanse the room of the sickish sweet smell of bad liquor, and went himself to stand under the stinging needles of a cold shower.

Professor Gustavus Adolphus Bostrom, Ph.D. and D.D. was the president of Ericson College, and he knew that any misdoing of his son would not escape notice in the little village which harbored the institution. His friends on the faculty had glossed over Axel's former misdeeds, which had been numerous and not always inconspicuous, but he was convinced that this last offence would prove too flagrant to be concealed. Dr. Bostrom feared the clacking tongues of the good women of the parish, he feared the wrath of the Reverend Mr. Lundeen, the president of the synod which supported Ericson, but above all he feared young Dr. Moreland who was jealously waiting to step into his position as president if he could. Moreland was a master of delicate innuendo, and whatever Axel had done, his father knew that Moreland would magnify it by implication until the boy might even be driven from the community.

Bostrom's mood was a strange mixture of sympathy for Axel and, as he pictured his next meeting with Moreland, of justifiable anger that Axel should have placed him in such a position. Over and above all people and all things Bostrom loved Ericson College. He had come from Sweden to be its president when he was still a young man, and to him it owed its increased prestige among the American element of Swedona and the surrounding towns. To its many drives for endowments he had given of his best energy, and to his understanding of men, the institution owed its excellent scholastic standing, for he it was who selected the faculty, and then impressed upon them the significance of their work, out in this crude country where they were never more than half appreciated by the townspeople. Under him Ericson had ceased to be known only as "Swede College." And here was Axel, his son, acting in a way that he would never have tolerated in any other student. He could not ask for mercy, he concluded as he stepped from the shower.

Axel, he decided, deserved whatever was going to happen to him. The more he thought about the situation the angrier he became, but nothing could be accomplished by glaring at the water spigots, so he finished dressing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Gustavus Bostrom faced the Administrative Board of Ericson College with a purposely expressionless face. Behind his carefully set mask, he was dully aware of the irony that compelled him to preside over this meeting. "The meeting is called to order," he said gravely. "Gentlemen," he began, then started at the huskiness of his voice, "Gentlemen, we are here this afternoon in extra session at the request of the Board on Social Regulations. Since the case which is to be brought before us is familiar to you all in its general outline if not in detail, I have very little to say to you." With that he picked up the report of the Board and read the account of Axel's recent transgression. It was mercifully brief and impersonal. Axel and three other boys had been returning from a road house of unsavory reputation when their exuberance had prompted them to break into a feed store, and scatter the contents of many bags of chicken feed over the street, singing noisily the while, "Come Fordie, Fordie, Fordie, Have a feed." "This", as the Committee on Social Regulations pointed out, "was not conduct befitting a student of Ericson College," but since it was the first offence of three of the members of the party, the matter was referred to the Administrative Board with a recommendation for leniency toward them. Nothing was said about the fourth recalcitrant.

Very deliberately Dr. Bostrom laid the report on the table, then glanced about at the men gathered around it. There was Lundeen inopportunely passing through the city that week, there was Moreland trying to keep the smirk of triumph from his thick lips, there was Rubenstein, his haunting Semitic eyes full of sympathy, and there was Magnusson. Magnusson was his friend. Having no son of his own, Magnusson had taken a great interest in Axel, and had even pleaded for the boy before this same board, but today his set features stated clearly that he thought the time for positive action was at hand. Other faces were turned toward

him, but Bostrom did not heed them. The pause was growing noticeable.

"Gentlemen, I do not need to remind you of the responsibility that is yours this afternoon, nor point out to you that my own interest in this case unfits me for any part in a discussion of it. I do not wish to embarrass you unduly, so I shall ask the Reverend Mr. Lundeen to preside over the remainder of this session, and I shall await your decision in my office."

Once in his office he sank into his swivel chair like an old man. He reviewed his son's case for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time realized that Axel could not escape judgment again. Impatiently he tore an envelope into small squares. He could hear Moreland's heavy voice declaiming in the next room. Again a great anger overwhelmed him, "Oh Axel, how do you dare belittle me so? How can you jeopardize my authority like this? Who will send his children here to be directed by me, I who can not even keep my own son from playing the fool? Axel, you young ass!"

Bostrom jumped nervously as if he had said the last aloud. Magnusson's cool and measured murmur interrupted Moreland's harangue. He wished he could hear what they were saying. It was a pitiful situation for him to be in here alone tearing up paper like a nervous school girl. He paced the floor. It was exactly half an hour before Magnusson came to tell him that the Board had had to expel Axel. He had not realized how he had clung to the vain hope that his shame might not have to be published, until Magnusson made the announcement. Magnusson stood in helpless silence. Finally Bostrom stretched forth his hand and without comment his friend grasped it.

"Would you mind, Magnusson, sending Axel to me? He's over at the house, and if it wouldn't be too much to ask of you, please tell Mrs. Bostrom." His friend nodded and left. He wondered what he could say to Axel. He wondered what he could say to any student called before him for discipline.

Axel arrived shortly. He stood before his father sullenly, "Well," he said, "Now what?"



"That, my son, is for you to decide. Magnusson has told you, I see, what the decision of the Board is. What do you propose to do?"

The boy seemed stunned. He had apparently expected an angry scene. "Oh, I don't know, most anything rather than stay in this hole full of old women. But I say, Father, you aren't going to turn me out, are you?"

"No, Axel, of course not, but I am not going to support you either. I will provide you with food and shelter, but anything else that you have, you must earn."

"Well I think that's a little tough. Of course you have me on the hip now," Axel's fair face reddened, "but I'll get a job and show the cock-eyed world who I am." He rose and flung himself from the room.

His father looked after him. His ears burned with humiliation. "Oh Axel, what inanity!" His face wore a look of anxious pity, all traces of anger had left it. Who could be angry with a boy who had so many unhappy experiences lurking ahead of him? "Deal gently" he murmured thinking how inevitably they must come, "Deal gently with the young man, even with Axel."

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### A DIMLY BURNING WICK

The Reverend Mr. Isaac Rubenstein flung wide the chapel doors, jumped nervously as they clattered against the walls, and tip-toed up the aisle to the reader's desk at the front of the room. The morning sun streamed through the windows in great bars of light, and one of them focused on the black, bowed head as the little man sat alone in the empty chapel. For a moment his bent figure looked like an interpretation of man before the judgment seat, prostrated as his secret sins were revealed in the searching glare of divine truth.

Unmindful of the tableau of which he was the central figure, the man finished his prayer, and waited until the room should be filled with the blue-eyed, fair-haired young students who always made up the undergraduate body of Ericson College. Sitting there before them, the leader realized anew how unlike them he had always been. He shivered as they began to sing,



“A mighty fortress is our God  
A bulwark never failing.”

They sang well, these young Vikings, but they seemed so unmoved. He knew that at their age he could never have sung Luther's hymn with the blank expression of Erlandson there in the front row. But at their age he could not have sung any hymn without stumbling over some phrase of it which he could not believe.

This son of the prophets of Israel had known the great craving for spiritual peace which has always troubled his race. Directed by some force which he had later learned to call Providence, he had come upon the obscure settlement of Swedona. There some ardent followers of Luther had founded a college to carry on the teachings of that stern man of God. And there the straying spirit of Isaac Rubenstein had remained, a goat among the docile sheep under President Haselquist's care.

The service was soon over, and Isaac betook himself to the Library. He often wondered why he, who could never attain to any convictions of his own, should have to handle the material form of other men's thoughts all day. But he wearily brushed aside the idea, and greeted young Hjalmar Kjellstrand, who came running from the building to meet him.

“Good morning, Kjellstrand.” He spoke with a curious absence of inflection as if he could not bother to differentiate between the syllables.

“Good morning Dr. Rubenstein. I've been reading that book we found in the stacks yesterday, you remember, the one which wasn't catalogued properly. Really, you know it's vastly interesting. It's about Mahomet's teachings on fatalism. They're interesting, but oppressive. The Hindu conception of Karma, or the Buddhist Nirvana affect me the same way. What do you think about it?” All of this fairly burst from the lips of the boy who had rushed from the door to meet his professor.

Now the Reverend Mr. Rubenstein was not unfamiliar with Mahomet's teachings. In one of his frequent periods of doubt of the Christian faith, he had explored quite widely into the field of Islam, and had not found it sterile. But he scented a controversy over the question of predestination.

should he engage this youth in too detailed a discussion of fatalism. His own ideas about predestination were not very clear, but he knew that they were far from those of Luther, so he said cautiously, "Tell me more of what you read, Kjellstrand."

As the boy stood there by the sun dial, his eyes shining, his whole face alight with earnestness, Rubenstein felt some thing of the same yearning pity that a mother feels when she sees her son start out on his first day of school. Kjellstrand had so much to learn, and he was so positive about what he believed. Black was black, and white was white for Hjalmar Kjellstrand, and there were no confusing gradations of gray. The professor wanted to call his attention to the dignity and beauty of some of Mahomet's early Suras, say XCI or XCIII, but they did not deal with fatalism, and he knew that his young student would push them aside with ill-concealed impatience. He wondered what he could say. Fatalism and predestination are important subjects to the young religious thinker, and he had nothing to offer but the beauty of stray bits of poetry.

"Well Hjalmar," he finally replied, "with our rigorous Lutheran training, there are a good many principles in the Koran which we should find it difficult to subscribe to, but so many people seem to believe them, I find it hard to discard them as worthless."

"Oh well, of course," the boy's retort was quick, "you can't believe everything that other people do. You have to hunt around until you find the right thing."

"Hjalmar, poor boy, can it really be that you think that you will recognize right when you find it?" The older man thought to himself, but aloud he said, "Well, don't be too hard on the rest of us when you have attained to the perfect faith."

Kjellstrand winced a little under this sarcasm, and turning at last to go in, squared his shoulders rebelliously as if to say, "I think I'm right about the fatalism part, anyway," and marched in silence by Professor Rubenstein to the class room door where he hurriedly bade him good morning. "It's no use," he thought, "Rubenstein will never tell you anything. He ought to be able to, too, I'll bet he's read

every darn book in the Library." And Rubenstein, for his part, sighed, and faced his class in freshman Bible.

All day long he was troubled. The contempt of Kjellstrand's face when he had said good morning, and the abruptness with which the boy had terminated his flow of language told the professor plainly that he had failed to get a single idea across to him. He did not have a carefully deductive system of philosophy to present to his students, he had failed to convey to him any idea of tolerance, and certainly he had no mystic faith to transmit to him through a magnetic personality, divinely inspired.

He wondered why he had ever thought he could teach, and then answered himself. He never had thought he could teach, nor manage the college library and Book Concern, but somehow all of these duties seemed to have been assigned to him after his graduation from the theological seminary, and somehow he had performed them. He knew he was an exalted factotum, and that the administration gave him new duties each year, partly because no one else would undertake them, and partly because he was not particularly good at any one thing.

But he remained at Ericson College, he admitted the fact to himself, because the thrill of knowing people who were so positive in their faith was ever new to him. Sometimes, indeed quite often, he felt that he too believed all the phrases that President Haselquist had taught when he was an undergraduate. Then he knew a peculiar exaltation, but his periods of exaltation were woefully short.

It was at times like the moment by the sun dial when Kjellstrand was eagerly questioning him that he felt himself so inadequate to reflect any ray of divine truth into another's life that the experience was like physical pain. Classes had to be conducted, however, books checked over, and order blanks filled out, so he struggled through this day as he had so many others.

That night he did not sleep. He never slept when he was in the throes of doubt. Toward morning he arose, went to his library, and pushing up the creaking window, let the cool air rush past him into the hot little room. He faced the east where the graying sky threw the towers of the seminary buildings into faint relief. It was very still. He had that



feeling of physical weariness which always follows a period of spiritual prostration. He waited. The distressed, hunted look in his intense eyes gradually left them. The deep lines of his face seemed, in the relaxation of the moment, to become less noticeable.

Presently the room became lighter, and the clouds over the seminary buildings reflected a faint rose. The glory of the sunrise spread around him. There was something mystic in this silent transformation which Rubenstein was watching. If the sky had been clear, he always got up for the sunrise after a night of anxiety. It did not restore to him his faith, it could not give back what he had never had, but the dawn had for him a symbolic meaning which he felt rather than understood. It was as if some force which he could not describe, some intelligence which he could not define, had kept him through the night, and now the love which accompanied that force and intelligence was trying to proclaim its imminence in the beauty of the daybreak.

When the rose had become white light, he turned from the window spent, but the harassed look had left his face. It was quite expressionless. He was tired. He was so weary that he thought he would let Kjellstrand take his class in freshman Bible that morning. The boy would enjoy it, and he could spend the time cataloguing some new books. The order in the Library was like the dawn in its effect upon him. It gave the feeling of belonging to an organized entity, greater than himself, of which he was nevertheless a part.



## A PUPPET PLAY

ELEANOR GOLDEN

CHARACTERS:—Dwarf. King and Voices above stage.

PUPPETS:—Prince Florimor, Squire, Princess Amelia, Dragon, Queen (Princess' mother).

(*Dwarf comes down aisle and calls up to people above stage.*)

DWARF:—Are you quite ready?

VOICE:—Everything is all right. We are ready to start.

DWARF:—Listen! Are you listening?

VOICE:—Yes.

DWARF:—I am depending on you to amuse the King with your puppets. I have not a joke left. He has been twiney and peevish for days and when the King has the sullens everyone suffers. He must not be kept waiting any longer. (*Goes back and gets King. Puppets brought out on stage.*)

KING:—(*As he comes down aisle. Fantastically dressed, yellow hair, crown tipped on side, stupid face, too long white fingers, very tall.*) It isn't so much that there was too much salt in it, although there was, and any cook should know it, but I've told them so often that if there is one thing I can't bear it is too much salt when I've told them if there was any doubt, I'd put it in myself. What's the good of being a king if every cook and scullery maid has more to say about this palace than I have? It isn't the porridge, it's the principle of the thing!

DWARF:—I'll have you a new cook tomorrow.

KING:—(*Childishly pleased.*) Oh, will you? Take this one and throw him away.

DWARF:—Now, will your Majesty make your Majesty quite comfortable here. I have a little play, which is entirely unworthy of being performed before your Majesty, but at any rate the actors will not annoy your Majesty for they are only painted dolls, worked by strings to please your

Majesty with their ridiculous antics! (*Climbs up one side of stage—claps hands*). Here we have Princess Amelia, who is loved and esteemed by everyone because she is beautiful and good, and Prince Florimore who has the longest eyelashes in the world.

KING:—All right.

(*Princess wears long straight shining dress. Hands stiff, jerky motions*).

PRINCE:—(*Hand on heart*) Dear Princess, I can find no words to tell you how I love you.

PRINCESS:—Dear Prince, I have loved you since the first moment I saw you.

PRINCE:—And, dear love, we shall be married very soon.

PRINCESS:—Mother was saying the other day that it was just as well to hurry a little because of a most distressing vogue among young kings and princes of marrying beggar maids and goose girls.

PRINCE:—Ah! Princess (*eloquently*) (*gesture—hand flung out.*) The most beggarly of beggar maids—the goosiest goose girls could not—

KING:—Good Dwarf—what is all this about? There doesn't seem to be much story. (*Puppets stop short in gestures when King speaks*).

DWARF:—That, your Majesty, was only exposition.

KING:—I never heard of exposition.

DWARF:—It's only to let you know what went before.

KING:—What went before what?

DWARF:—What went before what came afterwards.

KING:—Oh, I see. All right. Go on.

PRINCESS:—My wedding dress will be gold. Do you like gold?

PRINCE:—You are beautiful in any color. Amelia, your eyes are magic; your voice is melody; and, your hair is even longer than my horse's mane.

PRINCESS:—Oh much longer.

PRINCE:—I hold your hand in this moonlight and it is as if I held a flower. The moon itself which shines—(*gesture*).

DWARF:—(*Whistles. Puppets stop*). Idiots, you have forgotten the moon. Hurry (*Moon lowered on cord*).

KING:—(*Delighted*). Oh, Look! Look!

PRINCESS:—Why is the moon important? Men swear by the moon and when the vows are broken, the moon does nothing about it.

PRINCE:—Who talked about the moon to you?

PRINCESS:—A wandering minstrel sang to me about the moon a little while ago.

PRINCE:—He did. Where is he now?

PRINCESS:—Who?

PRINCE:—The wandering minstrel.

PRINCESS:—Oh, he was a wandering minstrel.

PRINCE:—My squire always tends to things like singing for me—and all that sort of thing. (*calls*) Squire,—where is the dolt,—(*Enter Squire*) Squire! Sing a song for the Princess Amelia.

SQUIRE:—(*After pause—to simple tune, striking instrument hung about neck, not really playing it*).

“Amelia there, our Princess fair

A E I O U

Oh, none with her may e’er compare,

A E I O U

For I dare swear the world has ne’er

A Princess like Amelia, Amelia

A E I O U and sometimes Y”

KING:—Will there be any dancing with it?

DWARF:—You must wait and see.

KING:—Well, I don’t like it when they do nothing but talk. All right. Go on.

PRINCESS:—If you could see songs they would be like fine, silver cobwebs. That was a pretty song (*To squire*).

SQUIRE:—Oh, just a little thing of mine.

QUEEN:—(*Has entered during song*). When I was a girl minstrels sang like larks and romance was in the air.

KING:—Who is that?

DWARF:—The Queen. The Princess’ mother.

PRINCESS:—Mother, we think we shall be married to-morrow.

QUEEN:—That’s very soon. There should be feasting for six days after the marriage. That means work for somebody. (*To Prince*). I meant to ask you sooner—Have you ever searched for an enchanted nightingale?

PRINCE:—No.

QUEEN:—Have you climbed a glass mountain?

PRINCE:—No. (*Hangs head*). But I can answer riddles,—certain riddles.

QUEEN:—Riddles indeed (*Sarcastically*) No dragons, I suppose?

PRINCE:—No.

QUEEN:—Well when I was a girl, no princess would have dreamed of being married without having a dragon slain for her. I had six.

PRINCESS:—There aren't any left. (*To Prince*). You would kill them if there were any, wouldn't you, Prince Florimore?

PRINCE:—All of them!

QUEEN:—There is one.

PRINCE:—(*Jumping*). Where?

QUEEN:—(*pointing*) Down the valley—in a cave.

PRINCESS:—My love, you really need not bother.

QUEEN:—Why what's a dragon for, do you suppose?

PRINCE:—As a matter of fact, if there really is a Dragon in this enlightened age—I wonder—ah—Squire, what should I do?

SQUIRE:—(*stepping forward*) You are intrepid, your highness. You do not hesitate. (*To Queen*) The Prince has, of course, been brought up by an old-fashioned mother and educated along strictly romantic lines. He was never bothered by absurd surds, silly similies and idiotic idioms, but was instructed thoroughly in the anxient niceties of rescuing, riddle guessing, and dragon fighting, along with the rudimentary principles of witchcraft.

KING:—Is that the villian?

DWARF:—No, indeed! The Squire is a very worthy young man. It is related that he once walked from his home, a simple farmhouse to another even simpler farmhouse, to borrow a book.

KING:—Oh, all right. Go on.

SQUIRE:—We must start out tonight as this is the best time for dragons. I will go to polish the prince's sword. (*exit*).

PRINCE:—(*Professionally*) Of course, there are dragons—and dragons. Fortunately, I have with me a little bag



in which an ancestor of mine caught the breath of a deaf mouse. With it, of course, I am practically invulnerable. (*kneeling*) Princess, I go to risk my life for love of you. (*As he goes out—turns*) My mother gave me some charms to memorize in case of danger. The best is "Tutors and Tweezers." Farewell, (*muttering*) Tutors and Tweezers. Tutors and—er tweezers!

QUEEN:—Now, dear, you must retire to your ivory tower to weep. I'll look about for some healing ointment. (*exit*).

PRINCESS:—(*To herself*) I don't believe in dragons. I do not,—But I think I'll just make sure. (*Walks slowly to cave, Scene changes to a gloomy wood*).

PRINCESS:—(*As she walks*) That was just like Mother. (*She hears a humming sound from cave. Dragon's head shows. He is idly polishing his front claws and singing to himself.*) (*Finally getting up courage*) (*Shouting*) That note was flat!

DRAGON:—(*calmly*) My dear, it was *positively* concave. (*reached out claw.*) I'm glad you came by. I was lonely.

PRINCESS:—I'm glad too. How are you?

DRAGON:—I'm rather tired. I've been having my spring housecleaning, you see, cleaning out old remains of princes, (*Princess shudders*) . . . and what not.

KING:—I don't think that's a real dragon. It's very small.

DWARF:—(*In a hushed voice*) Why, the evilly-shining, coiled length of this dragon reaches back into the far darkness of the cave.

KING:—O—Oh—All right. Go on.

PRINCESS:—(*Conversationally*) Have you killed many princes lately?

DRAGON:—Oh, No. I'm getting too old now,—but I would like just one more prince.

PRINCESS:—Do you *enjoy* killing princes!

DRAGON:—(*With deprecating claw*) Oh, not really. I,—but then it is a long story.

PRINCESS:—Do tell me.

DRAGON:—Are you really interested? Well, (*sadly*) perhaps you never knew but dragons are dreadfully hard.

And the worst of it is,—well, I am just as hard inside as outside.

PRINCESS:—Oh!

DRAGON:—And so naturally, we dragons of the better sort feel a great need for some kind of softness. Most dragons you must know, sing with remarkable sweetness and expression and with this soft music incidental to melodrama, they are content. But I, (*bows head*)—I cannot sing.

PRINCESS:—I am so sorry.

DRAGON:—(*Brushing away tear*) However, I discovered quite by accident one day that birds' feathers, I believe they are called plumes, could give me a feeling as nice as my own or a bird's song. Oh, feathers are ecstasy! You *have* felt feathers, haven't you? Now—I could never catch a bird, but—well, there used to be *many* young *princes* about here all wearing feathers in their hats and they used to rush in here and prick me with their swords in the joints of my scale, armor,—most irritating, like mosquitos,—and they flaunted their feathers right under my nose. Now there is something about a feather that goes to my head and so I always slapped them dead and took away their feathers. My, I was young and energetic then. Why, do you know, I hovered over several kingdoms. Whenever any of my dragon friends called, I was always out hovering. Now I am at home and no one calls. However, you see I did get my cave almost lined with feathers. Of course, I am old now and can't get any more.

PRINCESS:—How old are you?

DRAGON:—I have quite forgotten.

PRINCESS:—How far back can you remember?

DRAGON:—I seem to remember my mother, (she was one of the South-country dragons) teaching me to lash my tail, but I don't know how long ago that was. Poor mother, she never knew about feathers. Feathers are very scarce now.

PRINCESS:—I can get you a lot of feathers.

DRAGON:—You can? (*Clasps claws*).

PRINCESS:—Yes, if you promise not to touch the next prince who comes along very soon now.

DRAGON:—(*Archly, wagging his head*). Are you *fond* of this prince?

PRINCESS:—Oh, he is really very nice. Of course, one cannot *expect* too much. (*Suddenly*) I wonder, er—you are not, by any chance, really an enchanted Prince? Are you?

DRAGON:—Oh, no, indeed.

PRINCESS:—Well, I just wondered. Yes, he's really very nice.

PRINCE:—(*Arriving*) I challenge you. (Tutors and Tweezers).

SQUIRE:—Come out and fight, great worm.

DRAGON:—(*Rearing up*) Is he calling me a worm? I'll (*growls*) crush him. (*Princess runs out to quiet him.*)

DRAGON:—(*Seeing feather*) I want that feather. I *want* my feather.

PRINCESS:—Remember, lots of feathers! (*subdues him*) No! No! No! (*Princess runs out to the Prince.*)

PRINCE:—What! You! Here! Now?

PRINCESS:—(*Dramatically*) I had to come.

DWARF:—That's the right answer.

PRINCES:—You must be careful. Close your eyes! The dragon will blind you with a great glaring light if you open your eyes. They are so shaded by your long lashes, they could never stand it. But I can see him so keep them shut. (*Prince puts one hand over eyes.*)

PRINCESS:—Do just as I say and together we can kill him. Your sword, quick! On your guard! To the right!

PRINCE:—Tutors and Tweezers!

PRINCESS:—He retreats. Look out for his tail! etc. (*King snores*) Behind you, etc. (*Prince finally kills imaginary dragon, sticking in his sword, turn it, drawing it out, and wiping it.*) (*In relief*) Ah!

PRINCE:—Should we cut off the head and tail? (*Sounds of scuffling and cursing above*) (*Puppets stop*) (*King snores*).

DWARF:—What's the matter?

VOICE:—(*despairingly*) The strings are all tangled.

DWARF:—The King is asleep, so loosen the strings and arrange them again, but he may waken any moment. (*strings are loosened, puppets relax and begin slowly to make experimental motions.*) (*Princess dances back and forth.*)

PRINCESS:—(*Speaks in jerky high voice which later becomes more natural*) Oh, how lovely!

PRINCE:—I do not remember ever feeling this way before. I am not pulled about. I can move by myself. (*Opens eyes, takes his hand away from his eyes. To Princess:*) Tell me, how do you feel?

PRINCESS:—Oh, lovely—lovely. (*But she will not stand still*) (*Dragon slumps down in the cave. Squire stands still, but becomes aware of himself. Prince walk over to dragon.*)

PRINCE:—(*staring at him*) I am not afraid of you. I never was.

DRAGON:—Why should you be. I'm not a real dragon.

PRINCE:—You *feel* real. Am I real?

DRAGON:—Yes, in a way.

PRINCE:—You must be. I can touch you with my hand.

DRAGON:—I don't understand that.

PRINCE:—I'm not sure of it myself. There must be ways of making sure of things, but perhaps it is foolish to be curious about things that I only see, while I know nothing about myself.

DWARF:—Remarkable!

PRINCE:—Why are we here?

DRAGON:—Don't bother trying to find out about things? I do not want to, but then I am old and you are so new that your paint is hardly dry.

PRINCE:—Who painted me?

DRAGON:—(*pointing up*) They made us all.

PRINCE:—Who?

DRAGON:—They, the ones who hold the strings.

PRINCE:—Oh, (*looking up*) I can't see anyone. I think they must have made me so I'd look like them. Or, do *you* look like them? How many of them are there? Are they the only ones?

DRAGON:—Oh, more than *all* of us, and there may be some I have not seen. They are very much like you though not nearly as well formed or so brightly colored, but they can do *anything* with their fingers.

PRINCE:—That is how they pull the strings to make us do foolish things. (*looking at hands*) I cannot understand how they do it.

DRAGON:—It is right that we should not know.

PRINCE:—Why?



DRAGON:—Because we *do* not know. We never *have* known. Everything happens as they wish.

PRINCE:—But we changed just now. Something has gone wrong up there. Perhaps they are pulled by strings.

DRAGON:—Hush! Hush!

PRINCE:—Their fingers have broken or something. (*Growing more excited*) Even *they* cannot always do what they want.

DRAGON:—That is not possible. They can do anything.

PRINCE:—I think now we can do what we want. I intend to find out everything. There is that moon everyone talks about.

DRAGON:—(*dolefully shaking head*) I wonder at you. This can't be right. (*Prince goes to see moon. Looks at it but cannot reach it. Dwarf laughs. Squire has been watching the Princess dancing. She comes near him and stops.*)

PRINCESS:—I think you are beautiful.

SQUIRE:—You are beautiful.

PRINCESS:—(*happily*) Isn't it good?

SQUIRE:—You are a princess and I am a squire.

PRINCESS:—I am called a Princess in the play. I don't think I am one. Did you say you thought I was beautiful?

SQUIRE:—I have always thought so. What is a princess?

PRINCESS:—I don't know. It doesn't matter. I like to be with you. Do you like to be with me?

SQUIRE:—Yes, for nothing is so beautiful as you who were called a Princess. Your face is whiter than that moon; your arms are joined so neatly; your wrists are *so* stiff; and your hair is darker than the deep darkness there.

PRINCESS:—Lovely! We must be together always.

SQUIRE:—“Always” is a good word. “Always” will be lovely. “Loveliness,” I never knew that word until now.

PRINCESS:—What is loveliness?

SQUIRE:—Something (*vaguely*) I named it after you.

PRINCESS:—Loveliness, yes, that is a good word.

SQUIRE:—I think it means mostly the curved shadow in your cheek. It seems more wonderful when I say it. I must find many words and put them together like that.

PRINCESS:—Everything has just begun and it will all be beautiful.

PRINCE:—(*After trying to reach the moon*) (*Shrugging*) It is very small and all round and quite plain. I should have very little *use* for it anyway.

DWARF:—(*laughs*) Oh, that I should see this.

PRINCE:—(*turns back, watches Squire kiss Princess*) Why do you two blocks of wood touch and hold each other? (*To Princess*) Why do you not want to hold me? We (*points to Squire*) are just the same wood and paint.

PRINCESS AND SQUIRE:—(*indignantly*) No.

PRINCESS:—(*reprimanding him*) Don't you *know*. He is *Squire*!

PRINCE:—It is very strange (*To Dragon*) Do you know the reason for this?

DRAGON:—There is no reason in it. It is just something that keeps these two apart from us. It just happens. They sometimes act like that.

PRINCE:—Strange. I must go to find out about everything now.

DRAGON:—Oh, no. We must stay here.

PRINCE:—(*To Princess and Squire*) Come, my friends, before it is too late. Let us go and find new things.

SQUIRE:—What is there to find?

PRINCE:—(*enthusiastically*) Anything we meet.

PRINCESS:—(*wistfully*) I like this place.

SQUIRE:—What's any other place like?

PRINCE:—I don't know. I feel secretly certain that we should not stay here where they can see and hear everything. (*To Dragon*) Will you come?

DRAGON:—No, I'm too tired and I'm afraid of their terrible anger.

PRINCESS:—I am very afraid.

PRINCE:—There is nothing I know that is worth a fear. You will be together still and unless I go I cannot find what I am looking for.

PRINCESS:—I can see nothing but shadows there but I am glad to go.

SQUIRE:—To the unknown.

DRAGON:—And what—finally?

PRINCE:—I don't know. (*All start to go*).

DRAGON:—You cannot escape them.

PRINCE:—We may last only a little while if we go but

I know it is better for us to go and *have* that little while. I wish I could take the moon with me. I like it. I'll try once more.

SQUIRE:—I'll help you (*all go to back of stage. Try to get the moon. They give it up and start again when voices are heard above and Prince is pulled back.*)

VOICE:—The strings are almost all straightened out. Is the King asleep?

DWARF:—Yes, everything is all right. (*Prince struggles against strings.*)

PRINCESS:—(*terrified*) Oh, what is happening?

DRAGON:—They are holding the strings again. We will all be jerked and pulled. They are angry.

VOICES:—Are you ready down there? We'll try not to let that sort of thing happen again. Sorry to be so careless.

PRINCE:—We are fools. They are not angry but indifferent. (*pulled back to old position. Squire is pulled back to old position, Princess follows after him a little way.*)

PRINCESS:—Oh Squire. I am all alone. Oh, Squire (*screams loudly*) Squire!

(*She is pulled back to the other side of stage.*)

VOICES:—What is the matter?

DWARF:—Nothing. Poor, pretty, little Princess. I could believe I had been dreaming. Poor dolls!

VOICES:—(*calling to Dwarf*) Didn't we get to the place where the Prince had just finished killing the dragon?

DWARF:—Yes, I'll wake the King (*wakens him with feather from Prince's cap*) Wake up, you fool!

KING:—Oh, I'm stiff.

DWARF:—The play is almost over, your Majesty.

KING:—All right. Go on.

VOICE ABOVE PRINCE:—Should I cut off the head and tail?

PRINCESS:—Oh, no. I shall tell the kingdom of the battle. You are the best prince in the world.

PRINCE:—Take my arm, my dear, and we shall go home and live happily ever after. (*Exit with Squire. Dragon goes back to cave.*)

KING:—(*Standing in aisle. Stretches himself*) I dozed off for just a minute and missed a little. It was a dull play.

DWARF:—(*humbly*) Come now, your Majesty, and dress for the ball.

KING:—Don't want to go.

DWARF:—(*Coaxingly*) Come and put on your best crown for the big court ball.

KING:—(*sulking*) Don't want to go!

DWARF:—Come, your Majesty. Please be good.

KING:—I want that (*points to the moon.*) (*Clambers onto the stage. Dwarf follows. As King reaches, the moon is pulled up out of sight. King bellows, lies down and kicks heels in his rage.*)

DWARF:—Idiots, lower that moon! The *King* is here! (*Moon lowered quickly on string. King puts it around neck on string, pleased in an imbecile way, patting it in his delight.*)

DWARF:—I wish *I* could leave this place,—for the Unknown.

CURTAIN.

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## NOVICE

MARY DE CONINGH

---

I think the earth must welcome this first snow  
That comes with white and gentle folds to dress  
Her wasted form, grown threadbare long ago,  
And still her restless hands with quietness.  
Perhaps earth never dreamed this white nun's veil  
Would be so gladly worn, in other days,  
When gay October lit each altar-hill  
With flaming torches of its pagan ways.

But when October died, there followed chill  
Gray days of desolation, and the skies  
Looked down upon an earth grown strangely still;  
In loneliness and grief grown strangely wise.  
For so earth served her penance-time, and now  
In purity of snow she takes her vow.



## AND THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

RUTH ROSE

**T**HERE was once a woman who had started life quite normally, and carried on more years than she liked to remember of perfectly normal existence. She was a tall woman, with tawny yellow hair that could be let down to form a cloak about her shoulders or piled high on her head in a crown of glory. Her eyes were grey and mysterious as the evening, with hidden depths and shadows. She had no mind, but, with such eyes and hair, she needed none. She had a good heart. She was unconventional because she was stupid and did not recognize conventions until it was too late and she had already broken them. But she was very kind and comforting to other people who had deliberately gone out of society and now complained of the results of their action. They were puzzling but pitiful. Her nose was artistically tilted. Her people had been Irish.

In the course of years, this woman met a man who was also normal, but who had done something about it. He had been christened Walter Leonard, by parents who would thus have doomed him to live and die as one of the people. While still young, he had tentatively changed that name to Gautier Lenoir and been rewarded at once by a faint, reflected glory of the foreign. Since then, emboldened by success, he had gone on and on, until now he was Gautama Lahare and a great teacher from the Orient. He was too short and swarthy to be beautiful; but his large eyes glowed strangely and his folded hands gleamed white against his scarlet robe. Unlike the woman, he was clever. He had been clever enough to substitute Gautama Lahare for Walter Leonard. He was clever enough to expound (as he had invented) the mystic philosophy taught on the Seventh Sacred Hill in the Rocky Fastnesses of Thibet. He was clever enough to appreciate the glorious, comforting beauty of the woman,

whose perfect face argued immortality and the existence of the soul. He was clever enough to marry her and clever enough to keep the marriage a secret, maintaining thereby his pose on the heights and his superiority to the laws of man. But he did marry her; for they were really quite normal and conventional.

So they were married and lived in California, where strange philosophies might find appropriate surroundings and a clientele. Their home was a Spanish castle of pink stucco and barred windows, with a huge overhanging canopy of purple bogan villa. People who were really unconventional came to them, to learn the mystic philosophy of the Seventh Hill from this calm Oriental who dared act on his convictions, this man with the glowing eyes who saw man's customs and standards as the little things they were and could look through them, far beyond, into the vast eternity where life is no longer bound and time and space no longer relative. His scarlet robe flaming against a lacquered background of shiny black, he sat and listened to them, white hands at rest. Sometimes he spoke, with the slightest of accents, making strange word music that soothed the spirit. More often, he listened and it was comfort merely to look at his calm face. He listened, and his busy mind sorted what was said, tossing aside what was stupid and remembering what was funny, to return to it and laugh when he was at leisure and alone. The woman moved about the room, silent and beautiful, and heard little and understood less. She had no sense of humor. But her easy sympathy shone through her beauty, and women like to speak with her afterwards, to admire her as one who gave all for love and gave so wisely, to so great and wise a man. Sometimes they ventured to ask for a paraphrase of the wisdom, hoping the teachings on the Seventh Sacred Hill might be brought within their limited comprehension. She would have liked to help them, as she would have helped any unhappy things, but Gautama Lahare forbade it. It was not good business to be understood.

Yet, as time passed, it became no longer enough not to be understood. In twenty years, the wisdom of the Seventh Sacred Hill became *passée*. New versions must be brought, claiming an even greater antiquity. And these new versions

claimed something Gautama Lahare with all his impudence had never ventured. They were not philosophies but gospels. These new Gautamas were not philosophers but gods. Alas for the great Lahare in his scarlet robe, before his lacquer screen! The unconventional came no more to his faded pink mansion, preferring to burn their incense before living deities. He had been too conventional after all.

Time changed the faithful, and changed Lahare as well. The few who still came for wisdom began to look with critical eyes. He looked smaller now, shrunken within his heavy robe. The white hands were slightly yellowed, and slightly twisted with rheumatism. The glowing eyes were dimmed, needing the thick spectacles he wore when he was alone. He had not yet the majesty nor the impressive frailty of age. He was middle-aged. He lived in his middle-aged pink house, with the woman who pretended not to be his wife. Even she had lost her glorious beauty. She had grown fat, and her hair would have been grey if she had not preferred it should be orange. Only her smile remained. She had never really understood anything. She had never realized what a sacred trust such beauty as hers had been, and accepted its loss with easy philosophy that had nothing to do with Sacred Hills. She was consistently stupid and, on the whole, quite happy. She had always admired her husband without understanding him. Now she admired and wondered at her daughter.

For there was a daughter. She was a daughter without beauty or mystery, short and fat and dark like a caricature of her father, with a nose that turned up like a caricature of her mother's. Her hands were stubby and capable and moved against a background of black silk instead of red velvet. She worked behind the counter in a millinery shop by day and stayed in the evenings to do exquisite bits of sewing and designing, creating with a sure touch and a taste for color and form that had only the most distant relation with scarlet robes and orange curls. She was sternly practical, the supplement of her family. She earned the living. But her soul within her was not normal and could never be resigned, crying out in the night and beating against the black silk barrier. She would never have a mirror in her room. And she wept sometimes to think she was a walking lie, and must always seem conventional.

## SONGS

ELEANOR HARD

---

### I

I cannot bind my songs with words.  
Joyfully, in a riot of color,  
They dance on and away.  
My words are lame beggars,  
Stumbling after the procession.

### II

I would find delicate words  
To weave a song for you  
Like a garland of jewels:  
I would discover new emotions  
To tint my love for you  
Like a lilac-scented evening.  
But there are no new words,  
No curious emotions. Quietly  
I lay my song, my love, at your feet;  
Like one of a thousand daisies,  
Like any little white cloud.



## WIND BEFORE DAWN

MARIAN KEILEY

---

**T**HE school yard was deserted for the day. A soft May wind blew across the boarded-in playground whose grass was long since worn away, carrying the scent of the lilac bushes that grew against the grey stone building. It was late afternoon; there was no sound except an occasional bird, and distant shouts from the creek where boys had gone to bathe.

A door opened in a building inscribed "School Library." A woman came out, followed by a boy. On the threshold she stopped, pushed him by, and turned to lock the door.

"But I could lock up just as well, Miss Frost," the boy was saying in a rather high timid voice.

The woman turned the key decisively and pulled it out with a great show of briskness and firmness.

"No, indeed, Emil, no one locks the library but me; and I must leave now. Anyway, it is bad for you to stay cooped up in here all afternoon. Why don't you go out and play with the other boys?"

Emil stuffed his large red hands in his pockets and shuffled awkwardly down the stoop.

"Rather read," he muttered.

The woman paid no attention to him. She gathered her things and started down the brick walk toward the trolley line. Emil leaned against the building, his long frame all angles. He drew designs in the dust with his foot. "Dam ole fool," he muttered, brushing his colorless hair back from a rather sallow face, which continually wore an expression of sullen defiance. "Not supposed to leave the lib'ry till six anyhow." He scattered the dust in an angry kick.

In the distance the shouts seemed to draw nearer. Emil looked up, a quick expression of fear in his face that was gone in an instant, the old sullen look returning.

But his eyes, which he rarely opened fully, now open wide, were deep pools of terror. They were dark and startling, fringed with long black lashes.

He looked in the direction the voices came from, and pressed himself against the house. Nearer and nearer came the voices; then he darted across the yard, his long thin legs catching in roots and cracks in the brick walk. Several times he stumbled, but did not fall. Out of the gate he ran, into the arms of a group of boys.

One, a handsome boy with light curly hair and a little fluff of down on his upper lip of which he was obviously proud, grabbed Emil as he came through the gate. He pinned him against the fence and held him at arm's length. Emil struggled a little, then subsided into a habitual attitude of subservience, his eyes half-closed, his mouth sullen. The other boy gazed at him, grinning, but his eyes scornful. The contrast between the two was so marked that the rest of the boys noted it with shouts of derision. The two were of the same height; but there the resemblance ceased. One was strong, well-filled out; the other thin, angular, and stooped.

"How's your darling stage, Mr. Barry-more?" asked the boy who was holding him.

"Ow! Nate, you're hurting me," whimpered Emil, making no effort to get away lest the grip be tightened.

Nate laughed.

"Do an act for us. Be Hamlet, like Dob said you were in English class this morning!" Roars of laughter greeted this.

Emil bit his lip to keep back the tears. He remembered his humiliation of the morning, when Miss Dobson had told the class about his Shakespearian stage and his acting out Hamlet. Oh, why had he ever told his mother! Why had he!

He looked furtively around at the faces of the boys. They were watching him intently. He looked desperately for one pitying face, but they were all gleeful, eager, brutal; they were hunters, they were strong.

Emil bowed his head and sobbed.

"Yah! Blubbering! Yah!" they chanted. Nate, his eyes flashing with contempt, tripped Emil with a sudden kick. Emil lay where he fell, still sobbing.

"I got an idea!" shouted one boy. The group whispered together. Emil stopped his desolate crying to try to hear what was going to happen, but the boys moved out of ear-shot. There were cries of approval; they started away.

Emil rose, wiped his eyes and nose with his sleeve, and dusted himself off. He started home the long way across a field, to avoid the boys.

As he came to the other side of the field and entered the seclusion of the woods he drew a long breath.

He looked up at the tops of the pine trees, and saw the deep mauve-blue of the evening sky. He threw himself on the pine needles with his arm around the trunk of a tree, as if to anchor himself, and fell asleep.

When he woke it was dark. He started up guiltily and ran hastily along the wood path. As he neared the end, he heard a woman's voice calling. It was a rich contralto—his mother's voice. How like a whip-poor-will, he thought. Funny, he never noticed before.

He gave an answering shout.

As he came up on the porch, a dim figure in the night approached him.

"Emil! where on earth have you been? I was worried to death. I cannot have you coming home late."

"I was in the lib'ry, ma, studying. I didn't know it was so late . . ."

"Emil!" sharply, "Miss Frost was here all afternoon and she told me she turned you out of the library about four o'clock!" She watched him in the gloom, her face hard, unsympathetic.

He said nothing.

"Of course, when supper time came I thought you were out in the shed with your friends . . ."

"Who was in the shed?" Emil asked, frantic with a new dread.

"Your high school friends . . ." but Emil had gone. Quickly he ran around the house and in the shed door. He turned on the light. It was a workshop, his own property, which he had fitted up. He looked in the corner, where his model stage was kept.

It was gone!

Methodically, he turned out the light and went into the house through the kitchen door. On his way upstairs, his mother called to him.

"Emil! Your father wishes to speak to you."

As in a dream, Emil turned into the living room.

Dimly, he was conscious of his father's look of impatience and disgust. He heard him talking, his voice cold and harsh. He realized vaguely that he must be looking "sullen and insolent." He could not help it; he did not care. He felt nothing; no fear, no sorrow. Just a dull, black, shadow that enveloped and weighed down his consciousness. He knew that he was dismissed when his mother pushed him gently from the room. He walked vaguely upstairs, undressed in the dark, and crawled into bed. Once in bed he began to sob, great shaking sobs that frightened him. At last he fell asleep.

He woke in the morning refreshed and calm. He went over the previous day's events . . . yet still remained calm. He was suddenly conscious of a new feeling; one he had never had before. It was very elusive; he did not understand it. But it was moving him forward inexorably. He had no choice but to obey.

He ate his breakfast mechanically, and answered questions absently; he went back to his room twice, obeying injunctions to wash his ears and face, without appearing to hear a word. His eyes, wide open, were calm; and there was a new suspicion of strength in the sullen mouth.

He started for school. He reached the yard some five minutes before the bell rang. He was surprised and puzzled at his own calm—and this strange new feeling. What was it?

He was hailed from a corner of the yard. It was Nate calling to him; Nate, all blue and gold in the morning sunlight.

"C'mere, Hamlet!" Nate called to him.

Emil continued into the school yard, toward the door. There was a sudden pounding behind him. He was grabbed from behind and carried bodily across the yard. As they carried him he did not struggle; he felt nothing but this strange new feeling, swelling, swelling . . .

He was dumped down in a corner.



"Look here, Ham Barry-more!" pointed one youth. Emil turned and saw his stage, upside down and in a state of mutilation. One of the little figures—a woman, was lying flat, with the blade of a gold penknife pinning her to the ground. Emil recognized the knife as Nate's.

There was a long silence. The power in Emil grew and grew. Suddenly he knew. It was purpose! He walked calmly over to his broken stage, pulled out the knife; then in a rush of fury he pushed it into the shoulder of the unsuspecting Nate.

In an hour the excitement was over. Nate had been sent home, his shirt bloody, a small gash in his shoulder.

And out of the gate, a weeping mother and a father white with rage led an awkward boy of fourteen who was crying brokenly, his long stringy hair blown over his high forehead by the lilac-scented wind.

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## PLAINT

HOPE PALMER

---

There is a certain lesson  
That I was sternly taught.  
They showed me books and problems,  
Acquainted me with thought.  
"Seek out great, transcendental truths,"  
They said, "This world is naught.


Happiness is nothing.  
The present is a lie.  
Yesterday is with the dead.  
Tomorrow, too, will die.  
Tears may choke your laughter, but  
The tears soon dry."

O, a safe philosophy, indubitably right!  
But safety is a cold, cold thing  
To kiss good-night.

## FROM A NEW MEXICAN SKETCH BOOK A QUIET MESA

ELIZABETH GREGG

---

 HERE is a stillness in New Mexico, a heavy breathless quiet. It is in the low red hills; it hovers over the mesas; it invades the little adobe villages.

We stopped in the middle of an unbroken prairie to eat our luncheon. We had come fifty miles from Balene and had fifty more to go to Roswell. As yet we had not passed a single house nor seen a single person since morning. The mesa stretched everywhere around us, mistily purple in the distance and gray with the greenish gray of the sage near at hand.

"I don't think there is anyone within a hundred miles of us," I said, and then stopped, listening to my voice. I felt somehow detached from it as though I were hearing someone else speak, whose voice sent the motionless air shivering into a thousand pieces.

We sat on the running-board and ate cheese sandwiches and honey-dew melon and drank ginger-ale. Each tinkle of a spoon or a glass was audible, curiously clear and distinct. I slammed the door of the car and the sound went bounding angrily over the mesa. A prairie dog stopped, startled, sat stiffly on his haunches, his head on one side and then quickly disappeared into his hole. We could hear the rustle, the scurrying of his feet.

There was a complete silence. A little lizard wriggled across the road and was lost among the sage. We sat gazing out over the unbroken horizon. Faintly, at first, we began to hear horses' hoofs. I looked down the road and saw a black speck barely visible rapidly it drew nearer until the sound of the hoofs was almost deafening. The cow-puncher drew in his horse just as he reached us—a big brown horse shining red with sweat, panting, but trembling to be

off again. The cowboy was thin and ugly. There was a fine white film of dust on his eyelashes and his sombrero was pulled down fiercely over his forehead. "Got a light, mister?" he asked.

He sat casually, gracefully in his saddle, rolled his cigarette, lit it, blew out a little column of thin blue smoke, smiled broadly at us, dug his spurs into his horse and was gone.

I watched him out of sight, sitting very straight and riding as though he were a part of his galloping horse.

Gradually the hoof-beats grew fainter and fainter. For a while I imagined I still heard them and then I felt again the heavy unbroken silence. The dust in the road shimmered a little in the sun-light. Where was the cow-boy going, I wondered, galloping off into those fifty miles of unbroken sage brush and alkali flats without even an extra match?

Suddenly I felt leisurely, indolently lazy. I thought of a crowded dining-room in Northampton, Massachusetts, where the ceilings are too low and the talk too loud. I thought of a night-club in New York, where the waiter had placed us too near the orchestra and futilely, frenziedly, I had tried to talk above the music. I thought of a little poem beginning: "These be three silent things," and wished idly that there had been included one more.

“WHERE ARE THE PETALS OF ROSES”

ELIZABETH R. SYMONS

---

Where are the petals of roses?

Gone, gone.

Who saves the radiance of sunsets?

No one.

The footfalls of laughing children,

The stuff of elfin dreams,

What becomes of the glory?

Who knows?

A silver voice crying in the night

Now it is still.

A golden string plucked in a dark room

Now, silence.

Where are the haunting echoes,

Where the thrilling vibrance,

Are there no ghosts of beauty?

Not one.



## THE TELEGRAM

KATHERINE MAY

---

**I**LOUISE sighed and stuffed the telegram into her sweater pocket. She had been puzzled for a moment by the signature, Thérèse; but, knowing her Frank, she immediately reconstructed the scene:

"Thérèse!" (he probably bawled it from where he was sprawled on the sofa, the lazy wretch!)

And when Thérèse had appeared in the doorway with her timid,

"Monsieur m'a appelée?",

"Just leave the dinner for a minute and run out and send a telegram to Madame for me, won't you, Thérèse? It won't take you long. Just a short one, 'Come home', and then you can finish the dinner afterwards."

"Oui, Monsieur."

And, as she had been given no instructions to the contrary, Thérèse had left the telegram unsigned, written her own name and address neatly in the lower left-hand corner in her rather large foreign hand, beginning slightly above the designated space; and the operator, mistaking the name for the signature, had transmitted the message as she now had it.

Well, she must make the best of it. She had expected the wire, but not so soon. Last year he had let her stay in peace for nearly two weeks. Then "I need you, darling" his telegram had read. Precious romantic ass! He felt that he was expected to play the lover, though he had been a husband for five years. She would so much rather have a little more vacation. Well, she'd give the place a last visit till next summer.

She walked down the plank walk from the post-office to the little pebbly beach and stood watching the Thompson kiddies at their morning paddle.

"How d'do, Ma'am," their nurse, looking up from her endless crocheting, responded to her nod.

The children were sitting facing each other in two inches of water, their legs spread apart to enclose a little pool, in which they were gleefully sailing and capsizing paper boats. One of the boats had just gone to the bottom and been fished up. The spineless, sodden wreck sent the children into a burst of gay laughter.

A moored canoe was bobbing up and down under an outstretched willow branch about a quarter of a mile up the right shore. A bowed masculine head appeared over the stern thwart.

"Dick," Louise remarked to herself, "still reading."

Not another boat rippled the hot morning smoothness of the lake. The water seemed shining gold under the naked glare of the cloudless sun. Louise ran her eye lovingly over the soft curves of the hills on the opposite shore, dark green in the sunlight, lavender at evening, black, like holes cut out of the sky-line, at night. She sent a silent farewell to the children, the studious boy, the water, the hills, and turned regretfully back past the summer-house and the croquet-lawn to the wide wooden verandah.

"Morning," old Mrs. Stithers greeted her sociably from her shady corner.

"Good morning," smiled Louise as she climbed the saggy steps.

"Back so soon? Too hot, I guess?"

"No, it's beautiful. I came back to pack. I'm leaving today."

"Now, are you," said Mrs. Stithers comfortingly, "hope there's nothing wrong."

"Oh, no. My husband just wired that he's lonesome, nothing more."

"Well, I hope it's not hot on the train, that's all. It's an awful day to travel."

"I'll manage, thanks," Louise replied as she opened the screen door, carefully refusing admittance to a buzzing mosquito.

Past the familiar smelly little dining-room with its round table-cloths and stiff black chairs; past the stuffy little "writing-room" with the gigantic lithograph of the

S. S. *Barbarossa* hanging above the single desk, upon which reposed as ornament the rusty, ink-caked pen; up the rickety carpeted steps, and along the dusty, gaslit hall.

"I wish he'd have let me stay," she thought longingly.

But there was no hope for it, she decided, as she settled into the grimy, steaming leather seat of the day-couch. She had known what she was letting herself in for when she married him.

"Charming, of course, but good-for-nothing," his own mother had warned her; "you'll have to work twice as hard as now, and support two"; but he had been—and still was—such a delightful wooer that she couldn't say no to him.

She had loved it, that first summer when they were engaged and he had wired to her to come home: "I miss you, my dear." The surprise of receiving the telegram, the affection in the words, had swollen a lump of happy emotion in her throat, and she had hurried back to the sizzling city with gladness in her eyes. This telegram was the fifth of its kind to disturb her hard-earned holiday and, though she would like to have stayed longer, there was still some pleasure in her annoyance.

It was all her own fault anyhow, for spoiling him so. He had become dependent upon her for his evening amusement. His pipe and the newspaper kept him busy on the sofa between naps during the day, but by dinnertime, he always watched for her return and grew as restless as a naughty child when she was delayed. Still, he had let her stay almost two whole weeks, last year.

She left the train and, perspiring and gritty, tugged her heavy suit-case up the metal steps into the cavernous station. He wasn't even here to meet her this year and take her bag from her. He must have slept over train-time. Wearily she changed her suit-case to the other hand and made for the door of the station, which opened like the entrance of an oven into the city street.

Thérèse, smelling as usual of cooking, met her at the door and relieved her of her bag. She seemed anxious to detain her, to open a conversation. The considerate soul wanted to give Frank a chance to waken and greet her properly. Nodding pleasantly but with finality, Louise left her

and went to the door of the sitting-room. The sofa was empty.

The house was very still. She tiptoed to the bedroom and looked in. It was darkened, and a quiet form was stretched on the bed. Softly she shut the door and walked across the hall to the bathroom.

She took off her hat, pulled up her cuffs, and dropped her ring on the bottle shelf, where it tinkled against the porcelain. She turned on the spigot and luxuriated in the sensuous coolness of the water flowing over her wrists. She washed her hands and face, dried them, combed her hair, slipped on her ring. Her nose was too sunburned to powder. Then she tiptoed back to the bedroom, opened the door, hesitated, and finally with a decisive step walked over to the window. She flung up the blind and turned smilingly back to her shiftless husband.

The smile turned wooden on her lips. Then Thérèse had really signed the telegram; and this was why she wanted to stop her at the door. Her hand dropped leaden from the window-shade to her side. All the expression in her eyes was snuffed. All the life was drained out of her body. Slowly she crossed the room and stopped by the side of the bed. A shaft of sunlight fell on the pillow and lit up the outline of a dear face under the white sheet. She had a sudden impulse to draw the sheet away so that he could breathe more easily, as she had done many a time during the sullen summer nights, but she checked it. Her care was no longer of any use.



## THE POEM GARDEN

HOPE PALMER

---

I wandered in a garden in the night,  
Where all about me ballad bushes grew  
And ordered ranks of meter flowers might strew  
My path with sweetness. Prim on left and right  
The close-clipped, formal sonnet trees dropped white  
Rhyming blossoms, weighted with the dew.  
Unruly little free verse weeds crept through  
The even banks of rhythms, neat and trite.

I danced and ran in ecstasy among  
The lovely moonlit walks and paths, grass-grown,  
And from each plant I gathered me a song,  
A budded sonnet, or a ballad blown.

When I awoke amid the grey of dawn  
My hands were empty . . . all the poems gone.

## COURAGE

MARY C. ROBERTSON

**I**T was Monday morning and Joan sat on the top step of the veranda, chewing the knot in the elastic of her sailor hat. A passerby would have told you that Joan was idly watching Buster, the airdale, as he bounded madly through piles of dusty russet leaves. But as a matter of fact, Joan was very far away. Her chair was drawn close to a shiny white hospital bed, and her round blue eyes rested lovingly on the tumbled bandaged head on the pillow. For Paul had risked his life for her the night before. He had proved himself the hero of her life as well as the hero of her play, for he had carried her, limp and white, through sets of blazing scenery, to safety. And now he lay there, suffering, but smiling bravely.

"Hey!"

Joan jumped. Such a sudden shift of location naturally jiggles one a little.

"It's twenty after!"

Teddy was half-way across the street, and Joan snapped the elastic under her chin, pulled her black and white checked coat together and ran down to meet him. He was a slim boy, tall for his age, with curly black hair and placid blue eyes. Joan rather liked going to school with him although it was silly of Mother to think that she could not cross Baltimore Street alone. But Teddy *was* good to her. He treated her as though she were ten instead of eight, and he never told her not to talk so much, as some of the older children did. Today, as usual, she chattered gaily as she scuffed along.

"You know, Teddy, Paul was in a fight yesterday! He fought two other boys and licked 'em both, down on our block. I was standing right there, and, Teddy, he wasn't scared a single bit! I guess he's one of the bravest boys in school, don't you? I said to him, 'Weren't you scared,

Paul?" and he said, 'Gee Whiz, no,' he said, 'Gee Whiz, I could lick the whole third grade!' Isn't that wonderful, Teddy?"

Teddy smiled, revealing an intricate network of shiny gold wires and bands.

"I guess so."

Joan gave a little gleeful chuckle.

"I guess everybody thinks he's about the bravest boy they ever saw! Nothing scares him, does it? Teddy! Gee Whiz, when he saw all those boys coming at him he just rolled up his sleeves, and yelled at 'em—"

She paused for breath. The two of them walked on in silence for a few minutes. Gradually Joan drifted back to the hospital, to Paul in his bandages. Pride swelled within her. He had done it for her! He had not been afraid of the flames that surrounded them. He was not afraid of anything. Far away she heard a great many voices, and suddenly, close to her, Teddy's voice.

"Joan—wait—stand still!"

She stopped. What was the matter? The boys behind her were shouting something at her. She heard her name. They were laughing at her! She turned on them. How did they dare laugh at her! Suddenly her face grew scarlet with anger. There among the others was a square-shouldered, tumble-haired boy, his face wrinkled with laughter! *He* was laughing at her, too! Paul! She wanted to scream and yell, to strike Paul, to kill him. How did he dare laugh?

She started at him, stumbled. Stumbled over something warm and soft about her legs—around her ankles. Now it was spread out on the ground at her feet, woolly, white, scalloped. Joan could not move. Someone had done this on purpose. It was Mother's fault—no, it was Grandma's, for Grandma had said, "Alice, do make Joan put on her flannel petticoat. It is getting chilly early." Yes, it was Grandma's fault. And Paul's too, for laughing. Everybody's fault. They all wanted her to feel this way. They all wanted her to die. Her eyes hurt. Inside her head was a deafening sound and little wheels, lots of them, like the factory Sally's father had taken them to see. People were talking, laughing loudly somewhere.

"Joan," said a commanding voice, "Lift up your foot. Quick! Your foot, I said! That's right. Now the other one!"

Joan opened her eyes. Teddy was clutching her arm and they were walking along briskly. She looked at Teddy. His face was almost purple, his jaw set, and his coat bulged strangely. The voices, taunting, began again. She clung to Teddy. He'd make them stop.

"Teddy's got a girl's skirt!"

"Teddy's got a girl's skirt!" they chanted. Suddenly Teddy whirled on them with a ferocious gesture.

"You make me sick!" he yelled, "All of you! You babies! Don't you even know enough to help out a girl? Go on home to your mamas, and keep your faces shut or you'll wish you had!"

He turned to Joan.

"Listen, Joan," he said, "You know my cousin Adelaide Thomas, don't you?"

"Yes." Joan felt as though she had just had her tonsils out again. She was weak and sore. "Yes, Teddy."

"Well, guess who sold her a Liberty bond once!"

"Who?"

"You'll never guess, so I'll tell you! Mary Pickford!!"

"Teddy!" Joan's voice was awed. She pushed back her damp bands and gazed searchingly at Teddy's determined red face. "You're sure it was Mary Pickford?"

"Yes, and she shook hands with her!"

It was Tuesday morning and Joan sat on the top step of the veranda chewing the knot in the elastic of her sailor hat. She was very far away, in a great hospital. Her chair was drawn close to a shiny white bed and her round blue eyes rested lovingly on the bandaged head on the pillow. Here was the hero of her life, as well as the hero of her play, for he had carried her, limp and white through sets of blazing scenery, to safety. He lay here now suffering, but smiling bravely, and his smile revealed an intricate network of shiny gold wires and bands.



NEGLIGENCE

PRISCILLA BEACH

---

Who swept the sky?  
Who brushed with white its azure hue  
And left her footprints blown  
Across the blue?

The thunder cloud  
Grows black and swells with rage till he  
Has rid the heaven's floor  
Of its debris—  
And set a rainbow up  
To bar the door!



## EDITORIALS

*Laus Deo*

**T**HE Senior issue of the *Monthly* should prove a welcome diversion, if only for one reason, namely that it causes a break in the tone of the faculty criticism heralding it in the *Weekly*. The criticism of the June *Monthly* is, as a rule, mainly commendatory, for reasons that should prove encouraging to underclassmen. It would seem to indicate that by the end of senior year, girls have acquired a certain style and poise in writing that needs only the fuller experience of further living to complete it. College must have rendered these girls a service after all. May it do the same for those of us who follow!

The chief cause for the decided improvement usually found in the June *Monthly* is the Mary Augusta Jordan Competition. The manuscripts that have won the medal and honorary mention in the competition are published in this issue, thereby automatically including within its covers work that has received high commendation from judges far more skilled and discriminating than the undergraduate editors of *Monthly*, although it is only fair to say that the editors have not always had an opportunity of wielding the blue pencil on these same manuscripts. This work is, too, as accurately as such things can be measured, the best and most original that has been done by members of the graduating class at any time during their four years' career. It is our privilege to publish this month the prize winning series of stories, "A Rock in a Weary Land," by Louise Walker, and "A Puppet Play," by Eleanor Golden, awarded first honorable mention. The sonnet, "Novice," by Mary de Coningh, also awarded honorable mention, was published in the *Monthly* last year. In recognition of this privilege, we

gratefully dedicate the number to Mary Augusta Jordan, and hope that she may consider it one more very small scalp in her already well stocked collection.

---

IF SUMMER COMES  
CAN A WINDFALL BE FAR BEHIND?

---

Vacation is coming  
And with it  
Long leisure hours  
In which to ponder  
Over the thoughts  
You have had  
But just couldn't find time  
To write down  
For *Monthly*.

Vacation is coming  
And with it  
New experiences  
New sights  
New thoughts  
Many things to write about  
For *Monthly*.

Don't forget  
When vacation is over  
Next fall  
That there is a box  
In the notroom  
Hungriely waiting  
For your contributions  
For *Monthly*.

Don't forget  
When vacation is over  
Next fall  
To put in the box  
Poems and stories  
Essays and book-reviews  
But especially essays  
Of the kind  
That Charles Lamb  
And Addison  
And Arminia  
Wrote.

Don't forget  
The *Monthly*  
Next fall  
Please!





### WILL LEMON JUICE HELP?

*(Being a highly irregular Sonnet in the modern manner.)*

HOPE PALMER

It was July, and on the sun-warmed sands  
 We lay, and watched the sea, and one white gull,  
 And whispered low, and now and then touched hands.  
 "Darling," Dick said, "you are so beautiful!"

The sunburn helped—I blushed a deep, dark puce,  
 And answered, "Dumb-bell, don't be so absurd.  
 I freckle in the summer like the deuce."  
 "I love your freckles. I mean every word."

He kissed the bright tip of my poor, pink nose.  
 "That," he remarked, "is where the best one grows."

We parted when the freckles disappeared,  
 And that was sometime in the early fall.  
 Summer again—and freckles, as I feared,  
 Do not appeal to Peter, Charles, and Paul.



## BOOK REVIEWS



## THE SPLENDOUR OF ASIA

L. ADAMS BECK

Dodd, Mead and Company, 1926

L. Adams Beck has chosen the title of her novel wisely and well. The book is in every way a tribute to a personality who has wielded a most tremendous influence over the thinking of humanity. It presents the life and teachings of the Buddha in a readable way. The author has set forth her purpose in the preface—"that those who wish to understand one of the greatest facts in history may not find themselves entangled in the mazes of scholastic terms"—and she has succeeded in setting forth these teachings in a way which is both intelligible and very human. Care has been used in the selection of incidents from the life of the Great Teacher. Not only does such selection involve a thorough knowledge of his tremendous faith and philosophy, but also it involves the digging out of such material buried among masses of Sanskrit literature from the Scriptures themselves down to the treatise of modern scholars. The difficulty in the translation for the public, especially where the words of one language frequently fail to represent the thought of the other, is brought out in the author's preface. Although the layman cannot answer for the scholar, *The Splendour of Asia* would seem for him a very successful interpretation of the Eastern doctrine for the Western audience. And not the least among its successful features, is the simple, picturesque fluency of the style.

A. P.

## "ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS"

CARL SANDBURG

Harcourt, Brace &amp; Co., 1926

Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln" is like no other biography that I have ever read. The author seems far too cosmic minded to restrict himself to the narration of the events in one man's life. Lincoln is the kernel of the book, it is true, but around him are painted in, with an artist's brush, the great panoramic movements of his period. America is the setting, but we are made aware of certain important men and events in contemporary Europe as well. The result is an extraordinarily balanced and natural conception of the situations paramount to the author's subject.

The westward movement with all its pioneer romance, the teeming, industrial North and the contrast of the slave-plantation South, the young and precocious stockyards of Chicago, the offices of New York printers, stump campaigning, revival meetings, all these are given us with an astonishing prodigality, and somehow they all seem entirely relevant. For pages Lincoln drops completely out of sight, and Emerson, Whitman, Shelley, Keats, Stephen A. Douglas or Harriet Beecher Stowe march through the paragraphs as if each were in turn the hero or heroine of the book. Yet Lincoln always emerges supreme, with glamor only heightened by the respite. The effect is that given by a great actor, who has no fear of all-star cast, but knows that it must increase rather than lessen his glory.

"For thirty years," Sandburg says in his introduction, "I have planned to make a certain portrait of Abraham Lincoln. It would sketch the country lawyer and prairie politician who was intimate with the settlers of the Knox County neighborhood where I grew up as a boy, and where I heard the talk of men and women who had eaten with Lincoln, given him a bed overnight, heard his jokes and lingo, remembered his silences and mobile face." It is "a certain portrait" that Sandburg has given, a portrait painted by a poet with more than a common bond of sympathy with his subject, a portrait so much a labor of love that all the beauty of the poet's heart has gone into its pages and made it glow with color and ring with life. The Lincoln of "the prairie years" lives for us as a man, with the reality

that comes from the detail of life, and the beauty that comes from an understanding interpretation of the soul. He lives for us in his proper proportion, too, neither more nor less than he must have been. The Lincoln that emerges from these two volumes is the result of cumulative artistry, an artistry that, like a certain school of painting of the early twentieth century, relies upon varied and seemingly unorganized blotches of color, but produces an amazing and unexpected effect at the end. "And though he was born in a house with only one door and one window, it was written he would come to know many doors, many windows."

E. H.



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